SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII OCTOBER, 1925 NO. 4

Lee and the Ladies

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY DOUGLAS FREEMAN
Editor of the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS

THE picture of General Robert E. Lee given by more than twenty biographers is that of a man physically magnificent and intellectually pre-eminent, a man humble but reserved, courtly but always self-contained, considerate but unsmiling, serious all his life, alive to duty but dead to humor, loving no jest and lightening his labor with no laughter, walking on a higher, calmer level than that of others' dusty plodding. It is the picture to be expected from biographers who did not know him until he was bearing the weight of a falling cause. They saw him as he rode among the dead and as he rallied the weary on the march. They could only describe him as they beheld him. Those who came later to write of him looked at him through the glamour of a great military reputation and through the halo the South had thrown about him when it acclaimed him as the embodiment of what it wished to be considered.

It is a natural picture, and it does not belie reality. The Lee who stands disclosed when his youthful letters are opened again and his unguarded confidences are revealed is as clean and as lofty as the Lee whom Gamaliel Bradford portrays. Not once in all of his writings is there a suggestion of impropriety. No scandal sets afluttering the pages that Virginia families have at last taken from their treasuries in unvoiced agreement that the whole man shall be presented to the world. But the accepted picture is not complete, nor is it as attractively human as it might be. There ought to be a smile on his face, and his eye should show a mirthful light, in every sketch of him as he appeared before the war. Few Americans had more of honest humor than he. Few delighted more in the company of women. From his earliest letters to those of 1870, his correspondents numbered more of the other sex than of his own, and almost always they were young, brilliant, and attractive. His fondness for the feminine is unmistakable. Women had endless attraction for him. In his earlier years this carried him into a few mild flirtations. In later life it led to a beautiful relationship, half-fatherly, half-courtly, with not a few lovely girls.

He came honestly by his love for women—too honestly, perhaps, for the safety of a man less surely schooled than he in moral discipline. For, if such things are transmissible, he inherited a menacing weakness for the sex. His father, General "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, has been treated very mercifully by historians for his son's sake, but he must have been something of a Lovelace. One astute Virginian on sending his boy out into the world is traditionally said to have given him three warnings to save him from financial ruin—one was that he

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should not stand a stallion, the next that he should not operate a sawmill, and the third that he should have no dealings with Harry Lee.

Another story, long current in the Old Dominion, is that Harry Lee came to the house of a friend on the lower peninsula of Virginia and explained that he had lost his horse. In accordance with the commands of good hospitality, his host loaned Lee a mount and sent a servant with him to bring back the animals. Days passed, and weeks, without the return of the horses or the negro. At last the black limped back and, when scolded by his master, explained that General Lee had sold the borrowed steeds. "Why didn't *you* come home, then?" he was demanded. "'Cause Gen'l Lee sold me too," the negro is alleged to have answered.

More authentic than this is the story told in one of the letters of the Carter family, kept at Shirley, their old home on the James. A kinswoman of Anne Lee, "Lighthorse Harry's" wife, who had been Anne Carter, described delicately some new amour in which Harry Lee was engaged and added laconically but significantly: "Poor Anne." The son of such a man might easily have been a Lothario, and in the circumstances of his life and vocation—the husband of an invalid and long absent from home—might not have lacked apologists.

When Robert E. Lee graduated No. 2 and left West Point with the class of 1829, he was no more sober-sided than the average cadet of good morals and intellect, except in the inconsequential respect that he did not use tobacco. He was poor, but he was very handsome, and he had the best of social connections. He enjoyed parties and dances. In his own dress he was always careful and probably was something of a dandy. While at Fort Monroe he debated in much earnestness whether he should indulge himself in a dress uniform. When at last he purchased it, he was elated. "We shall be a grand set of fellows with our gold and silver," he wrote in an unpublished letter of June 6, 1834, "and if I could only catch some of the grandiloquence of my neighbor Fabius [Whiting] I might hope to rise in the world." A little later he was delving in the family genealogy and the mysteries of his coat-of-arms, with which he had no familiarity until that time. In his work, from the very outset, he was diligent and serious. He soon became an excellent engineer and he continued in his devotion to that science throughout his army career. The system, the thoroughness, and the originality of his reports show plainly enough that if he had not remained in the service of his government, he probably would have been one of the most brilliant private engineers of his generation. He had periods of restlessness and seasons of disappointment over the slow promotion of the army. Twice, at least, he considered resigning. But he was held by the traditions and associations of military life and was saved from ennui by the sense of humor that glints waggishly through his correspondence. He delighted in an occasional prank, and he could play with much satisfaction a mock-serious rôle, but, after the company of women, he enjoyed most of all in his earlier years the genial humor of an intimate letter. And when he found a good jest he did not laugh it into oblivion. He cherished his jokes and he looked to them for comfort through the years.

He probably had known Mary Custis all her life, for she must have come often to Alexandria from nearby Arlington, home of her father, George Washington Parke Custis, son of Washington's adopted son and grandson of Mrs. Washington. Lee doubtless visited Arlington, and when he came home, a cadet in uniform, he must have made the old, old appeal of the soldier. But of all this there is nothing in his correspondence. Not even anecdotes of the courtship remain. His first assignment to duty carried him to Cockspur Island, near Savannah, Georgia; thence, early in 1831, he was transferred to Fort Monroe. Old Point Comfort, the site of this station, was then closer to Arlington than if it had been located twenty miles away over Virginia roads, for government steamers came down regularly from Washington to Hampton Roads, and could be utilized, of course, to carry a young lieutenant up the broad-banked Potomac on a lover's leave. There was no resisting his siege tactics.

On the evening of June 30, 1831, the wedding ceremony was performed in the

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Miss Mary Custis.

From a painting made at the time of her marriage to Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, U. S. A.

right-hand drawing-room at Arlington as one enters the house from the front. It was formal and elaborate, as befitted the union of two of the most famous of Virginia families. Lee's groomsmen were his brother, who was in the navy, and a number of fellow lieutenants. The ceremony was saved from too much pomp by a happy accident to the minister, the Reverend William Meade, subsequently Episcopal bishop of Virginia. Mr. Meade had arrived in due time for the nuptials, but on his way he had been drenched in a thunder-shower. Expecting no such calamity, he had brought no change of clothes with him, and, as he could not officiate in dripping garments, he was forced to borrow dry apparel from the bride's father. Mr. Custis was short and stout, as became a mellowing aristocrat,

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Mr. Meade as gaunt as ever hungry clergy was. The hang of the reverend gentleman's coat and the detached distress of the trousers gave unanticipated humor to the reading of the marriage service.

Lee never forgot (what sentimental man ever forgets?) the incidents of the wedding. At the end of June, 1864, when the pressure of the Federals already was bowing his shoulders, he wrote from Petersburg of the anniversary, wrote very simply, with the warmth of a love that had survived war and separation:

"Do you recollect what a happy day thirty-three years ago this was? How many hopes and pleasures it gave birth to! God has been very merciful and kind to us, and how thankless and sinful I have been. I pray that he may continue His mercies and blessings to us, and give us a little peace and rest together in this world, and finally gather us and all He has given us around His throne in the world to come. The President has just arrived and I must bring my letter to a close."

There exists in Lee's own autograph an account of the "happy days," written soon after in a letter to his friend and superior officer, Captain Andrew Talcott, of the engineers. This has remained in manuscript nearly a hundred years and is now printed for the first time. It is the most colorful of all the letters of Lee's youth:

"So Captain, you would not come up to Arlington on that memorable Thursday. But I gave you the severest scolding you have had this many a day, from which I hope you will derive great benefit. However you would have seen nothing strange, for there was neither fainting nor fighting, nor anything uncommon which could be twisted into an adventure. The Parson had few words to say, though he dwelt upon them as if he had been reading my Death warrant, and there was a tremulousness in the hand I held, that made me anxious for him to end. I am told I looked 'pale & interesting' which might have been the fact. But I felt as 'bold as a sheep' & was surprised at my want of Romance in so great a degree as not to feel more excitement than at the Black Board at West Point. The Party all kept together till the following Tuesday, when most of them departed, particularly the Gentlemen. Some of the Ladies remained the rest of the week. And we were then left alone. I would tell you how the time passed, but fear I am too much prejudiced to say anything more, but that it went *very* rapidly & still continues to do so. We are this far on our way to the Upper Country where we shall spend the remainder of my leave of absence. And I there hope the Mother & Daughter will recover from the effects of an attack of the Fever & Ague, they have lately undergone. Their health has been reestablished though not their looks. We shall return to the District about the first of August & you may expect me down in the *first* Boat in that Month. I purchased in Alexandria some few Articles which I directed to be sent by the Potomac to your care, & are to go down next Friday. May I trouble you to have the Bedstead placed in the larger room, (of the two in the Wing) since the *Madam* prefers that, and such other articles as you may think fit, the rest can be placed in the small room. All Feather beds have been forbid the apartment under pain &c. and as I could not procure a Palliasse, The Mattress must answer for the present. The Box of Articles I will not trouble you to open or arrange, as I can do that in five minutes after my arrival. And this closes the list of commissions. There is nothing new here except a second edition of the Ingham affair which has been put to press since the arrival of the President & all of which you will get by the Papers. I was over in Washington last Monday, saw the Genl. and Mrs. G. the first of [them] was not very well. They talk of going N[orth] before to Old Point. Col Thayer had arrived that day & was with the Genl. Poor Mansfield had been ordered on to consult Genl Bernard & arrived the very day he resigned, so that he has to go back to N. Port. I was very anxious to see M. but could not find him. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Hale & tell her I am constantly reminded of her by the Good People I am with & that the Madam looks forward with great pleasure to forming her acquaintance. I long to hear little Miss Rebecca's 'Lee,' 'Lee' & to see whether Miss Kate is still as 'Bwack as Wee'. I write in great haste,

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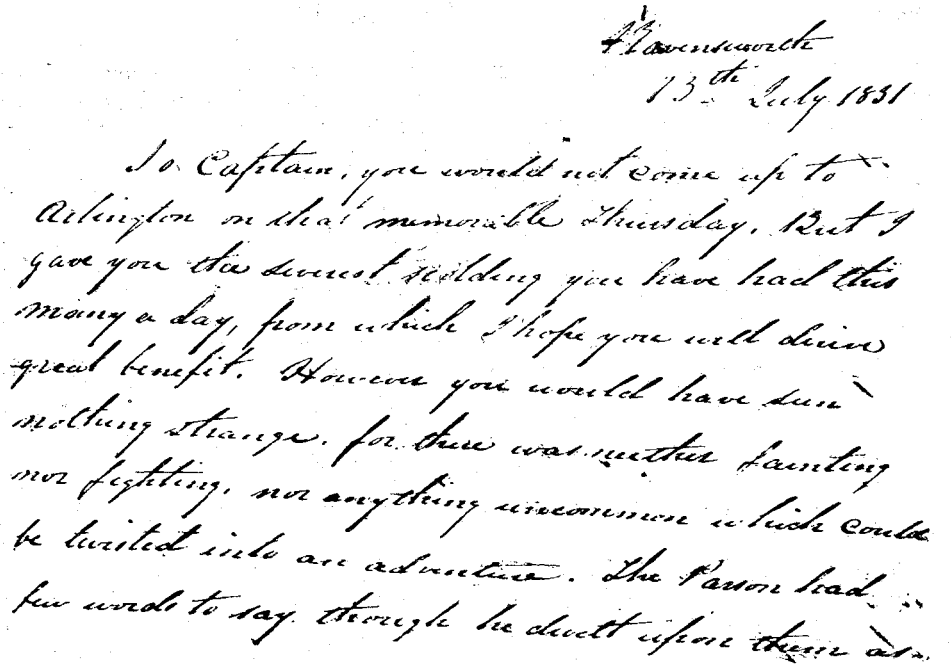

with the servant waiting to take this to the Office which will give him a long ride because I *actually* could not find *time* before I left the District for anything but—Remember me to everyone & excuse Dear Capt. all the trouble I have given you & Believe me

Yours truly & Sincerely

R. E. Lee

"P. S. They are all talking around me at such a rate that I hardly know what I have written & despair of reading it. But Please send the boat out for me the first trip the P. makes in August."

From Ravensworth, where this letter was written, the Lees paid other visits, and about the first of August returned to Washington. Thence they journeyed by steamer to Lee's station at Fort Monroe. All the phases of the honeymoon had passed. Mary Custis Lee, formerly the young mistress of Arlington and the only child of her parents, settled down in the engineers' quarters, determined to live within the means of a lieutenant who had no private income with which to supplement his none too generous salary.

It was a marriage in which happiness outweighed the sorrows.

"I wouldn't be unmarried for all you could offer me," he wrote a friend in a letter of February 27, 1834. Mary Lee was not brilliant nor was she counted a beauty, but she had the look and the bearing of an aristocrat, and she had intellect of no low order. Her

Reduced facsimile of the first and last parts of Robert E. Lee's letter to Captain Andrew Talcott written shortly after his marriage in 1831.

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letters prove that. She bore her husband seven children, and lost none of them during their infancy. One died during the war between the States; the others outlived both parents. Mrs. Lee retained a profound love for Arlington, and returned there whenever she could. After her father's death, in October, 1857, when the estate came into her hands as life tenant, she lived there continuously until the outbreak of the war. She never resided with Lee on his distant posts, though she made a journey to St. Louis and back while he was stationed there in the late thirties. She had little weaknesses about which her husband twitted her, and to which he had to adjust himself. She was somewhat unmethodical in her housekeeping, was often late for her appointments, and had the failing of always leaving behind her something she did not remember until the very instant she should be starting for the church, for the boat, or for the train. At West Point, where it was necessary that he appear at chapel punctually while he was superintendent, Colonel Lee would wait for her as long as he could and then would leave her to follow with some of the children. He made as light of her shortcomings as he could. In an unpublished letter of 1834 he wrote unabashedly: "Tell the ladies that they are aware that Mrs. L. is somewhat addicted to laziness and forgetfulness in her housekeeping. But they may be certain she does her best. Or in her Mother's words, 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.' "

The burden of her life—the chief sorrow that came to them before the tragedy of the war—was ill-health. She was not strong when they were married. That fall she was sick. From that time onward her condition was progressively downward until she was chained to her chair with rheumatism. During the war she spent most of her days as well as her nights in her bed or by its side knitting socks for the soldiers. After the war, at Lexington, she was the busy occupant of a wheel-chair, painting, coloring photographs for charity, always quick to share the interests and the small talk of her guests and of the students who visited the home of the president of Washington College. Her condition, long before the coming of war, brought heavy grief to Lee and for a time seems almost to have turned him to pessimism. In one of his letters to his son, Custis, written in May, 1859, he affirmed with much earnestness that no enjoyment in life was left him except in his children.

Lee made many friends at Fort Monroe, both before his marriage and afterward. In January, 1833, he had admired the art of brilliant Fanny Kemble. "She surpasses any performer I ever saw," he says in an unpublished letter to an army friend, whose descendants are too modest to permit his name to be used. Lee must have seen the actress in private life or on the street, for he adds regretfully that he could not "recognize her off the stage for the beautiful creature" he admired on it. The following year, writing to the same friend from Fort Monroe, he confided that Fanny Kemble was more enchanting than last winter.

The bathing season at the fort brought him much pleasure

"As for the daughters of Eve in this country," he wrote the same friend in a letter of June 26, 1834, now just brought to print, "they are formed in the very poetry of nature, and would make your lips water and fingers tingle. They are beginning to assemble to put their beautiful limbs in this salt water."

Of all his women friends at the fort, none had more of his admiration than Mrs. Andrew Talcott, the lovely young wife of his brother engineer, Captain Talcott. She was of high blood—Harriet Hackley, her mother a Randolph—and she must have fairly dazzled with her beauty. Her portrait by Thomas Sully, reproduced herewith, shows her with great brown eyes, a finely turned face, and a bosom of "superb abundance where a man might base his head."

Whenever he or the Talcotts were away from the "Point," as the fort was often called, he regularly wrote one or the other of them gossip of the post and all chit-chat of the army, as breezily sometimes as if he had been old Holly Walpole himself. Here, for instance, is a breathful:

"The troops sailed for Savannah this morning in two ships. The Comp[an]i[e]s were Fabius Whitings, Gardners, Latts, Fraziers, Griswolds, Porters, Washingtons and Mackays commanded by Ringgold.

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"Lyon, Rose, Dimmock, & Archer Huger & Capt. Green remain behind.

"Col. Eustis has a leave of absence for three months & leaves here for S. Cara tomorrow with all his family, accompanied by Mrs Huger, Mrs Hunt, Mrs Taylor, Mrs Allen and Mrs Heiskill will return to their friends and the other ladies remain. . . . Mrs Taylor and Mrs Visher T. were at the Point last Tuesday, and left all well in Norfolk."

Fanny Kemble.
From the painting by Thomas Sully, 1833.

Lee's favorite, if somewhat intimate, theme with the Talcotts was the arrival of their new babies. The stork fairly nestled in the Talcott quarters. Almost every year there was another heir to the name. Lee awaited their advent expectantly and hailed their arrival gleefully. All this is set forth most humorously in the letters now to be quoted for the first time from the unedited originals.

Of the first little Talcott to make her appearance after Lee became friendly with the family, he wrote the young father:

"I have been expecting this pleasant intelligence since an ominous dream of Mrs Lee's some few nights ago. I have only to wish that these dreams may be confined to others than ourselves and to predict that the Engineer Quarters will in time be pretty well filled."

This was on February 21, 1833. Less than thirteen months later he again congratulated the parents:

"I was sincerely delighted yesterday to learn by your note of the magnificent present offered you by Mrs T. and had some thought of taking the Barge this morning and presenting my congratulations to Mrs T. in person. Do offer them in my stead in the kindest manner. *We* have been waiting for this event to decide upon the sex of our next and now determine it shall be a girl in order to retain the connection in the family."

"The sex of our next" was considered important because Lee had struck a humorous bargain with his friends that his children were to be mated with theirs as they appeared. He went on, apropos the tiny Miss Talcott:

"Inform the little lady of the most fortunate fate that awaits her. The all accomplished and elegant Master Custis Lee begs to place in her hands, his happiness and life, being assured that as for her he was born, so for her will he live! His only misery can be her frown, his only delight her smile. He hopes that her assent will not be withheld from his most ardent wishes, and in their blissful union Fortune may be indemnified for the miscarriage of the Affaire du Cœur of the Father and Mother."

Apparently there was no baby in 1834. Lee's reference, however, is somewhat obscure. He says under date of October 1:

"I hope long before this the whole party are on their feet again, that Mrs T. has already felt the good effects resulting from her *firmness* and that her dear little epitome is as blythe as a lark."

In the fall of 1835 the normal schedule was resumed. Lee shaped his congratulations in a clever and well-sustained metaphor, based on the *Annuals* of verse

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and sentiment which the Victorians published and Thackeray joyed to deride:

"I hasten to present my congratulations to yourself and Mrs T upon the happy event mentioned therein. We cannot be too thankful to *our beautiful Talcott* for the pleasure she thus yearly affords us, in the multiplication of these little miniatures of herself; a new edition of which I as regularly and anxiously look for as I do for the *Souvenirs & Annuals* of the Seasons."

The next spring Lee hoped for a visit from Mrs. Talcott to the family at Arlington, and on the agreed date he went to the Washington pier to meet her—only to be disappointed. He wrote her in lively, scolding strain a letter that shows quite accurately the friendly, informal, but thoroughly "safe" character of their relations:

"I had much to say to you, which I must now keep for the next time, and in the language of a young Nimrod from the West, declining an appt. of this year to the M. Academy I hope my country will not be endangered by my so doing! But *Talcott, My Beauty*, how could you have served your Uncle so! I know the sight of his red nose, looming above the anxious heads on the W. wharf, would have been a grateful sight to you, and then your reception at A. would have been so warm . . . the country looks very sweet now, and the hill at A covered with verdure, and perfumed by the blossoms of the trees. . . . But the brightest flower there blooming is my daughter, oh, she is a rare one, and if only sweet sixteen, I would wish myself a Cannibal, that I might eat her up."

Surely, there is one line in this letter that will humanize Lee in the opinion of those who have read only the serious biographies. It is scarcely possible to repeat without a smile the future general's plaintive: "But *Talcott, My Beauty*, how could you have served your Uncle so!"

In January, 1837, Lee must have had word that the Talcotts were expecting to make another entry in the family Bible. The news made him throw over the bargain for the intermarriage of the Lees and Talcotts of the new generation:

"Be sure to remember me to Mrs H. Mrs T. *Sis* Jane, Misses M. and Pat and the five little Talcotts. You are aware that you must look out for *connexions* for *three* of them in some other families. For I had given up in despair some years ago the hope of supplying them, and I now doubt whether there is any *one* family in Virginia that can keep pace with their number. Having retired from the lists myself I have engaged my *sister Nanie* to enter the ring. She, however is not sanguine, seeing that upon a trial of her speed, *two* for the *same* year was only her mark."

At that, he did not consider his own record poor, for when he was at work on the Missouri River he wrote a friend in a letter much cherished by its owners, but never printed previously:

"Do you know how many little Lees there are now? It is astonishing with what facility the precious creatures are dressed up for their Papa! I am sure to be introduced to a new one every Christmas."

And in 1841 he writes to the same friend of the advent of another baby, "whose approach, however long foreseen, I could have dispensed with for a year or two more. However, as she was in such haste to greet her pa I am now very glad to see her."

The month after resigning the commission to supply a Lee for every Talcott, he reverted to his metaphor of the *Annuals:*

"Tell *my beautiful Talcott* that we have been anxiously expecting the appearance of the next copy of her Annual, which she has been editing so long for our gratification. Her rival in the other Hemisphere the Countess of Blessington, can produce nothing equal to her. . . . I hope we may be able to get on there for a short time, when besides the pleasure of seeing the Authors, we can peruse at leisure each several production, and enjoy the light of that Master-piece with the blue eyes."

By this time orders had carried him to other stations. From St. Louis, in October, 1837, he wrote to Captain Talcott of his hopes of seeing the family again:

"I still look forward with as much anxiety as anticipation of pleasure to the visit *I* am to pay her some of these days. You know that is to happen when I can get together my large family and have leisure for a *family* trip of pleasure and enjoyment. Can you tell me when it will

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Harriet Randolph Hackley Talcott, Mrs. Andrew Talcott.

A woman much admired by Robert E. Lee when he was serving under her husband as a lieutenant of engineers at Fort Monroe, Va.

This photograph (by Cook, of Richmond) is from an oil-painting made for Mrs. Talcott's mother, in 1832–33, by Thomas Sully.

take place? If you do make ready to be of the party and if we don't make the natives stare with the *Patriarchal* appearance of ourselves, and the loves of our little *responsibilities* whose fault will it be?"

The West, incidentally, did not please him. "I make an exception," he confided to a friend in a letter of September 27, 1837, from the same city, "and that is in favor of the pretty girls, if there are any here, and I know there are, for I have

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met them in no place, in no garb, in no situation that I did not feel my heart open to them like a flower to the sun."

Four years later, when he was at Fort Hamilton, New York, and the seventh

Robert E. Lee, U. S. A., 1850.

little Talcott had arrived, he still talked of seeing them. "My beautiful Talcott" has now become "our dear Talcott," and little wonder, after the seventh baby:

"Shall be most happy if you will bring 'our dear Talcott' and her seven to see us. What a pretty dozen [with his own children] they will make!"

After 1841 the letters to the Talcotts must have been less frequent. The lovely Harriet passed out of his life, but she could not have been forgotten. During the war General Lee had one of her sons, a colonel of engineers, attached to his headquarters, and serving for a time as a member of his staff. As he received young Talcott's reports in 1864 and 1865 of bridges built and new lines drawn, did Lee ever think of the colonel's mother and of the easy old days at Fort Monroe?

In his friendship for other women in the army, as well as for "the beautiful Talcott," young Lee displayed the easy comradeship that still prevails among those who wear their country's uniform. His chatty letters of the early years abound in details of comings and goings and, as

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always, in waggish reports of new babies. In August, 1833, he wrote an unpublished letter in a vein of delightful informality:

"If I had time I could make you laugh about this Green and Shaw affair. . . . Genl. Macomb, Lady & Aids, have been here about a fortnight . . . the Tavern is quite full. Mrs Taylor is at present with Mrs Burke, who since Mrs Maynadier has presented her spouse with *another* pledge of affection, is *shaking* in her shoes. Sally is as blythe as a larke and admitted me (an innocent man) into her bedchamber a few days after the frolick."

The next year he announced to a friend in the far South:

"The population of the Point has been increased by one little Huger boy, and I take it upon myself to predict the arrival of a small French."

Doubtless some of the admirers of the great Confederate will be a trifle distressed in spirit to know that even when he was twenty-six he dared to venture alone into a lady's boudoir. They will be the more concerned to learn that he once protested that the wife of a friend would have to abandon her prudery. But here are his own words:

"Robert amused me very much with an account of Lucies' *prudishness*. She will have to lay that aside in these degenerate days."

And what will be said about the letter in which Lee admits an evening of flirtation under the colors of a single man? It happened in 1835, when he was twenty-eight. His brother Sidney Smith, of the navy, was married on February 5, following which the wedding party kept up the festivities for several days, as they had after Lee's own nuptials. On the night of the 9th some of them went to another wedding in Alexandria.

"My spirits were so buoyant . . . when relieved from the eyes of my dame," Lee confessed in a letter the next day, "that my sister Nanie was trying to pass me off as her spouse [the bridegroom] but I was not going to have my sport spoiled in that way and undeceived the young ladies and told them I was her younger brother. Sweet innocent young things, they concluded I was single, and I have not had such soft looks and tender pressures of the hand for many years."

And he enjoyed it too, for he appears in this correspondence (*pace* idolaters) frank, normal, wholesome, and without a shadow of *unco guid*.

As the years passed, women did not cease to interest him. When he met old friends he was delighted. When he was introduced to strangers he was quick to study them. The unusual types amused and the unbending sort did not disturb him. In 1846, when he was thirty-nine and stationed at Fort Hamilton, he was much diverted by the sleigh-riding into New York City.

"It cost sixpence," he wrote a friend—the letter is new—"and you might be accommodated with a lady in your lap in the bargain. Think of a man of my forbidden countenance having such an offer. But I peaked under her veil before accepting, and though I really could not find fault with either her appearance or age, after a little demurring preferred giving her my seat. I thought it would not sound well if repeated in the latitude of Washington that I had been riding down B[road] W[ay] with a strange woman in my lap."

Fourteen years after this and twenty-five years after the little incident with the "sweet innocent young things" in Alexandria he wrote home from Texas in amusement of the wife of a Major Brooks, on whom, it seems, he made no impression. She "adhered to her husband," he wrote, and, "though they are encamped about three or four miles from town, she declines the protection of a house and remains in camp. She rode up Saturday and I brought her into the office to warm herself while the Major was adjusting his papers . . . she would not dine with me, nor accept a room at Mrs Phillips, but returned with the Major to camp." Then, playing on the name Brooks, he added: "I did not hear or see anything of any little streams or rivulets and hesitated to ask."

This was penned near the end of 1860, at a time when, as Lee wrote in the same letter, the lone star was "floating all over the state." A few months later came the great decision, the separation from the old army, the abandonment of Arlington to the enemy, and, soon, the acceptance of the leadership that brought him world fame.

[More of General Lee's letters will appear in the November Number.]

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Salon

BY WOODWARD BOYD
Author of "The Love Legend" and "Lazy Laughter"

ILLUSTRATION BY H. VAN BUREN KLINE

"BEAUTIFUL poetry will never compensate for disgraceful actions in the poet, will it," remarked Mrs. Hempstead, with no question at all in her voice. She bent forward in her chair with a slim, almost youthful torso, as she expertly passed the cup of tea she had just poured to Wallie Sands, the young Englishman she was addressing.

He laughed. "Shelley was rather a rotter at times," he said.

Mrs. Hempstead rippled her brows, suppressing a frown. This young man (he couldn't be more than twenty) acted as if he were humoring her. There was something in his expression as he leaned carelessly against the mantel above the fireplace that she did not like. "He was indeed," she went on. "His biography was a great disappointment to me." She folded her lips in a firm way she had. "Think of what he might have done if he had led a worth-while, self-sacrificing life! And Byron was the same way, only worse!"

The young Englishman looked into the mirror out of the corner of his eye at the four other young people, in the room, who were conversing in low tones. "Byron wrote a lot of tripe," he observed agreeably. But Mrs. Hempstead missed the note of complete understanding that she had hoped for. It was almost as if he were laughing at her. Evidently he was like so many of the young idiots in America whom Rosemary was always picking up. No respect at all for an older woman of intelligence. In Paris, really, she had hoped for better things from Rosemary's friends. This young man was perfectly positive that he knew all there was to know on every subject in the world. And yet when he had seen more of the world he would know that only one thing made real art: character!

She sighed and glanced across the room where her daughter Rosemary was sitting with the young painter, Evans Pierce. Rosemary had been talking to him quite long enough, was the faint, uncomfortable feeling that lay under the thought that prompted the glance. For she was remembering the poem that Rosemary wrote when she was finishing school. Sweet Rosemary, she did have the right principles:

"And if we never stoop to things beneath us,
And if we all forever upward strain,
The victor's laurel crown may never wreathe us,
But all our world would reach a higher plane."

That was the last verse. Mrs. Hempstead had once read these lines to a settlement worker in America, a woman of vast experience and great intelligence. She had said simply (Mrs. Hempstead always put in the descriptive adjective with the suggestion of a quiver in her voice): "That's not verse, Mrs. Hempstead, that's poetry." And Rosemary had written it when she was only eighteen. Her lovely character had made that bit of art.

However, this incident would not do to relate to the young Englishman yet. The soil was not ripe. It was necessary to have patience in dealing with the younger generation. After she had gained him for a friend she could teach him a lot. Just now he was a little on edge toward her. "I wonder if we could poke up the fire a little," she said. "These rooms seem a little chill."

"It's wonderfully warm in here for Paris at this time of year," said Wallie Sands. "You ought to be in the rooms Pierce and I have. They're like a refrigerating plant."

Mrs. Hempstead gave the fire a little

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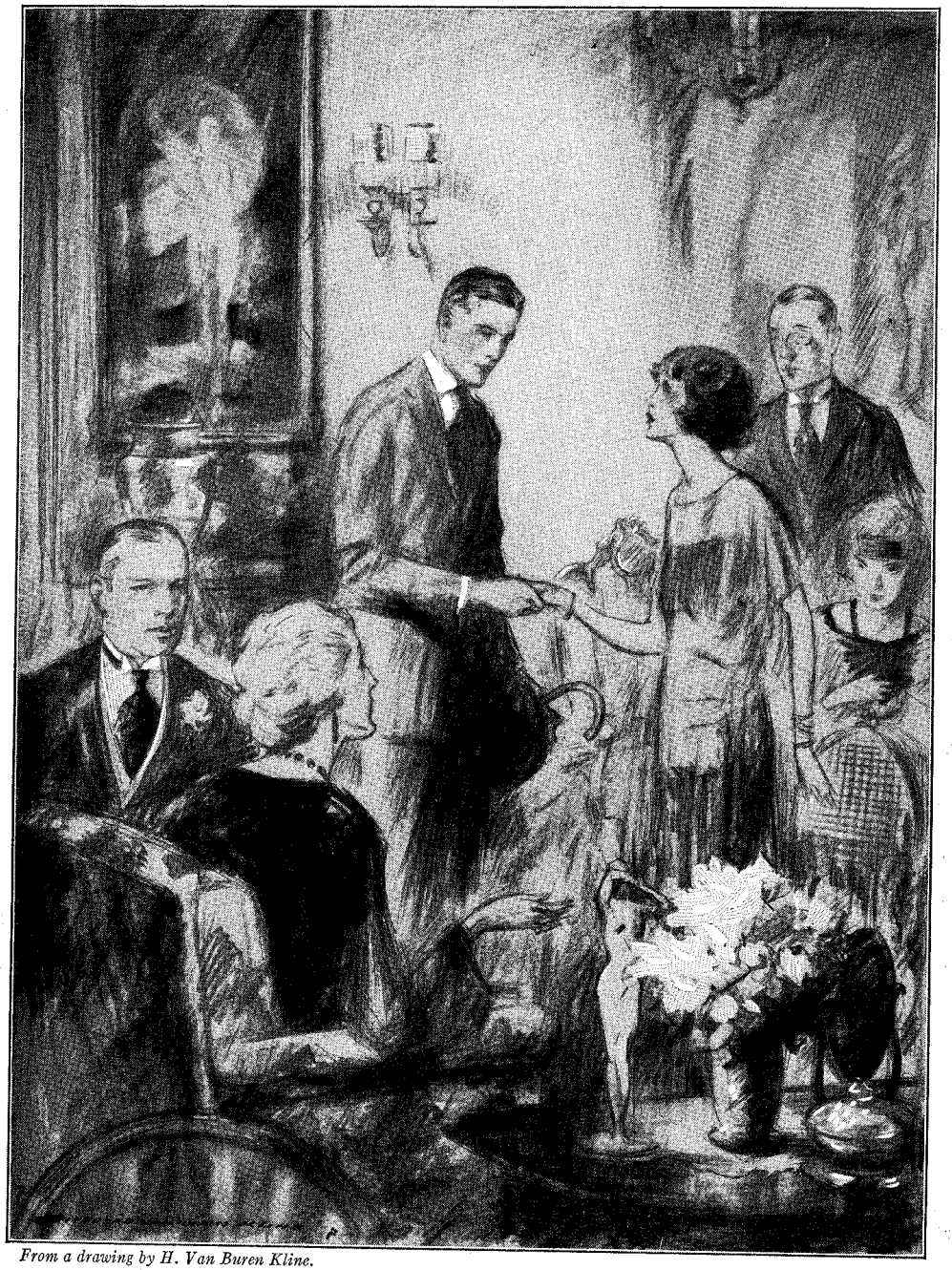

From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

"Good-by," she said. Then, as if rallying for a final siege, she asked: "Do you have to go?"

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poke that was almost vicious. "I suppose Mr. Pierce has been selling a lot of pictures?" She knew he had not been selling any, but it seemed inevitable that she begin to talk of this crazy artist that Rosemary seemed so interested in.

"No; last week in London, when we were hard up, we tried to sell three of them for ten shillings, but it was no good," said Wallie Sands. He glanced around the comfortable sitting-room with its long red-velvet hangings, shutting out the cold, dark Parisian afternoon, and Mrs. Hempstead thought he looked a little wistful. Probably this warm apartment was Paradise to these two poor boys. The table beside her was nearly bare of cakes and sandwiches, though Rosemary had insisted on having much too much food for a proper afternoon tea, Mrs. Hempstead considered. It may do for dinner for Evans, she had told her mother anxiously. Mrs. Hempstead wondered if the boys were ever really cold and hungry and unable to get food and warmth. She shivered. After all, it ought not to be hard to make friends. She smiled her agreeable smile.

"You paint, of course," she said to Wallie Sands.

"No, I'm afraid I don't." He glanced uneasily across the room and caught the eye of Irene Sack, who was absorbed in conversation with another American, named Browne. His face became animated suddenly as it had not been animated for one moment during his talk with Mrs. Hempstead. Youth calls to youth, thought the older woman, a little sadly and a little complacently at the aptness of her phrase. Irene Sack was calling, in her harsh Middle-Western accent, across the room. Really, over here her voice sounded almost unbearable.

"Wallie, I'm going to make my fortune. I've just thought of the most wonderful invention in the world," called Irene. Mrs. Hempstead decided that Wallie Sands would be revolted immediately, but he seemed more interested than ever. With a wonderfully forbearing smile Mrs. Hempstead waited until the frivolity should release Wallie again. How long was Rosemary going to continue to talk to that impossible artist, leaving young Mr. Browne from the consulate to be bored by Irene Sack. She would have to move things about some way.

"It's a toothbrush," shouted Irene triumphantly. "Mr. Browne's crazy about it. You put the toothpaste in the stem, press a little button, and the toothpaste shoots out." Mrs. Hempstead shuddered. What a pity it was that girls like Irene came over and represented the American girl in Europe! However, they could all see that Rosemary was different.

"I thought Rosemary told me you painted," went on Mrs. Hempstead patiently. "You young artists are so modest. You all say you're trying to paint."

"No, really, I assure you," said Wallie Sands. He raised his voice and spoke across the room to Irene Sack. "That's like my comb that I invented, with hair-oil in it."

Hair-oil! And Mrs. Hempstead had always thought the English so conservative. Well, no doubt this young man came from questionable people. Rosemary seemed to be getting a genius for picking them up here in Paris. She sat very still, pleasantly smiling in a faint, well-poised way. Her gray hair rose in even undulations to a summit, like a sophisticated hill that has been worn from its pristine ruggedness by a thousand cosmopolitan feet. And as she glanced at her young, delicately wrought daughter, she seemed even more the mistress of the room and of any situation that might imaginatively arise. Rosemary was hers, a part of the room, and very different from the rest of the people sipping tea and wine there. It was as if Rosemary were chained to her with an invisible but very strong golden chain. She sighed slightly. It was exhausting waiting for the young people to stop. Youth must be served, she thought. Phrases like that were so helpful in really thinking things out. When she was young she would never have broken into a conversation with an older woman like that. The older woman would not have suffered it. However, she was more open-minded than those old women she used to know. Yes, and times had changed. To-day you had to wait on young people, if you wanted them to like you; if you wanted to be an influence.

"I've invented an eyebrow pencil,

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too," said Irene. "The advertising slogan will be: 'Washes and Dyes in one operation.'"

Mrs. Hempstead leaned forward smiling. "And while you're about it," she said in her soft, distinct tones, "you might tell them to dispense with the dye altogether. Isn't it queer that people don't seem to know that rouge ruins the skin?"

No one had any answer to make to this, it seemed, for every one in the room was silent and then, Wallie Sands, mumbling something, seized the opportunity to retire into a corner with Irene Sack. This left young Mr. Browne sitting alone on a straight chair, awkwardly pretending to be interested in some carved candlesticks that Rosemary had bought at Caen, which stood on a buffet of heavy oak behind him. The electric light glared down on him pitilessly, exhibiting every line of his faultless afternoon costume and the unhappily vacant look upon his face.

"I'm deserted, you see," said Mrs. Hempstead, smiling. She felt somehow that she would be able to put this young man at his ease and to bring him out, two of her favorite exercises with men, which she was seldom able to practise on the young men Rosemary knew. "Won't you come and sit beside me?" She indicated the large, low, mustard-colored armchair beside her, and Mr. Browne rose stiffly and came toward her. As he advanced, his collar seemed to be pressing into his neck so that he turned his head with great difficulty. He exhibited the back of his cutaway to Rosemary and Evans Pierce somewhat uneasily before lowering himself with a slow precision into the mustard-colored chair beside Mrs. Hempstead.

"You're in the consular service," began Mrs. Hempstead brightly. She bent forward with great interest while she listened to his response, though she was much more conscious of the low hum of the voices of Evans Pierce and Rosemary on one side of the room, of Wallie Sands and Irene on the other, of the sucking noise which the logs made in the fireplace, and even of the footsteps which were passing in the hallway of the building beyond the door. "Oh, that's very interesting," was her next remark, and, as she had foreseen, it started Mr. Browne off excellently on the conversational road to which he was accustomed.

In drawing this young man out it would be as well to find out something about him, Mrs. Hempstead was thinking. Perhaps she had been permitting herself to grow rather careless in regard to the young people Rosemary was meeting. Not really careless, either, she thought. Things were somehow getting out of her hands more and more. Like serving wine at tea. She was reminded of this by the consciousness that Evans Pierce had risen and advanced to the table beside her to refill his wine-glass. She looked up and smiled her competent, somewhat dexterous smile at him, a smile which in no way robbed Mr. Browne of her perfect attention, yet included Pierce in a little kindly greeting. She was remembering what Rosemary had said before the arrival of her guests: "We simply must serve wine, or Evans Pierce will think we are simply provincial!" That was the kind of a young man he was. And then Rosemary had repeated a silly little anecdote with that far-away, almost affectionate expression that Mrs. Hempstead was beginning to dread whenever the name of Evans Pierce was mentioned. Some one had said to Pierce once in Rosemary's hearing that he was a regular tea-hound, he was seen at so many teas. "Yes, but I never drink tea at any of them," Evans had replied, and Rosemary had thought this amusing! Mrs. Hempstead's thoughts were becoming more and more unpleasant. Evans Pierce and Rosemary! Impossible! But Rosemary was being really rude, the way she was neglecting the rest of her guests.

"That is pleasant," she said to Mr. Browne with enthusiasm. He had been an easy one to start talking. Her cues fed in at just the right time gave her the old sensation she had always loved: that of making men talk well. She had always prided herself on her ability to make them converse with her on really serious subjects. Her conversation had never been mere frivol, the way it was with young girls to-day. Even in her youth she had known the value of being serious and had had grave, important men discuss grave, important subjects with her.

Like the scent of spring being wafted in

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through the windows on a lilac-laden wind, a dozen delicious triumphs of her girlhood passed through her thoughts for an instant, leaving their warm, satisfying feeling of comfort. There was the earnest young lawyer who had walked with her those summer twilights, the year that she was twenty, talking law to her, utterly absorbed and quite unaware that she was not understanding a tenth of what he said. It had never mattered. She had kept him talking, and he had complimented her once publicly on her brilliant mind. And Senator Bridgeman! One of our nation's real men. He had liked to tell rather old jokes, and she had always laughed. He came about once a week for dinner and told the same stories over and over. Once in a national crisis he had asked her advice about a bill, the bill was about waterways or currency or something frightfully important, and she had been thrilled to the very marrow to think she was really helping with things that really counted.

Oh, well, she was older now, and to-day the younger people in the world did not care what she thought. Nonsense, she was getting morbid. And Rosemary was a very good daughter compared to a great many girls. There was no real harm in serving a moderate amount of wine, and to a girl of Rosemary's active intelligence it was probably quite natural to find a desire for people in the arts. If only they weren't such queer people. Evans Pierce, for instance. What could she see in him? No doubt a nice sweet boy, a thoroughly fine, good boy, and to be commended highly for working himself up from the lower classes. Yes, a self-made boy, she admired that in him, and probably that was what Rosemary admired, too. But it seemed a little strange that Rosemary should want to spend so much time with him. She must get frightfully bored with him.

Mrs. Hempstead experienced a definite feeling of dread as she realized that this last thought had been meant to deceive herself. Rosemary was not bored with him, and she didn't even seem to mind his grammar. And this was the third time this week that she had seen him. The third time? Yes, last night at dinner, and Monday at tea, and this morning when he came to return the book. "How amusing!" she said aloud to the by this time voluble Mr. Browne.

But her fear deepened as she thought of this morning and the incident of the book. He had come in just as Rosemary was about to have her hair washed. "If you like to wait about ten minutes, I'll come in and dry it in here," Rosemary had said. How could Rosemary have done a thing like that? But she was so innocent. She didn't realize what it did to young men to see her long golden hair hanging loose like that. She had come in with her head done up in a towel as soon as the hair-dresser had finished with her, and actually sat with her wet hair and talked to Pierce for about half an hour until he left.

The young man was probably very much encouraged by the incident. She did wish that Rosemary would stop talking to him. What could they be finding to talk about for so long? Young Mr. Browne had come to a stop and needed a cue.

"Your experiences are so interesting, and you really do a lot of good, too. How did you happen to choose the consular service?"

"Well, you see my dad makes motor-cars, and he wanted me to go into the business with him, but I couldn't see it. . . ." Motor-cars! Her mind jumped into action away from the troublesome thoughts that had been cluttering them. Browne motor-cars! Could it be? Why, this was one of the largest fortunes in America. No, it couldn't be. How could she find out without appearing to be prying. This young man was thoroughly nice, anyway, thoroughly presentable. She liked his even, regular features, a sign of delicate perceptions. His ear-lobes were the right shape, too; he had no criminal instincts. She always judged men by their ear-lobes. Evans Pierce had none. A Princeton man he was, too. Then he had had the right training. He had all the ideals of the real American, a glow ran through her as she thought: "Real American." Somehow, far off on a foreign shore those words always gave her a thrill. It didn't matter, really, whether this young man was connected with Browne motor-cars or not. Just so he had

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enough money to keep Rosemary comfortable. And it was evident that he had enough or he wouldn't be in the consular service. He was just the kind of a young man that Rosemary would care for. So handsome and attractive and well-bred.

Mr. Browne's talk rippled on with almost no interruption. In the fireplace the logs emitted a derisive roar now and then, and in a corner the Englishman, Wallie Sands, and Irene Sack conversed in low tones. Across the room Rosemary still sat absorbed in Evans Pierce, a flush on her face, and her slim figure slumped down in her chair.

"What time'd you get up this morning, Rosemary?" called Irene. "I was simply dead to the world."

"I can't remember what happened after we left the Lapin Agile," said Wallie Sands. "Oh, yes, I do, too. You were funny, Evans." Mrs. Hempstead was wrenched away from her delightful contemplation of Mr. Browne's conversation with a horrid jolt. Rosemary hadn't told her that the party last night had been gay. How dreadful for her little girl! To her horror Wallie Sands was going on: "You came in and said you had come on upstairs with Rosemary instead of leaving her at the door. You must have been gone!"

Evans Pierce was having the grace to look embarrassed. "I'm afraid the party was a little too rough for you, Rosemary," he was saying. At least, Mrs. Hempstead was thinking with relief, he realizes that Rosemary is different.

"Not at all," Rosemary answered with her soft little laugh. "I was only sorry I wasn't able to join in more."

Mrs. Hempstead was nearly angry at that. Didn't Rosemary understand when she ought to take a decided stand? "I'm sure nobody would blame you for that," said Mrs. Hempstead. She looked around smiling. "But really, I'm monopolizing Mr. Browne. It's not fair for an elderly person of very small attraction to take up all of one gentleman's time. Rosemary, you come sit here and talk to Mr. Browne."

Rosemary arose and came over to the chair by the fire that her mother had vacated with a reluctance almost obvious. She began without the oil of experience her mother possessed for making conversational wheels go round more smoothly. She blundered over asking him about the consular service. Everything stopped. They both fidgeted. They tried the weather, they tried Paris. Every one in the room watched them with embarrassment, for Mrs. Hempstead, who would have helped, perhaps, had gone out of the room. It was Wallie Sands who came over and began to talk to Rosemary.

"Horrible ass, isn't he?" he whispered. "Why do you go on talking to him?"

"What can I do?" said the agonized Rosemary, a little comforted.

"Shut up like an oyster! I would!" said Wallie. "He's poisonous. Worse when he gets going than he is stopped up. I listened to him going it to your mother."

"Mother's wonderful," said Rosemary wistfully.

"Does she go on like that all the time? I mean, ask you what you are, whether you paint or write, or what and then follow up with just the proper questions for each one? What if I told her I was a tight-rope walker? What would she say then?"

"Mother's always made people talk," said Rosemary disinterestedly. "She's so interested in every one that she draws people out."

Irene, deprived of her Englishman, had gone back to Mr. Browne and drawn him into her circle of nonsense. Evans Pierce, with his eyes on nothing in particular, his legs stretched before him, sat staring.

"Evans is wondering where his next meal is coming from as usual," said Wallie.

Rosemary lost her look of languid discomfort. "Oh, dear," she said. "Wallie, if I could only get him some kind of a job. And yet he has so much talent, it's awful to think of him wasting his energy when he ought to be painting. Wallie, I think he's got real genius; I mean . . ." She broke off and began again. "Do you know, I don't think of anything else all day long but of how to get some kind of a job for Evans, where he won't have to work so hard and can have time to paint."

The intensity in her voice caused Wallie to glance around somewhat apprehensively. Mrs. Hempstead had come back into the room. He saw that she had

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heard even before she spoke. "Of course Mr. Pierce is going to get a nice job," she said soothingly to everybody. "Now I think, not that any one wants to know what I think—" she paused and looked around the room.

"Oh, I'm sure we all want to hear what you think, mother," said Rosemary.

Mrs. Hempstead took a chair in the centre of the room, that contrived to dominate the group. If these young people were really willing to listen to her she could tell them a lot of things that would make life much simpler and easier for them. In that instant of expansion she saw Irene, minus her rouge and with her hair grown long and neatly tucked in, wedded to a strong virile man and nursing a baby enveloped in lace. She saw Rosemary married to Mr. Browne, and Mr. Browne's father in the background giving them their first check for a million dollars, and she saw Evans Pierce, his grammar entirely made over, stout, prosperous, and respectable. Yet none of these pictures were definitely formed in her mind except the last, for it was of Evans Pierce that she was going to speak.

"Mr. Pierce will get a job in some nice architect's office," she began in the tone of a fond mother painting the joys of going to bed to a sceptical son. "And there he will find plenty to occupy the artistic side of his nature, as well as the other methodical work he will have to do. And besides that he can have the joy of knowing that he is doing good for others. He does not need to begin designing pleasure palaces and big luxurious mansions. Let him begin humbly, and bring real beauty into the lives of the poor."

"Yes, I don't see why some one doesn't do that," said Mr. Browne helpfully. But Rosemary, with her voice full of young tender yearning, said hopelessly: "But, mother, he's an artist and he wants to paint, and he ought to paint, and you can't paint in an architect's office."

Evans looked at his shoes and grew redder than ever.

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Hempstead, "to want to paint. Nobody appreciates these artistic impulses more than I. At the same time we all must live, and though man cannot live by bread alone, he needs the bread. What he really wants is to create beauty, isn't it, Mr. Pierce?"

Evans Pierce looked up and into Mrs. Hempstead's eyes with a look that startled her. What was that, there behind his eyes? He was like a caged animal perhaps. He didn't understand. He thought she was goading him. "I—I—guess so," he choked. Her heart softened. He should understand that she understood this craving for beauty that he had. Her voice softened.

"I know. We've all had it perhaps at some time in our lives, the desire to create something beautiful. To paint a beautiful picture, to write a beautiful song that will lodge in somebody's heart forever. To reach the heart, that's what we all want to do, isn't it? I go to all the exhibitions and I look around at the pictures, and what do I see? I see beautiful things, things that I can appreciate and admire, but do I ever see anything that I want to take home and have on my walls? Could I stand it to look at any of these modern things day after day?" She smiled and they comprehended that she could not.

"No. Why is it? You all wonder why it is that you cannot do beautiful things such as the old masters did. Because you are not doing it with love in your hearts. I don't mean that you personally haven't love in your hearts, but——"

"Mother," said Rosemary painfully, "do you know of any architect's office in Paris where Evans could get a job?"

Mrs. Hempstead with a faint ripple of annoyance turned toward her daughter, but she did not follow up her daughter's rudeness with another rudeness. "Why, I dare say there are any number of offices where Mr. Pierce could get a job."

"Would you like it, do you think, just for a while?" said the girl eagerly to Evans Pierce.

Mrs. Hempstead was seriously alarmed. All this about a job was very terrifying. Had things gone that far? Had he spoken to Rosemary, and had Rosemary? . . . Looking at the flush on Rosemary's face she could hardly doubt what Rosemary had answered. And the exclamation that she had overheard as she came into the room: "I think of nothing else night and

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day but how to get him a job!" If Rosemary were seriously in love with this horrible boy, what should she do? He was without doubt a fortune-hunter and hoped to marry Rosemary and live on her income for the rest of his life, while he lazily painted pictures and listened to Rosemary call him a genius.

But perhaps she was being too hard. If it was a real love-match she could not oppose it. After all, Rosemary had had the right training and she would not choose a man likely to be unworthy of her. Perhaps—and here Mrs. Hempstead, in her effort to be just, administered a mortifying dose to herself—she had been a little snobbish and had actually allowed herself to be influenced against the man on account of his grammar. A slow flush came up into her finely poised head, and she was thoroughly ashamed of herself as she remembered her thoughts about Mr. Browne. She had been unconsciously fortune-hunting herself. She had wanted Rosemary to marry Mr. Browne, a young man about whom she knew absolutely nothing and to whom Rosemary was not even attracted, just because she had thought him very rich. And perhaps he wasn't rich after all. There were dozens of Brownes in America probably in the motor-car business. However, it didn't matter. This man was a son of the rich, and was doing no actual creative work himself. While Evans Pierce, as you could see by his manners (or lack of them, rather), had come up by the hardest kind of labor. A self-made man. After all, that had a genuinely American sound. A self-made man!

"We might give Mr. Pierce a letter to Gerald Boone," she said. She knew that this was the thing at which Rosemary had been hinting.

"Oh, thanks, it's awfully kind of you," said Evans Pierce, "but I don't think I care to go into an architect's office."

"Just until things get better," pleaded Rosemary. Eyes, tones, almost the drooping lines of her figure pleaded, Mrs. Hempstead thought, though that would not be quite nice. "Or would it be too awful?"

"I wouldn't be any use," said Evans Pierce. He rose lazily to his feet, and cheerfully picked up his hat and stick. Mrs. Hempstead revolted slightly from her benevolent attitude. Why would he carry a stick when he was so shabby? No sense of the fitness of things at all. He came forward smiling and took Mrs. Hempstead's hand before she offered it. "Don't you worry about me, neither," he said. "I'm going to be all right, but I'm mighty obliged to you, just the same." He crossed to Rosemary and took her hand. "Good-by, Rosemary. I've enjoyed the afternoon, and I'll see you again sometime, I hope." There was a finality in his tone that rebuked the young passion in Rosemary's face.

Rosemary, very pale, suddenly took his hand. "Good-by," she said. Then, as if rallying for a final siege, she asked: "Do you have to go?"

"It's late, and I got a lot of things I need to do. Coming, Wallie?"

"We're all coming," said Irene. "It's nearly dinner time. Shall I drive you up and drop you somewhere, Mr. Browne?"

Things were frightfully mixed up, Mrs. Hempstead was thinking. The patterns of the afternoon were dissolving, and Irene apparently was going to walk off with the prize, Mr. Browne. Not that it mattered, only she would like to see Rosemary settled. It had been a false alarm about Mr. Pierce, after all. There was evidently no understanding between them. After all, he was not quite of Rosemary's class, even though he was a self-made man. Rosemary demanded more: higher ideals, a broader outlook, a higher sense of the beautiful. "I'm so glad. Yes, do come again."

She turned as the last guest walked down the hall. "It is nearly time for dinner, dear, I think— Why, what is it, precious baby?"

She gathered the sobbing figure of heartbreak that had thrown itself on the couch into her uncomprehending but comforting arms.

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You

BY EDWARD W. BOK

Author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok," "Twice Thirty," etc.

I

I CRAVE the power to put down here just the word that will let a shaft of true light into the hearts and minds of timid folk who do not seem to realize the potentiality that is implanted in each one of us—singly. These folk write in numbers. They have aspirations and, apparently, the urge to do. But, invariably, they fall back upon the self-analysis: "What am I?" or "I am just one man" or "one woman. What can I do?" Their plaint is always deprecatory, ever disparaging of self: belittling, minimizing, with no conception, apparently, of the seed of divine energy implanted in each and the given capacity to bring that seed to its fullest development.

II

HERE is one of many:

"I am just one woman."

How many women does she want to be? What more can she ever hope to be than what she is: one woman? What was Florence Nightingale but one woman? Yet her work led straight to the Red Cross! How far would be the humane processes of healing the wounded and sorrowful all over the world to-day had this English nurse sat down and bemoaned the fact that she was "just one woman"? Nor did Florence Nightingale wait for others. When all the medical officers had retired for the night, dog-tired, and silence and darkness had settled upon those miles of prostrate sick, the light of a single little lamp could be seen moving from cot to cot in a solitary round. It was the lamp of Florence Nightingale. "Just one woman"!

Where would the marvellous work done by radium be to-day if, when bereaved, Madame Curie had folded her hands when her husband passed away and minimized herself by saying: "I am just one woman"?

Yes, but singularly gifted, you say, were these women. Not according to their own testimonies. Quite to the contrary. "I had faith: that was all," said Florence Nightingale. "I had confidence, little else," said Madame Curie, and to their work each applied her fullest aspiration and trust. Each recognized the potency and the inner power which God gives to the individual, and enjoins him or her to unfold and develop and bring that power to the highest fruition.

"But they were exceptional women," will be the rejoinder.

They were not, as a matter of fact.

Was this woman also "exceptional"?

A young actress came from New York one Sunday evening to Philadelphia to appear in the chorus of a musical comedy during the following week. She was a stranger to the city, and when she arrived at the station she was at a loss to know where to find a hotel. She walked along the streets until she met a woman whom she felt she could safely approach.

"Would you mind directing me to a hotel where I could safely stop?" she asked.

As the two walked along to a stopping-place, the young chorus girl said: "Don't you think there should be some one place in a great city like this that we girls could go to?"

It was just a casual remark, but it took root in the mind of the elder woman.

To-day, as a result of that remark and the initiative of the elder woman, the Charlotte Cushman Club in Philadelphia has a club-house for young actresses which, in a single year, accommodates over twelve hundred girls employed in the different theatrical companies which visit the city.

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Were either of these women "exceptional"?

Was that mother "exceptional" whose six-year-old boy came home from school one day with a note from his teacher suggesting that he be taken from school as he was "too stupid to learn"?

"My boy is not stupid," said the mother to herself. "I will teach him myself."

She did, and Thomas A. Edison was the result.

"Exceptional"? In faith, yes!

III

ANOTHER example:

"I am just a home body, with a husband and two boys, busy with the daily task."

So was Dwight L. Moody's wife "just a home body." But she taught her husband how to write, put the love of God and of his fellow-men into his heart, and sent him forth as the greatest evangelical force that the nineteenth century gave to America, leaving thousands behind him all over this and other lands blessing the name of this wife-inspired man. So was Abraham Lincoln's stepmother "just a home body." But she taught and inspired the son of her husband—not even of her own blood—and held a torch before him which he carried to emancipate a people. "The greatest book I ever read, you ask me?" asked Lincoln in a letter. "My mother."

Just "a husband and two sons," says my correspondent. What more and better material does a woman want to stamp her influence upon a generation? Look at the men and women who are great to-day in the work of the world and the councils of the great. Whence derived they their guidance and the light which led them to their works? From a woman who bemoaned the fact that she was "just a home body"? From a woman who seemed to think that God, in putting their lives into her hands to shape and to mould, did it just by chance and for no great purpose? An infinitely wise Being does not work like that! "To you I entrust," said He. "To you I commit." To do what? To sit and bemoan the fact that He made you "just a woman"—the most powerful single influence in the world to-day?

Listen to this instance of a "home body."

A husband was discouraged.

"Up against a stone wall," he told his wife.

"Nonsense," rejoined the wife. "It isn't the wall. It's you. Come and let's get over it. You've got it in you. But you must *do*."

He did. And, with her courage behind him, he has risen to be one of the ten greatest men in the United States to-day. His influence enters directly into the lives of over forty thousand men and women.

"Just one woman." That is all that this wife was!

That was all another wife was when her husband had to leave home for an indefinite period, leaving his son in his wife's care.

"I will take his father's place," she said. And she read to him of the achievements of the great men of his time and stirred his ambition. She implanted in him the highest ideals of Christianity.

For years she did this; "just a home body." But she produced Robert E. Lee.

IV

WE do not seem to be able to get it into our heads that the great works of the world always begin with one person. No man understood better the psychology of the human than did Emerson, and he put a sermon into a dozen words: "A great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a single man." It is not the organization that creates. Man creates: organization builds. A man, disgusted with working on ineffective committees, put a large truth into his statement when he said: "The ideal committee consists of three, with two of the members ill." Every institution that has contributed to American progress, said Theodore Roosevelt, has been built upon the initiative and enthusiasm of an individual.

The present is the time of all times for the individual man: the individual will: the individual mind: the individual energy. It is pre-eminently the day of the individual character of the independent citizen. It always comes back to the in-

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dividual: to the single man: the single woman. We have become obsessed in this country with the idea that we cannot work alone: only in organization. Organization for co-operation, yes. But always the individual for the initiative. Look at these organizations, and invariably the creative part, the driving power, is traced to the individual: ofttimes, one: other times, two: rarely more. "Yes," it is agreed. "But these are greater than I am." "There are no great and small," says Emerson. We fancy others greater than ourselves because they light the divine spark given them, and we do not. We are all children of one Father. It is because we minimize ourselves that we do not accomplish. We do not realize the amazing power of the positions in which we are placed.

V

TAKE this example:

"I am just a teacher!"

Fancy! "Just a teacher!" In a belittling tone this is said of the greatest post of potential influence in life to-day next to a mother. So said once a teacher I know. Then one night the vision came to her. To her lips came "I am nothing." But her soul said: "I am everything." She shook herself loose from her bondage, as the dew is shaken by the lion from his mane. From that day her work in her class changed: her eye took on a new radiance to her children: her voice that of the supreme confidence which God gives to us all to bring into being. She had lighted the divine spark within her. Within fifteen months she was the head teacher of her floor, and another eighteen months found her principal of the entire school. To-day into hundreds of hitherto perplexed eyes of the little foreigners in her school she has put a steady light: a true Americanization has entered into their hearts and minds, and every June she is sending out into this wonderful America of ours a line of true little Americans who, within a few years, will register the teachings of this one woman at the ballot-boxes and in the homes of our land!

"Just a teacher." That is all she is. But what an "all"! The "all" lay in the fact that she came to herself, fully grasped the titanic opportunity placed within her grasp by an all-wise God, and, with her head high, her eyes seeing straight and clear, and her heart singing at the marvellous chance at her command, which she had almost missed, she went to her work. She didn't *bend* to it: she *went* to it! "Just a teacher." Great Heavens: the opportunity of the ages! A privilege: a chance for power that comes to few—God-given: born as straight of Providence as a light from heaven!

VI

"O YE of little faith."

That is where the trouble lies: either we have no faith at all, or we are "of little faith."

What a sentence that is which Jesus spake:

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Not faith of mountain size, but "as a grain of mustard seed."

"Yes," continues the sceptic, "but those who have done these great things had something within them."

They did. Exactly what you have: a spark of divine energy. But, with what Jesus called faith and we call conceit and egotism, these doers lighted the spark, fanned it into flame, until the eye sparkled, the soul was ignited, the mind was inflamed—and "Well done," says Jesus, looking on. For "unto every one that hath shall be given." Hath what? Faith—pure and simple. To those He gives. Not to him who moans. "From him that hath not [faith] shall be taken away!" No account is here taken, mark you, of great or small except "The last shall be first."

I wish thousands would put aside their preconceived notions of the Bible, take a copy and read the twenty-eight short chapters of Saint Matthew just as they would read a new book, and feel the ringing note of individual faith and the works wrought by faith as told in that small compass. We turn to books of modern success as to reservoirs of hope. But the greatest book of success ever written, or that ever will be written, is contained in those chapters of Saint Matthew.

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VII

Scores say this:

"I am just a young man."

In other words, what thousands of men to-day would like to be! A potentiality with his face to the east! A lifetime stretching ahead! The Book of Life with clean pages to be written on as he may elect! "Just a young man" in a time like this: in a land like this: in a world like this! Then he deprecates himself! In a land of Opportunity where every chance beckons and every road invites! A road straight and clear, and the high peaks of achievement beyond—with oh! so few on them! To carve out of Life what one wills! How many men there are who would gladly give all they possess to have that chance once more! Did Christ say to the world "I am just a young man"? "Ah, well," you say, "but He was exceptional." How? By being the son of a carpenter? Did Lincoln say that to America? He was only a rail-splitter. He had reason to think that he might not count.

VIII

I stand puzzled—yes, aghast—at young men who busy themselves with self-analysis, with introspective thoughts, full of argument of whether they can do this or do that. Wasting their time. Instead of saying just one thing to themselves: "God put me here for some purpose. I am going to realize it." It makes no difference what the purpose is. Why puzzle over it, when we can come to no conclusion, arrive at no answer? Enough is it for us to know that we did not happen just by chance. A wise God does not work that way. Once we are convinced of that single fact: that we are put here for a purpose: that the seed of divine energy has been given us and that it is for us to cultivate it to its fullest bloom, the way will be shown us. We are not adrift: we are not without a compass. There are forces outside and around us that we do not understand, and it is a waste of time to try to analyze them. The farthest we can get is to give them a name, and a name is only a word. It is our part to make the effort and to put the fullest force and integrity into that effort.

It is the young man of little faith who says "I am nothing." It is the young man of true conception who says "I am everything," and then goes to prove it. That does not spell conceit or egotism, and if people think it does, let them think so. Enough for us to know that it means faith, trust, confidence: the human expression of the God within us. He says: "Do my work." Go and do it. No matter what it is. Do it, but do it with a zest: a keenness: a gusto that surmounts obstacles and brushes aside discouragement.

I love those two lines of Doddridge:

> "Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve
> And press with vigor on!"

IX

There is another kind of doubter. He is at the other end of the line. His favorite plaint is:

"Ah, but I am fifty. Rather late."

For what? For using a background of fifty years of experience for truer judgment? For erecting the house of which he has been laying the foundations? Have the great men of all time said that at seventy-five, eighty, and even ninety? At fifty a man's real life begins. He has acquired upon which to achieve: received from which to give: learned from which to teach: cleared upon which to build. "Rather late"? Rather early to cry "Wolf." Exactly the time to "cash in" upon the capacity that God has bestowed. Not for one's self, but for others. For fifty years it has been all for one. Now, one for all. That is divine arithmetic, and makes for an Infinite total.

"My race is run," said a man at seventy. "No," said a Voice; "to you I will give." The man heard. That was fourteen years ago. To-day he is counted as one of the most active and useful Americans of his day: more active than at seventy. For others. To him did He give. He always does to such a man.

X

It is a wonderful pronoun: You. But remember it is singular. It is personal. It means You. It is not plural. It takes no account of others. It deals with a

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single unit, You. Never mind about "we" and "us." Those are something different. The nearest approach to You is that other personal pronoun I, or its objective, Me.

When God made You, He created You. He made a being potential: a being powerful: a being of possibility. And with the seed of potentiality, He gave You certain capacities with which to develop the powerful possibilities that lie in You. Potentiality *and* capacity: never the one without the other. There lies the seed. It is latent. Take a flower seed in your hand. It has potentiality within it. The capacity to produce wondrous beauty. Not in your hand, however. There it will lie latent, dormant, and shrivel. But put it into the soil, let it work, develop its hidden energy and the most wondrous beauty will come forth. From the seed springs the blossom: from the blossom the apple.

It matters not to one seed that another brings forth no blossom and no fruit. It seeks only to do its work: to harness its capacity to its potentiality. You can hold it in your hand and feel it not. But the tree it produces a score of men cannot lift. The acorn is small, yet a majestic oak that a hundred men cannot budge lies within it. Just one acorn. But it is enough to produce majesty of unknown strength. Just so has God placed His Infinite potentiality in one seed planted in the world. One man. You. It may be the seed of the apple: the Queen of the Orchard. It may be the acorn of the oak: the King of the Forest. But in You lies that seed.

XI

WHAT are You doing with that seed? It is not for others to decide. Their decision is theirs: your decision is yours. It is for You. Alone for You. The seed is there. Also the capacity. We cannot all be oaks. The forest has need for other trees. The orchard for its fruits. But an apple-tree is not less useful to the orchard than the oak is to the forest. The seed implanted in the human may be of the orchard or the forest. The one to serve and give food: the other to serve and give shelter. The queen of beauty: the king of service. Woman and man. The serving and the served. The seemingly greater: the seemingly smaller. Each indispensable to the other. We could not live without the fruits: we could have no shelter without timber. The oak is not sufficient. A world of oaks would be useless.

XII

NAPOLEON struck at the very foundation of all this when he said "Circumstances? I *make* circumstances." That was not the word of an egotist. It was a fact. We *all* make circumstances. Each one of us. Let me, as a concrete example, take the supreme power of the individual as applied to the greatest question in the world to-day: the saving of human life by the greatest destroyer of human life: war. Suppose each one of us, separately, washed our minds clear of the thought of war and substituted the idea of peace. Here is what seems a titanic question reduced to the individual, where it must rest. How could there be war if each one of us made up our mind that there should be no war? No group of men, no government, can stand up against the individual with his mind made up to a certain definite conclusion. We are apt to say: "What can one man or one woman do to prevent war?" We are apt either to deride or quietly indulge the man who says he can stop war. Who else can stop war but you? You decide what the world is and shall be. No one else. Never mind about what the other fellow thinks or does or does not do. It is what You think, it is what You do. There would be no other fellow if You thought straight. But there is the rub. There is where we fail. It is always the other fellow. So rarely You. But that is all that counts: You. Just You.

XIII

LET us get this great and yet this simple truth straight in our minds. The power of the individual: the tremendous influence of the single unit. Take a snowflake. What is it of itself? We flick it off our sleeve. But what becomes of that snowflake, multiplied by the millions? The most powerful piece of machinery is helpless before the combined unit. What is a grain of sand? Nothing, you say. But before millions of those grains, Man and all his ingenuity stand powerless. So with the human. You are the snowflake.

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You are the grain of sand. You start something, say, here in this country of ours. There are one hundred and ten millions of Yous. You cannot move those millions, you say. Why not? It is a small snowflake that singly begins the storm: it is one grain of sand that starts the cyclone.

It is You who are potent.

You who are mighty.

"Ye shall go forth!"

"I will return unto you."

"I will make you fishers of men."

XIV

To whom is the Sermon on the Mount addressed? To many? To others?

"Verily, I say unto You," said Christ.

"Let your light shine before men," He said.

Not their light. But your light!

Yes, you say. But how?

Listen:

"Ask, and it shall be given you."

"Seek, and you shall find."

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Always You.

Just You.

Believe that, and the world is——

Yours.

Because He said:

"Ye are the light of the world."

YOU!

The Stuff That Dreams Are Made On

BY. H. C. SPROUL

THERE is a cry that our American colleges render their students unfit for life. Hundreds of young people, it is said, leave their classrooms every year presumably educated to function as integral parts of society, but actually unfitted for the task. They have been shown no relationship between their studies and the business of society. They have lived on the inside of a pleasant wall; the processes of making a living, of running a government, of getting along, materially and spiritually, in the welter of the world—all that has been outside the wall, of no interest to the student. Critics suggest varying causes for this condition, and remedies for its cure. The curriculum is at fault, say some. Let us introduce students to civilizations, past and present, as complete wholes, not offer them isolated piles of information on "subjects." The teacher is at fault, say others. Let him refrain from sneering at businesses and governments, and relate the material of his teaching, cultural or otherwise, to every-day life. At any rate let us not merely excite the student with Plato and Shelley and a knowledge of Utopias. The result is a distaste for the workaday world. The student, in despising it, will enter on a dubious career as a misfit in society.

This that I have been speaking of was the burden of several magazine articles I read as I sat in the half-light of the Faculty Club. As I laid aside the magazines and watched from the window the darkening gray of the winter afternoon, the quiet of a deserted building wooed me to musing. I mentally applauded the efforts being made to break down the wall between education and life. But there lingered in the back of my mind the teasing suggestion that there was more to the problem than had appeared.

And then I became conscious of the presence of an old thought—a thought wrapped up in the colors of many emotions and experiences. And I said to myself: "There are misfits; I myself am one of them. But we cannot put the blame here or there; the explanation is too simple to be proposed by brilliant people. And the conditions, in the last analysis, are irremediable. The danger lies in nothing particularly modern; the cry is an old one. Look beyond curricula and

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teachers at the nature of truth and beauty, and you have found the danger. You need no definition of these abstractions—Plato himself could not define them. You need merely to consider human experience, and it will tell a tale of devastation resulting from glimpses of heaven." And so I considered my own life, and I found that I had not spoken too lightly.

I am thinking, now, as an individual concerning individuals. You can arrange society neatly, and decide the functions of its members, but the members will still be themselves, sometimes even refusing to be pigeonholed. It is to the individual therefore, that the danger I speak of applies—that bright danger that became the legend of Helen in ancient times—and the legend of Deirdre—and many there were who cherished this danger to their destruction. We need not fear, however, that the majority of students will ever be blinded by this beauty. For them the curriculum may be adjusted, and the teaching, and they will, fortunately, become unprotesting parts of the social order. They will have no qualms, no sinking of the heart, no ecstasy.

Do not think us conceited, we who find no place in human schemes. We are not all fools; it is often a matter for despair. It is not that we despise the world and the machinery of careers. We simply have no interest in them. Often we find ourselves working as doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers. And we may do our jobs passably well, but they are quite meaningless to us—empty rooms in the chambers of our minds. For they are not the reality. We live in a dream—a dream which is for us reality, and clients, friends, bridges, students, these are but shadows in the dream, "the somnambulism of uneasy sleepers."

"What," you ask, "has college to do with this dream?" It is at college that the susceptible student finds gathered up the wisdom and beauty of all ages, and gradually he builds out of his discoveries a monastery for his mind. There is no premeditation in this; the boy is directed by inexorable loveliness. He cannot help himself. He is exiled into his dream, into his private world built up of bits of earthly color, as if he were to become the central figure of a cathedral window he had just fashioned.

I say "earthly color," for I do not mean to suggest that the dream is not of this world. I, for example, am no ascetic. The flesh is very dear to me. Forms, colors, emotions, ideas—they are the stuff of my life. Human, earthy stuff it is. One does not wonder that Whitman with his lust for life was incoherent. I love trees and the variations of the weather, the smell of leather bindings and good food, beautiful people, clouds—God, yes, I love the earth and shudder when I think that I shall ever be quite dead to its glory. The moist freshness of newly turned earth, the touch of hands and bodies, the wild harmony of autumn, wind from far spaces that sweeps across the mountains —all these and more I love. But they do not reconcile one to the business of society. They are unconsciously selected and pieced together into my dream; they form a world of loveliness and ecstasy.

And it is ecstasy that is largely responsible for the lack of meaning that the processes of society have for people like myself. Often, at college, as I walked out through the great pillars of the library in the evening and descended the long flights of steps down into the dimness of the streets, I was only half aware of the city bustling about me, and the fresh night air. In there I had opened a book, casually chosen from one of the shelves. And now I was experiencing that thrill that comes to "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." The heavens were opened. I knew ecstasy— Or perhaps I sat listening to a lecture on a seventeenth-century poet, while beyond the city and the hills shone the still, white radiance that so often follows the sunset. And the genial, human widsom of that bearded lecturer would flow on, while against that dying whiteness, infinitely deep, the perfect curve of a tree branch faded into blackness. And some indefinable blending of all these elements and all their connotations would leave me touched as by a god. After such drunkenness of spirit, the human scene became merely a spectacle, rather a poor one for the most part, far removed from my real life. It held out to me no invitation to participate.

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I play the cello well enough to enjoy what is, to me, the highest form of music —string quartets. Sometimes, when my friends and I have been playing for half the night, when we four and our instruments seem to have attained a kind of spiritual unity, I gradually become conscious of a power—an infinite power—born of the harmony. In the centre of the square we make, a flame springs up, and I am drawn into that flame. There is exaltation, the hint of a rhythm and harmony beyond the grasp of human mind.

Whenever I think of Nantucket there comes the emotional taste of an old experience. One summer vacation of college days, I got a job in a Nantucket hotel as a waiter. In the evenings after work I used to leave the quaint old fishing village with its wide streets and ancient elms, and wander out onto the moors. There would be nothing but the undulating blackness of the ground and the sea which merged, far off, into the sky of stars. And the faint perfume of hidden flowers would mingle with the salt breeze from the sea. There was a compelling unity about the arrangement that often caught me up.

One night I lay on my back in the thick grass of a bluff above the water. The pounding surf seemed to draw out the restlessness of my mind into itself, and I looked up at the tremendous star systems in a mood of quiet wonder. And my vision seemed gradually to acquire new attributes of power; for I could see through the heavens, past the stars—could almost grasp the significance of the whole, could feel the earth, all black beneath me, moving in its great course through immeasurable space. I felt the impact of terrific forces and was uplifted in exultation. It was close to madness, I suppose. The human brain cannot bear to look on eternity, and Pan must be clothed with dainty legends. I stumbled home in the early morning, dazed, the warm colors of the sunrise seeming strangely unreal. I cannot forget that rending ecstasy.

There is nothing mystic about such experiences. My vision never pierces through to any Absolute. The Mystic Rose is not revealed, and the Word is silent. Or should I say, I am a mystic to whom the vision is denied? Sometimes when I am able to take science with the necessary humor and realize that it can only make the world a bit more habitable and safe, I am conscious of vast realms of knowledge closed to us because we are human. We speak of the knowledge gained through the senses. That is necessary. But what a stuttering, fragmentary knowledge it is for one who would really know! Some of us are too insubordinate to leave it to God. We aspire to be God. And yet we have no means of knowing or understanding beyond our feeble senses and the apparatus we invent. It is as if we, like Plato's souls, had once glimpsed perfection but had lost the vision with the acquirement of a body, and only remembered a vague glory; or perhaps we are the decadent offspring of that ancient race of giants which appeared when the daughters of earth mated with the sons of God. Again, we are like the child of Metanira, snatched from the deathless arms of Demeter before he had been purged of the dust of earth. We only half know, surmise, guess at approximations.

Perhaps that explains my love for the music of César Franck. It is of the earth earthy, but, like my own experience, full of hints of unimagined splendor. It is instinct with a haunting desire, which now and again mounts up in subtle and passionate yearning, but dies without having attained its end. There is illusion and disillusion, and the deep beauty of an ecstasy that falls before the revelation. The stuff of that music is the stuff of life for me. All my days and nights, when I am not bowing to the thousand and one necessities, are spent in a search for such experience.

There are many who will laugh at all this, who understand the words but not the meaning. Living is a simple task for them. Their roll-top-desk sort of world with all its neat pigeonholes, their nice systems of philosophy, their schemes for the salvation of the world—oh, I sometimes envy them humbly! They have not known ecstasy, perhaps, but then they have not known that damnable sense of futility that pervades common activity, robbing the will of initiative and choice,

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and making the every-day world an unending succession of unimportant trifles.

And trifles make the tragedy for us. The "dust and shadows" of the cosmic drama are moving and inspiring, bringing wonder and terror, and a purging of the spirit. But to be continually pestered with meaningless trifles—"stung with pismires" so much of the time before we are covered with a little earth—that is tragedy that deadens and destroys and soaks up the brightness. It "brings our high things low" and makes an "average" that could never be "divine."

I rested one night on the library steps of the college where I am teaching. As I sat there, recovering, in the stillness, my own world after a day of red tape and rules and dull students and gossipy faculty, there came out of the lighted doorway a dumpy little woman clutching a brief-case. She descended the steps slowly, perhaps blinded by the sudden night, perhaps mentally chewing the cud of her reading. On the last step she paused, uncertain, and peered down. To me, she seemed to hesitate to trust herself to the level of the paved walk—she feared that flat monotony. "How right she is!" I thought, half-laughing at the picture she made. She finally stepped down, with something of a jar, and made off across the campus. And I thought then of the mental state induced by that level expanse, and of how men amuse themselves littlely.

What is to be done about it? In God's name—nothing. In this the colleges are not at fault. We are what we are; on the authority of the Koran, "Every man's fate is hung about his neck." Resignation comes as it came to the Stoic emperor, who found that one could live well "even in a palace." And we continue our teaching, and our accounting, and our buying and selling, for we say with Falstaff: "Young men must live."

After all, perhaps we would not be differently constituted if it were possible. For the pestering trifles, and the sense of futility and loneliness, only intensify for us the escape into our world of ecstasy. It is not Gilbert Murray's "calm world—the world of the grammaticus"—though the ancient madness of Greece is there. Saint Augustine prayed: "We have no rest until we rest in Thee." There will be a time for flickering out and stillness. Now there is always the thrust of desire, joy, and pain that are flames in the nighttime. It is small of us that we stop our ears with wax against the searing song of beauty so that we might return to bicker with Penelope. It is meanness of spirit that we who are teachers should betray our vision and hide behind a faint-hearted scholarship.

But, for a moment, I should like to forget the need for courage. In the quiet of my mind there runs the burden of an old song. There is consolation in its despair:

> "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
> yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
> We hanged our harps upon the willows in the
> midst thereof—
> . . . . . .
> How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange
> land?"

We are forever condemned to be misfits in a strange land, and have no knowledge of any other land but only ecstasy and desire. And we are not few. There are many who brood in secret over this aspect of "the tears of things," and many who are poets, wondering why they sing.

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A Battleship in Action

BY POWERS SYMINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[This article was written to be published anonymously from the point of view of a civilian, and is based on the comments of some spectators at a recent target practice

The author is Captain of the Philadelphia Navy Yard and was captain of a battleship during the war.]

WHAT goes on in a battleship when the men and officers are practising for the possible day of battle with an enemy fleet?

The ships go to sea every now and then, and we hear guns firing, also we see in the papers that such and such a ship has done well at target practice, but information is hard to get.

I happen to be one of the few individuals who have been privileged to see one of these great vessels in action. I was invited to witness a fleet battle-practice from a ship of our Pacific fleet. There were three civilians in our party, and we went down to San Pedro one morning early. There were about a dozen battleships at anchor behind the breakwater, and my first impression was surprise at the great size of these ships when you see them close to shore and have something familiar to compare them with. At sea they appear small compared with the immensities of the sea and sky, but compared with houses and railroad trains they are colossal.

We went aboard and at once there was a sense of change. I have been aboard many of our ships, but always heretofore when the ship was rigged for port. On this day the rail was gone, the hatches were closed, no boats were in sight, even the familiar flagstaff was gone. There was an emptiness, a bareness, apparent. The ship was cleared for battle.

We went down into the cabin and there also there was a marked change from what I had seen before. Pictures were down, doors were off, lamps were missing; the whole place looked as if it had been wrecked. The only thing that was familiar or appeared unchanged was the captain. I had a vague sense that something was going to happen.

From time to time various people came into the cabin and made reports; the only one that sticks in my memory being that of the grave, intellectual-looking commander who, I was told, was the gunnery officer. He reported the cylinders filled and everything ready. I remember him because I asked what cylinders were filled, and the captain explained to me that when a gun is fired the kick is tremendous, and in order to control the gun it is necessary to have very powerful hydraulic machinery to keep the gun from jumping overboard, and the cylinders referred to were part of this hydraulic machinery.

Then an orderly came in and said: "The officer of the deck reports everything ready for getting under way." The captain said: "Let's go up on the bridge." All the familiar ways had been barred, and the captain led us through the ship over a new route, up and down ladders, along passageways that seemed interminable. I thought I was familiar with the interior of our ships, but it was all different, somehow. I felt a little bit panicky in spite of the calmness of the people about me, like a stranger underground at Times Square for the first time.

Once on the bridge, things seemed more normal. There were fifteen or twenty people about, some half-dozen officers and the rest sailormen. Suddenly the great ship's bell rang out under our feet, and immediately there was intense activity. The flagship had a signal up and soon we were under way. The ship is

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as long as the Grand Central Station, and there were a dozen of them all turning and twisting like a bunch of automobiles going away from the Polo Grounds. Soon we passed the end of the breakwater and were headed out to sea in single file, the flagship leading. San Pedro is on Santa Barbara Channel, and twenty miles away is the island of Catalina, and this is the manœuvre area and target ground for our Pacific fleet. The water is everywhere very deep, and as the traffic is inconsiderable there is not much interference with manœuvres. Ships can steam east or west or south, and, in a comparatively few miles, have a splendid space for shooting without danger to people on shore or to passing ships.

After a short time the captain pointed out what appeared to be a tow of barges away over toward the horizon, and told us that they were the targets, and that they had left the harbor about daylight in order to be out there in time. He explained that the targets are canvas screens hoisted on a framework which is carried on a specially constructed raft which floats just at the surface of the water. We could see four of them in single file all being towed by a tug. He said that the admiral was manœuvring the squadron so as to get the targets on a certain bearing and at a particular distance.

Suddenly a single flag appeared on the flagship, and instantly there was renewed activity on our ship. A bugle blew, the distant hammering of a gong was heard, and men and officers were seen hurrying in different directions. Orders were given through speaking-tubes and over telephones. In a moment every one had disappeared. We three civilians were alone on the bridge. Before leaving, the captain said: "This is only a rehearsal run; watch it and you will see what we do. I will give you some instructions before we open fire. I will be in the conning-tower."

I had seen a battle-drill before and knew roughly what was going on. I tried to imagine myself in command of the ship. Through a peep-hole in the conning-tower I could hear the reports going to the captain and the orders he gave.

The ships were hurtling through the water at twenty knots' speed, still in single file. The targets, four of them, were ten or twelve miles away, steaming along at an unknown speed in an unknown direction. It was like a man in Luna Park shooting at the Pennsylvania Station or the Plaza Hotel. There would be no difficulty if they would only stay in one place, but with Luna Park moving at twenty knots and the Plaza Hotel moving at an unknown speed in an unknown direction, how do they ever manage to make a hit?

I heard a quiet order from the captain: "Open fire." And I braced myself for an explosion. Nothing happened for a time, and in a few seconds I heard a pop such as a firecracker makes and thereafter once every thirty seconds I heard a similar pop.

Suddenly the whole line of battleships seemed to be broken up: the three ahead swung out to the left, the next three swung out to the right, and the three behind us swung one way or the other, but the steady popping of the firecrackers went on once every half-minute. I didn't quite understand what was going on, but I could see the great guns of all turrets pointed toward the targets.

Then a quiet order, "Cease firing," a clang of bells, a bugle-call, and voices apparently all over the ship repeating the order: "Cease firing."

The captain appeared on the bridge, where he was soon joined by the gunnery officer. The captain asked: "How did it go?" "All right, sir; there was a failure in a certain piece of electric machinery." "How soon can you fix it?" "In ten minutes." "Can I report ready?" "Yes, sir." "Quite sure?" "Yes, sir." The captain turns to another officer: "Report to the admiral that the ship is all ready for practice; all precautions taken."

Knowing something of the navy, this quiet order was illuminating. The captain staked his name, his reputation, his career—in fact, his whole future—on that order. He assumed full responsibility for everything that might happen of an unexpected nature. If an accident occurred and some one was hurt, if government property was destroyed, if any man failed in his duty or was incompetent, so that the target was missed, the blame would fall on the captain.

"Are you quite sure?" he asks the gunnery officer, and upon an affirmative answer he picks up his burden of responsibility, a burden which I venture to say is unknown in any other walk in life.

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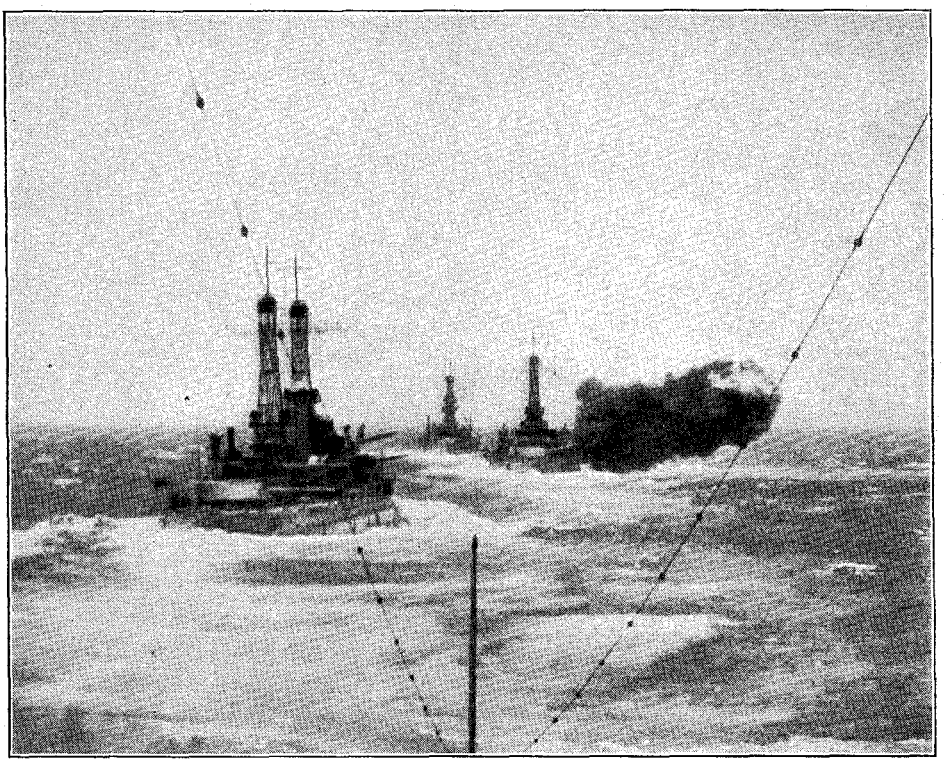
I looked at him and wondered what manner of men were they that command our battleships. I had known this particular officer for a long time, and he seemed a bit casual in ordinary life. He was a pleasant chap, well liked and interested in what was going on, but somehow a naval officer has always seemed to me a rather pathetic individual. Why should a man work hard, with little pay and no chance to have a home? If he is any good at all, he ought to be able to make more money outside of the navy and have a freer life. I have, I am afraid, always had a feeling that the mere fact of staying in the navy indicated that a man had a defect in him somewhere. I was now to see the business these men are engaged in when away from civilian observation, and I got a new line on my friend. There was a dignity of power and responsibility that emanated from him that I had never had the wit to see before. The loyal respect of his subordinates was of a quality I had never encountered before. Respect and admiration, without envy, is something very rare in our modern world.

The captain said it would be about half an hour before the admiral would get back into position for opening fire. He gave us some cotton to put into our ears, and strongly recommended that we use it. He told us to button our coats and jam our hats on tight, and said he would detail a quartermaster to see that we did not fall overboard and to tell us what to look at. I thought this last remark facetious, and we chatted until some one reported "ten minutes" to the captain, whereupon he left us and again went into the conning-tower.



. . . but I could see the great guns of all turrets pointed toward the targets.—Page 368.

We three and a sailor remained on the bridge. The sailor made us plug our ears and suggested that we hold on to the rail. He also recommended that we try to stand on tiptoe.

Everything went along as before. We saw the signal on the flagship and heard the same quiet order given—"Open fire," and waited for what would happen.

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Even now I can't describe what did happen. The earth, the sea, the sky were torn apart, my body disintegrated, my mind was hurled from its pedestal, my shivering soul was left naked and exposed. I was stunned and stupefied, and staggered blindly about the bridge. When I started to come to, the first thing I remember was the sailor holding me, calming me, quieting me. He gave me my hat and talked to me, and I began to collect my wits and to remember where I was and what I was doing. That terrible cataclysm seemed a long time ago; I was beginning to wonder what had happened, and then the sailor said: "Now, sir, if you will put your glasses on the target, you will see where our shots fall; they will be out there in a few seconds now." It was only thirty seconds since it had happened. I had a new conception of time and eternity.

Immediately after the splashes were seen in the neighborhood of the targets I heard a steady voice giving orders in an ordinary tone: "Down six hundred, right two." I wondered what next.

Without warning, again the tearing apart of all things. I was again dashed from my mental position; I knew nothing; I was again alone in chaos. After an infinite time I was aware of another person. It was the sailor; he had his hand on my shoulder and was talking. He said: "You are getting used to it; a few more rounds and you won't mind it." I looked around and saw other ships and an island; the sun was shining. The sailor pointed out the targets and said: "In about fifteen seconds now." I could hear machinery working and a dull booming sound that my sailor friend told me was shells being rammed home in the guns.

After a long time my sailor said, "Stand by," and then the great white splashes of water appeared all about the target. At almost the same time the world was again ripped open. This time I had some personal sensations that I could remember. I could feel the rail that I was holding on to snatched from my hands, I could feel myself stagger about and bump into various things, and that sailorman holding me. I was getting used to it.

Again a lucid interval and I looked at the targets; the splashes were spurting into the air almost continuously, and I asked my sailor: "What are the other splashes I see?" He replied that they were shots from the other ships, and for the first time I realized that there were enormous and terrifying explosions going on in front of and behind our ship. Explosions that were rocking the buildings and rattling windows in Los Angeles, thirty miles away, were going on in my immediate neighborhood and I did not even hear them. Such is the effect of the great guns of a modern dreadnought on those in their immediate vicinity!

Then the single file of battleships was broken up and I saw some going to the right and others going to the left; and in the midst of the manœuvres the next salvo was fired and again I was helpless, speechless, and profoundly distressed. But I seemed to remember it had happened before and that I would live through it.

After a very long time—in reality only three or four minutes—when these terrible things seemed to be the natural order of events, and what we must expect in life forevermore, I heard the same quiet, steady voice say, "Cease firing," and gradually I realized that it was all over. My wits were slow in returning to normal.

The captain came on the bridge and gave us a quizzical glance, but immediately turned to the gunnery officer, and I heard a very technical discussion that I could not understand carried on with less emphasis than is usually shown in speaking of a ball game.

I have used the word "quiet" quite often because one of my strongest impressions is of the great contrast between the person of my imagination and the real naval officer. I had always supposed that a naval officer in action would be rather noisy and very imperative, but in reality "self-control" and "quiet efficiency" are the dominant characteristics. No excitement, no obvious energy; expecting and getting instant obedience from a vast organization, he is the essence of calmness.

We headed for home, still following the flagship. Men and officers swarmed over the ship, and she was being quickly brought back to the condition I had become familiar with before.

The captain asked us to come down to his cabin for luncheon. Pictures were up, ports open, everything restored.

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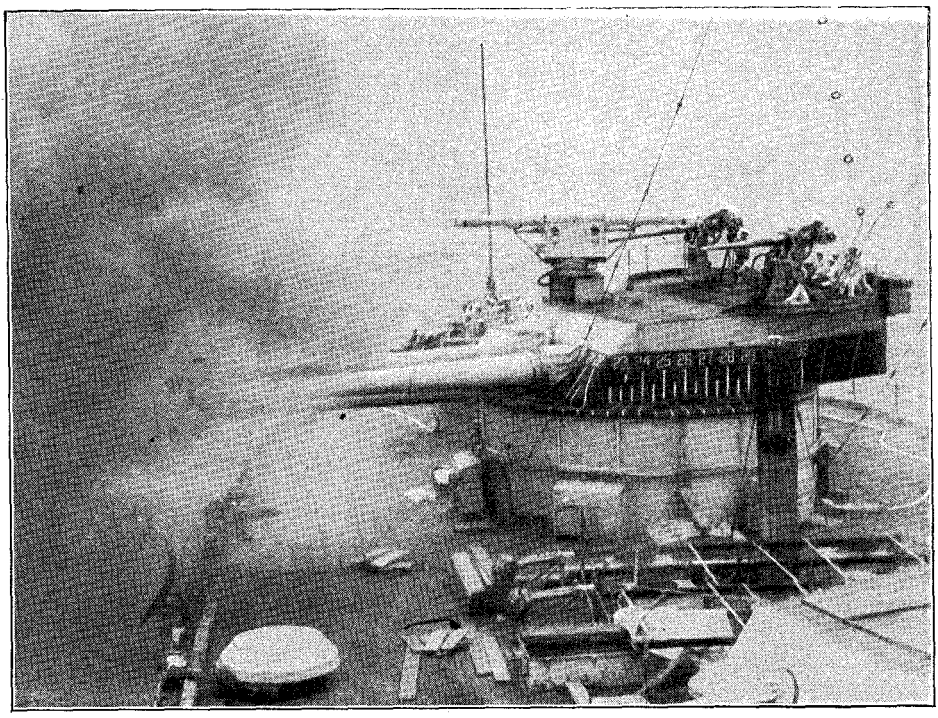

U. S. S. *Arkansas* firing.

Conversation dragged, and when the captain left the cabin to go on the bridge we three civilians were asleep before he had reached the quarter-deck. The physical reaction to what we had been through was complete nervous exhaustion.

After a nap I talked to the ship's doctor. He was less reticent about the personnel element than the captain. He told me that he thanked God after every such practice if there was no accident; that he had been on one ship when many were killed, that it was always a possibility, and that always before such a practice he made his preparations to handle one hundred dead and dying men. He said they all lived in that shadow, but that the load carried by the captain was the heaviest of all, and that each such practice aged a captain perceptibly; the strain is unbelievable and almost unbearable.

We came into port at San Pedro and we three went ashore. One of our party said he could understand now why the men who came back from the war could not be made to talk about what they had been through. He said: "I could never give any one an idea of what I have been through to-day; so why talk about it?" I felt much the same way, but I had gone out to see and learn, intending to write about it, and so I am trying to give an idea of my experiences.

I have seen the life on the sea in almost all of its various phases. I have seen and known most of the more strenuous activities of modern men of action, but nowhere, and in no other walk of life, have I ever before seen trained intelligence working with unbelievable forces in an orderly manner where the least mistake may mean the death of 1,200 of our finest people and the complete destruction of $40,000,000 worth of property.

But this was only drill, merely an exercise, and I allowed my imagination to drift into the possibilities of a real battle, where the target is shooting back, submarines and destroyers are shooting torpedoes, and airplanes are dropping bombs or launching torpedoes or laying smoke screens of poisonous gases, and the sea is sown with mines. I begin to realize the terror of a modern naval battle and the stoutness of soul and character that is required of the captain of a battleship in order to carry his ship through the inferno that he is liable to encounter.

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With forced deliberation he measured his distance, addressed his ball.—Page 373.

The Elixir of Lies

BY PHILIP CURTISS

Illustrations by J. H. Fyfe

THE annual tournament of the Heath Hills Golf Club reached its high point about eleven o'clock in the morning. At that hour, on qualifying day, the first tee, roped off like a prize-ring, was surrounded, three and four deep, by waiting contestants. The secretary, important as a train-starter, sat at a table under a huge white score-sheet, while the terrace above was filled with a banked mass of gayly dressed spectators.

It was exactly the kind of crowd which a dour philosopher might have described as typical of "pleasure-mad America," but there was one member who was certainly not pleasure-mad. Standing well back among the contestants, his sleeves rolled up and his clubs at his feet, Walter Sanders was awaiting events with about the same emotions that he might have felt in the anteroom of an old-fashioned dentist. Without hope, without heart, he asked but one thing—that he and his partner, Bob Reising, might be allowed to start their match with the least possible amount of attention, be duly qualified for the fourth, or lowest, division, and then be permitted to sink into harmless oblivion for the rest of the week.

Yes, tournament play was a tragic thing to poor Walter Sanders. He was

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one of golf's most cringing, terrorized slaves; but to his partner, fat Bob Reising, it was all a huge joke. A noisy, boisterous man, Reising regarded himself as the club's favorite buffoon. He actually enjoyed his reputation of being the club's worst player The moment his match with Walter was called he pushed through the ropes and crossed the tee with jocose importance. He took a huge handful of sand and, with dainty, mock-feminine gestures, patted it into a tee as big as a pie-plate; then stood up, feet wide apart, and waved his club with the strokes of a wood-chopper. A direction flag far down the course took his eye and he turned around to the secretary's table.

"Say, Nick," he demanded, "how far is that flag?"

"A hundred and forty yards, for a guess," replied the secretary. "Want us to move it?"

The fat man, who had never driven a hundred yards in his life, studied the flag in affected concern. "Well, perhaps I can get around it."

"Give you five dollars if you land within twenty feet of it," laughed the secretary.

"You're on," snapped Reising.

Without even taking a regular stance, and holding his club like a flail, he made a wild swipe at the ball. To the utter amazement of every one, including himself, there came a sharp crack, the ball went far in the air, and came to rest three or four feet beyond the flag. A spontaneous cheer arose from the crowd, and Reising bowed right and left.

"Lay-dees and gentle-mun," he announced, "I am happy to say that I am playing in top form to-day and the challenge cup will remain in Heath Hills."

In the laughter that followed Bob Reising's unexpected *coup*, Walter Sanders had lost, for a moment, his own trepidation, but as he stepped out on the tee, there came a little stir in the crowd, and the secretary stepped quickly inside the ropes.

"Walter," he asked, "do you mind standing aside and letting another player go through? Mr. Mallock, the State amateur champion, has just arrived. He came too late to be paired with any one, so we are going to let him qualify alone, with a scorer."

As Walter fell willingly back to the edge of the tee, he saw, approaching, a wiry, keen-looking player of about his own age, with quick, decisive movements and the tanned, deeply lined face of the man who makes a life-work of sport. The spectators above craned eagerly to watch, while the secretary fawned over him effusively.

With no ceremony whatsoever the champion teed up his ball and gave a swift, whip-like motion with his driver. With a whiz and a leap totally different from anything seen all the morning, the ball shot straight out on a long, even line, and found its ultimate home far down the centre of the fairway.

The champion stepped briskly off the tee. "Thanks a lot," he tossed casually, then suddenly he caught sight of Walter's long, brooding face and he stopped in surprise, but Walter was not even looking, and, apparently concluding that he had made some mistake in recognition, the champion nodded again and passed on his way.

And that was the player whom poor Walter had to follow! Nobody but the State champion! His hands like ice and his lips like sandpaper, Walter slowly teed up his ball. With forced deliberation he measured his distance, addressed his ball —and let go with a terrible wallop. But as he had made his back swing a queer gray shadow had seemed to sweep over his mind. As if he were coming out of a shock, he felt his arms pulled hard in their sockets, and under his eyes, still neatly teed up, remained his brand-new white ball. He had missed it clean—by a good six inches.

A girl in the crowd above him tittered involuntarily and Walter himself smiled in a forced, mirthless way. He again took his stance and went through his deliberate, studied motions. This time his club took an ugly slice from the tee, but it did at least hit the ball, and the latter went bouncing dully away for fifty or sixty yards. Like a whipped dog Sanders picked up his clubs, and as he stepped off the tee he could hear an amused hum of conversation start up behind him.

Late that afternoon, Walter's wife, returning from a picnic at the lake, found the house uncannily quiet, with a suspicious and eerie silence. In vague ap-

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prehension she went at once to the study, and at the door gave a little cry of alarm, for, in the gathering shadows, she found her husband crouched low in his chair like a man in a chill. His hair was mussed, his shoulders were bowed, and his lips were moving in a strange, nervous way. His wife leaped forward and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Walter! Walter, darling!" she cried. "What in the world has happened? Are you ill?"

Her husband straightened painfully in his chair and forced his lips into a hard, dry smile.

"Don't worry," he answered. "Nothing is the matter. I'm just feeling a little blue, that's all."

Betty Sanders was a small, pretty, capable girl, nearly ten years younger than her husband, but the difference in their ages had the paradoxical effect of making her unusually motherly. In wide-eyed concern she took a seat on the arm of Walter's chair and put her hand over his listless, extended fingers. She found them as cold as ice, and instinctively began to warm them by holding them between both her palms. To her caresses Walter responded only in a sluggish and dutiful way.

"But, dearie," she argued, "I *know* there's something." As he made no response, her own instinct and her own experience told her the truth. "Walter, is it that wretched golf?"

Sanders answered reluctantly. "Not really that. Or only partly that. That's merely typical of the whole blooming business. I've simply decided that I'm a pretty poor specimen. I'm a hopeless excuse for a man."

"Oh, you fool!" blurted out Betty, but the way in which she said it was in itself a caress. She leaned over and pressed her lips to his tousled hair. Walter straightened slightly as he put his arm around her waist.

"No, honestly, Betty," he argued. His voice was breaking and he was almost in tears. "It isn't just golf itself. It's the whole idea of the thing. I feel like such a silly ass."

His wife gently tightened her grip on his fingers. "Sweetheart," she asked, "aren't you making a mountain out of a molehill? Does it ever occur to you that if a stranger had gone up to the club this morning and looked over every one present, the name of Walter Hale Sanders would probably have been the only one that he would have ever heard of?"

"As an essayist and a critic—yes," muttered Walter in deep self-contempt, "as a namby-pamby, little velvet-coat poet, only read by women and adored at tea-parties. A sissy, a mollycoddle, that's what they think. Can't you see what it means to me—not to be any good at physical things? It's an awful phrase but it's just what I'm not—a man among men."

Betty remained a moment in silence, then she asked quietly: "Tell me about it. What happened? Didn't you even qualify?"

Walter groaned. "Oh, yes, I qualified—because I couldn't help it. There were only sixty-two players entered for all four divisions, and all of them had to qualify unless they dropped dead. But I made the worst score I've ever made in my life—the worst score that any one *ever* made. One hundred and twenty-four. And I was beaten by fat Bob Reising. He beat the pants off me."

Even Betty could realize the horror of being beaten by Bob Reising. For a moment she was again reduced to silence, but she gave no other sign of attaching any importance.

"Walter," she said at last, slowly, "I was talking to Harry Short the other day about your golf, and he says that there is no reason on earth why you should not become one of the best players in the club."

"No reason," grunted her husband, "except that it isn't in me."

"It *is* in you," retorted Betty sharply. "You know you play an awfully good game when you're alone or just playing friendly matches. When you don't get excited you're a long, hard driver. Even Harry himself has never driven the eighth green—and you have."

"Yes," replied Walter cynically, "and then took five putts to hole out. I knew I'd do it."

"That's just the trouble!" retorted Betty quietly. "That's just what Harry says! You always *think* you're going to

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miss and so you do miss. He has watched you and he knows the signs. When you draw your club back for a stroke you are thinking to yourself: 'Now suppose I should hit the turf.' And of course you do hit the turf. I believe Harry's right, because you know you're like that in most things. The trouble with you is that you have too much imagination."

Walter shook his head. "No, Betty," he answered glumly. "That may be true to a certain extent but it isn't the real truth. I know the real truth. The real truth is that I'm a quitter. I'm yellow."

His wife leaped to her feet with flashing eyes. "If you say that again," she commanded, "I'll leave you to-morrow. You yellow? You a quitter? Do you suppose that a man who was yellow would leap into a blazing car and drive it out into the road when even the regular garage men were running away in every direction?"

"That's different," grumbled Walter. "It was my own car. I knew it wouldn't explode—and it didn't."

"And do you think," continued his wife, "that a quitter would have taken over my father's debts, given his own notes in exchange, and paid them off inch by inch? Twelve thousand dollars. When you yourself had to go three years without a new winter overcoat? No, thank you! That's not my idea of a quitter."

"The doctor has ordered you to take this prescription now—and again when you go to bed."—Page 376.

Again her voice assumed a sudden tenderness. Again she put her hand on his forehead and began to stroke it down over his wearied eyes.

"Walter, old sweetheart, I know you better than you know yourself. Your only trouble is that you're overtired and you're overstrained and you're sensitive as a baby. You've fretted over this golf for so long that you've lost all perspective. Now just sit back in your chair and doze and smoke, and in the meantime I'm going to get you something."

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Fifteen minutes later Walter was still sitting, gloomy and motionless, in his chair when he heard a faint knock at his door and muttered: "Come in."

A second later he started in surprise. "What the——?"

And well he might, for the most perfect imitation of a hospital nurse was standing in the doorway, looking at him demurely. First Betty had changed into a starched blue print dress and over her shoulders she had draped a white table-spread for a kerchief. On her head was a napkin skilfully folded into an imitation of a nurse's cap with even a red cross cut out of paper and pinned to the front. In her hand she carried a silver card-tray with a tumbler, a bottle, and a spoon.

In spite of himself Walter laughed and Betty came into the room. She bobbed a courtesy.

"Nurse Hallam reports for duty," she announced. "The doctor has ordered you to take this prescription now—and again when you go to bed."

Without further ado, she put the tray on the table and began to measure out some sort of potion. A druggy, aromatic odor came from the glass as she handed it to her husband.

"Take this," she commanded. "Honestly, I mean it."

Walter smiled in the same forced, humorless way. "What in the world is this nonsense?"

Betty still held the glass before her, unflinching. "It isn't nonsense at all. It is just what you need. It is merely some of that nerve-quieting medicine that Anne used to take when she broke down on her concert tour."

"What is it? An opiate?" asked Walter sharply. He had sudden suspicions of his sister-in-law, a statuesque soprano and a very worldly individual.

"Opiate nothing!" retorted his wife. "Do you suppose that Anne would take opiates? Or that old Doctor Rosenthal would let her? No. Anne was just like you—an artist and a mass of temperament. She'd simply go all to pieces toward the end of a tour, and Doctor Rosenthal gave her this prescription. He's doctor to half the singers in the Metropolitan Opera and knows how to handle them. I suppose it's really bromides or something, but Anne said it was wonderful. This was a bottle she left when she was up here two years ago."

Walter picked up the bottle suspiciously and, now that he looked at it, it was perfectly familiar. It had stood for months in the medicine-cabinet in his own bathroom and had been allowed to remain there largely because the label had struck him rather humorously. It always reminded him of the florid, fussy Anne. It bore the name of a druggist in a well-known theatre building in New York City and of Doctor Rosenthal, together with these directions:

> Two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of water thirty minutes before a performance. Not for use at any other time.

"But this stuff is two years old," persisted Walter. "We don't know what is in it. By this time it may be rank poison."

"In that case we die together," retorted Betty promptly. "I've just taken a dose myself to see what would happen."

Her husband looked at her in alarm. "Dearie, you shouldn't have done that. But all right. If you go, I go. Here. Let me have it."

He took from her hand the half-tumbler of greenish pearl-colored liquid, while Betty cautioned him. "Better take it all at a gulp, for it tastes like fury. Anne always used to have a crust of bread ready. But it makes you feel fine, once you've got it down."

With a single gesture Walter swallowed the dose and immediately made a grimace, for the stuff was as bitter as wormwood. Just the same, it did give a warm, comforting feeling, away down inside. He and Betty grinned at each other like fellow conspirators, or like two little boys just learning to smoke.

"I hope that it isn't dope," repeated Walter guardedly; "but I have to confess that it does warm the tummy."

"I told you it would," replied Betty. "I feel like a princess." She whisked up the bottle and spoon and went out of the door with a final caution. "Now just sit back and relax and give it a real chance to work. In half an hour you'll be ready to go out and sing 'Tosca.'"

And, sitting back in the twilight, Wal-

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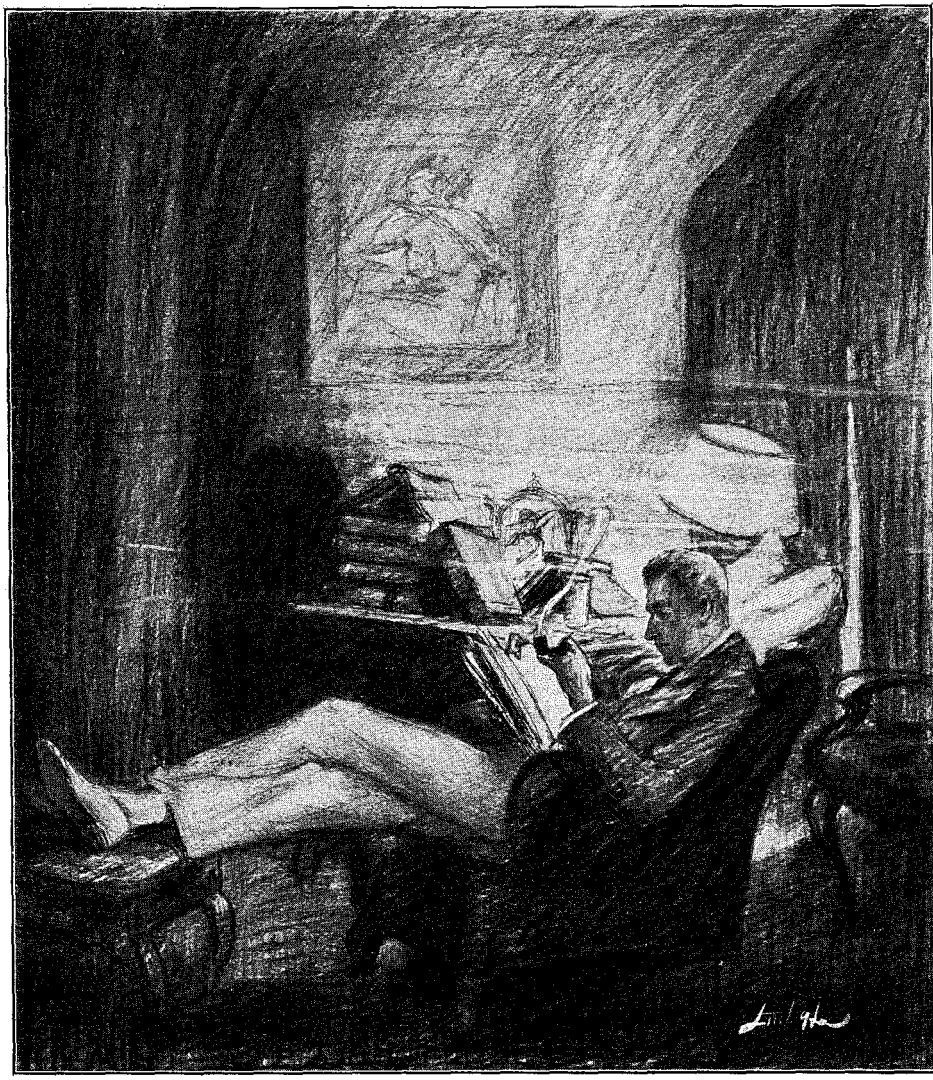

. . . he was dreaming away, an old beloved volume of Gibbon before him.

ter Sanders did have to admit that the tonic was potent. The warm glow increased inside him, and all at once his nerves seemed to relax. Presently the humorous side of it struck him, and he began to chuckle. Then he began to think of his match that morning, and that also appeared to him indescribably funny. He lit a pipe, leaned back in his chair, and when Betty came to call him for dinner he was dreaming away, an old beloved volume of Gibbon before him, and on his lips an expression of sardonic enjoyment.

Nevertheless, on the following morning when Walter picked up his clubs to go up to the links, certain ominous signs began to return, but Betty said nothing until he was actually starting, when, at the very doorway, she appeared again with the bottle and spoon.

"Come on, now," she ordered firmly. "Open your mouth. Take it down like a man, and then go up there and play like a whirlwind."

In only the faintest manner her husband protested. "Oh, look here, Betty. You don't want to make a dope fiend out of me."

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"I guess if it didn't hurt Anne, it won't you—a man with your constitution." Estimatingly Betty held the bottle up to the light. "I've stopped taking it myself," she remarked, "so I guess there's just enough here to see you through the tournament. I'll give you *three* teaspoonfuls the day you get into the finals."

"The finals!" laughed Walter, but at the same time an odd and exultant idea crept into his brain. The finals of the fourth division! After all, the fourth division was composed mostly of young boys and old men. The finals. Why not?

Almost eagerly he gulped down the glass of bitter liquid, and as he walked up to the club-house he began to feel the same mellow warmth of well-being creep through his veins.

As a matter of fact the club-house terrace, as he faced it this morning, was not nearly as formidable as it had been on the previous day. The bystanders were mostly other players, already engrossed in their own matches and completely unconcerned with Walter Sanders. Glancing at the score-card, which had been arranged on the basis of yesterday's qualifications, Walter found that he was paired with a stranger named Dorgan, a pleasant young man with red hair and compact athletic figure. A stranger is always formidable to a doubtful player, especially a red-haired stranger, and at first Walter regarded him with some trepidation, but the warm dose from Betty's bottle was still coursing good-humoredly through him, and as Dorgan came up with his clubs Walter suddenly caught the true gist of the matter.

"After all," he thought to himself, "*any* man who would be in the fourth division can't be *very* much better than I am. Possibly he's worse."

His confidence was still further restored when Dorgan stepped up to drive and, to his amazement, Walter saw that he was using an iron. The principles of golf, if not the practice, were thoroughly familiar to Walter Sanders, and he knew that only one motive could ever induce a player to drive from this clear, open tee with an iron. Either he had never learned to use his wooden clubs or else he was afraid to do so. With a feeling of almost contemptuous superiority Walter fondled his own driver, for he himself used his wooden clubs better than his irons. He was perfectly composed as he teed up his ball, and this time he did not make his usual attempt to drive round the world. With Dorgan's ball lying only a scant hundred yards down the course, there was no need to do so. Taking an easy, good-humored swing, Walter laid his ball straight out for a hundred and seventy yards, and as they walked down the fairway Dorgan looked at him in some amazement.

"Say, Mr. Sanders," he demanded, "who in the world ever put *you* in the fourth division?"

He wondered still more and more as Walter took hole after hole with comparative ease, and on the twelfth green he held out his hand in humorous resignation. Slinging their bags over their shoulders, they cut back across the course to the club-house, and for the first time in his life Walter had the thrill of which he had so often dreamed, the thrill of seeing the secretary write on the score-board: "Sanders 7 up, 6 to go."

Almost immediately Betty, who had been waiting all the morning in anxious trepidation, heard a ring at the phone, and Walter's voice, trembling with excitement, came over the wire.

"Well, Betty, I cleaned him up. I won!"

Betty gave a shriek which brought the cook from the kitchen. "You won?" she exclaimed. "You won the tournament?"

In his booth at the club-house Walter laughed. "No. Hardly. But I won my first match."

"Then, Walter Sanders, come right home and kiss me."

"I'd like to, Betty. You certainly deserve it, but I'm scheduled to play Doctor Winters in the second round at two o'clock. I think I'd better just snatch a bite here at the club. Do you mind very much?"

"N-no," replied Betty, slowly, "if you think I can trust you that long out of my sight. But, sweetheart, promise me faithfully just one thing. I'm going up past the club myself at quarter of two, and I want you to wait for me. I've got something here I want to show you."

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A shade of anxiety crept into her husband's voice. "What is it? Bad news?"

"Oh, quite the contrary," laughed Betty. "You wait and you'll see."

At five minutes to two, as Walter and his new partner were walking out for their match, the former heard the familiar rattle of his own car on the driveway, and Betty came running up the steps of the terrace. In her hand were a bottle, a tumbler, and a spoon.

"Here is your medicine," she announced, quite regardless of the startled onlookers. "I've got the water and everything right here in the glass."

"Oh, come, Betty," argued Walter, blushing; but already his hand was reached out for the tumbler, and he gulped down the familiar dose.

Doctor Winters, who was a clergyman and not a physician, protested in amusement. "Look here, Mrs. Sanders. That's not fair. You're doping your man."

"Well, what of it?" laughed Walter. He waved his driver belligerently. "After all, everything's fair in love and golf."

The wise old clergyman glanced in fatherly fashion from one to the other. "Particularly in love, I should say, by the looks of it."

Doctor Winters was immeasurably a better player than Dorgan, but on the seventeenth tee he also turned to Walter with an odd look in his eyes.

"Walter," he remarked, "I don't know what was in that bottle, but it's done the trick. This gives you the match. Congratulations."

So for the second time in one day Walter watched his name go up on the scoreboard: "Second round, Winters—Sanders. Sanders 2 up." He was now in the semifinals, but during the club dinner after the first day's play Doctor Winters laughingly spread the story of Betty's potion, and by the next morning it had become one of the current yarns of the tournament. Bob Reising, whose phenomenal spurt had not survived the first round of match play, got up an elaborate story to the effect that Betty's uncle had been an old sea-captain who had brought from the South Sea Islands a strange herb so powerful that when the most timid native took even a nibble he would run amuck and smash up three or four hostile villages. Bob explained that only by taking a triple dose of the potion had Betty herself ever got up the nerve to marry a man like Walter. When Walter himself appeared on the links in the semifinals, he was greeted as "the drugged marvel" or "the bottle-fed wonder," and a dozen players begged longingly for a swig at his private stock.

For while his sister-in-law's nerve tonic was undoubtedly working wonders with Walter's play it was, at the same time, having a subtle, undermining effect on that of his opponents. No matter how much of a joke it may be in the beginning, no one can play his best game against a man who regards himself as invincible. The story certainly got on the nerves of young Aldrich, a sixteen-year-old boy who was Walter's opponent in the semifinals. On the first hole he drove three times out of bounds, and on the fifteenth he missed a putt of eight inches. Walter himself drew a long breath, hummed a little song, and sank his ball from the edge of the green. He was now in the finals.

The next twenty-four hours, however, were to put a hard test on Betty's tonic and on Walter's confidence, for on Thursday night both of them showed signs of running low. According to the schedule the finals in the second, third, and fourth divisions and all the consolation finals were to have been played on Friday, leaving the whole links open on Saturday for the finals of the first division, in which Mallock, the State champion, had easily climbed to the top on one side of the card and a brilliant player from Lakemont had done the same thing on the other. But on Friday morning it was raining hard. It rained hard all day. On Saturday morning the greens were still slow and soggy, and as a result four final matches and four consolation finals were all crowded into Saturday afternoon.

Thus had accumulated for Walter Sanders all the conditions which were most disastrous to his natural temperament. All day Friday he was obliged to sit around the house, mooning and fretting. He was unable to read, he was unable to work. He did not even dare to smoke very much for fear of upsetting his nerves still further. In the late afternoon he went up to

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Betty's room and gave a furtive glance at the bottle of medicine.

"What do you think—?" he suggested tentatively. "Don't you believe that perhaps——?"

Betty seized the bottle with vigorous grasp and put it up on the top shelf of her closet. "Not on your life!" she retorted firmly. "Not a drop do you get until tomorrow morning. In the first place, this isn't going to be your life's work, you know—taking this stuff. In the second place, there are only three teaspoonfuls left in the bottle."

On Saturday afternoon Walter walked up to the club-house to face conditions which, normally, would have been even more appalling. A huge striped marquee had been erected on the lawn, gay banners were flying on staffs all over the club-house, a noisy jazz orchestra was tuning up for dancing on the piazzas, and a much larger crowd was assembled than that which had watched his ignominious downfall on the first day of the tournament. The presence of Mallock, the State champion, had been the original attraction, but before he had been five minutes on the terrace Walter began to grasp the fact that his own was really the popular match of the day. His spectacular rise after years of hopeless defeat had struck keenly home to the sportsmanship of the crowd. It gave new hope to all the dubs in the place. In the eyes of the gallery he had become a sort of golf Walter Johnson.

In addition to the popular good-will which desired a victory for Walter, there was also a large group in the club which hoped with eager malicious eyes for the sound defeat of his opponent, old Colonel Badget. For Colonel Badget, a retired private banker, was one of the most detested men in Heath Hills. He was one of those disagreeable, carping little martinets who have played slow golf for twenty years, making it more and more of a religion to themselves and more and more of a nuisance to every one with whom they come in contact. He was the kind of man who shouts "Fore!" the instant that any one ahead of him shows the slightest signs of having lost a ball, and he always insisted on the rights of a slow twosome to keep ahead of a fast foursome. If his opponent accidentally touched his ball in addressing it, he insisted on counting it as a stroke. He kept his opponent's score—aloud—as well as his own, and even in the most informal, friendly matches, if his opponent lost a ball, he would claim the hole.

The colonel's tactics were well known to Walter; but three whole teaspoonfuls of the tonic were now nestled warmly under his belt and three good wins lay behind him. With the utmost composure he placed his first ball for a straight, sure two hundred yards, and the gallery applauded. The colonel followed with a scant hundred and fifty, and from the midst of the crowd Bob Reising suddenly leaped to his feet.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "*This* is the match that *I'm* going to follow!"

"And, by George, so am I!" responded another player who had been defeated by Colonel Badget on a series of technicalities. At the same time the modest Dorgan rose to his feet, Doctor Winters followed suit with a humorous twinkle, and when Walter stopped for his second shot he found himself followed by an eager gallery, almost as large as that which was left for the champion. He calmly studied the distance and the turf and took out his brassie. Waiting a moment until he was coolly certain of just what he wished to do and just how he wished to do it, he allowed his muscles consciously to relax and gave a long sweeping swing. There was a clean, thrilling *whish* and the ball soared up in a beautiful, high, travelling arc. It landed *plunk* on the green, took a splendid back kick, and lay within three feet of the pin. And the par of that hole was five! Disregarding all caution, the crowd broke into applause, and Colonel Badget, who was getting ready for his third shot, looked up snappishly.

"Unless we can have quiet for our shots," he announced, "I shall request that the course be cleared for the remainder of our match."

"You can't do it," shouted Bob Reising hotly, but others in the crowd warned him to be silent, and at the second tee all but a few of the followers vanished in contempt. The afternoon was too fine to waste on a man like Colonel Badget.

At the disappearance of his followers

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Walter tried to settle down into easy efficient golf, but the ultimate goal now lay so closely before him that he began to get nervous again. After his glorious fluke on the first hole he was forced to realize that he had no easy match. Colonel Badget played exactly the kind of game that would have been expected from his nature and his age. He seldom lifted the ball more than three feet from the ground and seldom sent it more than a hundred yards. On the other hand, he putted like a machine, and he never went an inch out of the fairway. He played, in short, a kind of glorified croquet, but in a long, dragging match this glorified croquet can be ominously effective. After all, Walter's last name was not yet Hagen. He had not become Sarazen overnight. In the normal course of events he ought to have won all the long holes and Colonel Badget most of the short ones, but when, as twice happened, Walter tried to repeat his spectacular shot on the first and drove into the woods, the colonel dribbled up grimly and gathered both holes. Nevertheless, the confidence of the last three matches had not entirely disappeared, and, although Walter was not playing the game that he should, he managed by his long shots to keep a shifting lead of from one to four holes.

As they passed the club-house between the ninth green and the tenth tee Walter looked up and saw Betty standing on the piazza with anxious eyes. He knew perfectly well that only by Spartan control had she stifled her longing to follow the match, and Walter himself had known that her presence would have made him self-conscious; but at this last moment the appeal of her questioning eyes was too much to be resisted. He beckoned to her to come down and continue beside him.

"Well, how are you coming?" she asked. She was not any too cheery, herself.

"Pretty well," answered Walter gruffly; but this was too much for Bob Reising, who had followed the match all the way, largely out of defiance of Colonel Badget.

"Pretty well nothing!" he broke in angrily. "Old Walter's got the match in his pocket. He's got him three down."

But Betty knew her husband too well to accept this reassurance. She studied Walter's tight lips and a strange, faint pallor that was beginning to display itself even under his tan. Unconsciously she realized a fact that Walter himself had begun to realize very acutely indeed. For some men of imaginative type it is actually harder to keep their nerve while winning than it is while losing. Almost any man with good blood in his veins can fight a hard up-hill battle. All the traditions of his race have taught him to do that regardless. The realization that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose will stimulate his brilliancy and enable him to draw out the contest. It is when actual victory is hanging by a hair just before one's eyes, but when, at the same time, one knows how easy it will be to lose, that comes the real test of a champion.

Hardly indeed had the tenth hole started when fate itself seemed to emphasize this unhappy realization. A perfectly good straight shot of Walter's took a bad bound, rolled into the rough and cost him a stroke, while an attempt to play it out brought his mashie against a hidden root and cost him another. On the other hand, Colonel Badget played almost identically the same shot and landed in identically the same place, but his ball continued true and rolled far on down the centre of the fairway. The next hole was tied, but in spite of every effort to keep his control Walter began to feel himself slipping. On the thirteenth hole he was only one up and, at this crucial point, all his morbid forebodings swept back. He began to wonder whether he really *could* be one of those men destined to climb just so far up every ladder and then, within sight of the top, fall hopelessly back again. Once more to his restless mind there began to return all the deadly black imps of his own imagination.

"Now," he began to think to himself, "if I lose this hole, we will be all even, and if Colonel Badget wins the next *he* will be one up and the balance will have shifted. That would mean that I should have to get three holes out of the remaining four. Could I possibly do it?"

The unfortunate part was that the climax of these thoughts came to Walter just as he was lifting his mashie. The result was that the mashie came down to

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earth like a feeble hoe. It cut a large section of turf, the ball rolled a sickly few inches, and the hole was Colonel Badget's.

As they walked up the hill to the fourteenth tee, Walter's face was like that of a man going to be sentenced, and poor little Betty, trudging behind him, was almost crying. At the same time both of them realized that if Walter were going to win the match at all, now was the exact time to do it. The fourteenth tee faced a wide, deep ravine with water at the bottom, and Colonel Badget, with his fussy little strokes, could never possibly drive over. The only question was: In his present state of mind, could *Walter* do it?

To make matters worse, at this fourteenth tee they ran into a long delay, which prolonged the agony. Two players in a consolation match were still on the tee waiting for two others who were just ahead of them. The deadly ravine always checked the whole field, and while Walter was sitting under a tree with Betty beside him, the champion, Mallock, came up from the last green followed by his usual crowd of spectators.

An easy, invincible winner like Mallock was the last thing that Walter wanted to see at that moment. It made him think too much of what he was himself. He remained staring moodily at the ground until suddenly he felt a nudge from Betty and, looking up, he realized that Mallock himself was coming straight toward him. The great man held out his hand and Walter rose slowly.

"I beg your pardon," asked Mallock, smiling, "but aren't you Mr. Sanders?"

Bewildered, Walter nodded, and the champion continued. "Didn't you go to Beaufort College years ago and weren't you on the track team?"

"Many years ago," admitted Walter, "and I was a very humble member of the track team."

Mallock nodded. "I was sure I remembered you when I saw you the other morning. I was a Colton University man myself and I once ran against you in a quarter-mile run on our own field. I shall never forget it. You and I were fighting it out for third place with the others 'way out ahead of us. I can see the back of your neck now. I don't think I ever hated any man as I hated you at that moment. You stuck two feet ahead of me all around the track, and any minute I expected to catch you. Then suddenly, when we turned into the stretch, you looked around and realized I was there. You reached out your stride and gave a spurt and left me as if I had been hitched to a pole. You gave me the worst trimming I ever had in my life. My legs felt just like two tallow candles."

Walter laughed, and as Betty rose from her seat on the ground to be introduced she noticed that her husband's eyes again sparkled. The drooping, hangdog look was gone from his lips, and his shoulders were no longer twitching nervously. The incident of which Mallock had spoken had been only a tiny athletic meet half a generation before, between two tiny New England colleges—annual rivals. In athletic circles it would have ranked about on the same level as Walter's golf, and Walter himself only barely remembered it; but to Mallock, apparently, it still had the outlines of heroism, and Walter began to feel an odd little straightening of his spine. He was conscious that the spectators around the tee were watching them curiously, eager to catch any golden words of the champion, and when Mallock had spoken the phrase "You gave me the worst trimming I ever had in my life," a little thrill of amazed curiosity had run around the group. Of course it couldn't have been at golf. Even the spectators must have known that. But he had beaten the champion at *something*. It didn't matter what, so long as he had beaten him. He must have the winning gift just as much as anybody else—if he would only cease being so silly about it. It was an idea that appealed to his manhood and his sense of humor in about equal proportions. After all, use common sense. There was no magic in this ability to win something. For Walter Sanders at that moment it was absolutely the ideal tonic, even better than the one in Betty's bottle. Watching her husband like an eager trainer, Betty herself was fully conscious of the change. Hoping to continue the stimulus as long as possible, she turned to the champion.

"You must have a wonderful memory, Mr. Mallock."

The champion laughed. "Better than

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your husband's, Mrs. Sanders. But then, isn't that always the way? The man whom you beat you seldom remember. It's the man who beats *you* that always sticks in your crop."

A command for silence rose from the tee, and, looking up, they found that Colonel Badget was preparing to drive. gave his driver to his caddy, and came up to Walter with outstretched hand. Walter looked at him in amazement.

"Why, Colonel, aren't you going to play it?"

The older man grunted testily, while behind him Bob Reising's eyes were nearly popping out of his head.

. . . a free, easy, confident swing, and, like a bird, the ball sailed cleanly over to the other side of the ravine.

Watching his fussy, precise little motions, the champion looked at Walter and winked. His wink was prophetic, for, badly hit and weakly followed, the ball rolled hopelessly, pitifully down into the water at the foot of the ravine. Another ball followed the first, and a third clung merely on the nearer bank. With a nod to the champion and a wave of his hand to Betty, Walter himself walked calmly out on the tee, quietly placed his own ball, gave a free, easy, confident swing, and, like a bird, the ball sailed cleanly over to the other side of the ravine.

"Good work!" exclaimed Mallock in shrewd professional respect. "I see you've still got your spurt in the pinches."

At the same moment Colonel Badget

"No, Walter," replied the colonel, "you're too young for me and too good. It would be a waste of time. The next three holes are all long and all over water and I couldn't touch you. I knew you had me beaten before we had played five minutes, but I wasn't sure whether you knew it yourself. You've no business in the fourth division. I was going to quit back there when you had me three down, but I said to myself that I would just cling along and see whether you cracked when you came to the big ravine. If you had, I might have got you. But—congratulations, boy. I know when I'm whipped."

"It seems a shame—" began Walter heartily, but already Bob Reising and

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Betty were merely waiting for a chance to spring on his neck.

And, by some strange quirk in the human mind, Colonel Badget's sudden collapse on the fourteenth hole was the most popular thing he had ever done in Heath Hills. A genuine burst of good feeling greeted him that evening at the tournament dance when he was called out for the runner-up prize in the fourth division, but nothing like the ovation that overwhelmed Walter when he went up with the winners.

For her own part, little Betty never did witness the actual conclusion of that ceremony. Her own tears forced her to seek the darkness of the piazza before it was over. She was still in the shadows, by an open window, when Mallock, who had broken the record for the course that afternoon, but who still found himself rather alone in his greatness, came out and hailed her as one of the few individuals who were not too awed to talk.

"Mrs. Sanders," he began, as he sat down beside her, "I am beginning to wonder whether I have not done a dreadful thing. I believe that I made your acquaintance under false pretenses. Has your husband a younger relative who looks a lot like him?"

Betty regarded him in sudden uneasiness. "Why, yes," she admitted; "Hal Sanders. He is a cousin. They do look alike."

"And did the cousin also go to Beaufort College and also run on the track team?"

"All the Sanders family went to Beaufort," replied Betty, "and Hal was probably on some of the teams. He was always much more of an athlete than Walter, although Walter did run a little in college, too."

"Then that explains it," exclaimed Mallock. "I got to talking with another man here this evening, and he didn't see how your husband and I could possibly have been in college at the same time. Later, when I got to thinking it over, it did seem to me that the man I ran against was called 'Harry Sanders,' or something like that."

"That was probably it," replied Betty weakly. She looked up suddenly. "Mr. Mallock, do you want to do me a favor? Please don't ask Walter anything about it—at least not to-night."

Mallock looked at her, puzzled for a moment, then, being himself a champion, he slowly realized what she meant.

"You're right, Mrs. Sanders. Don't worry. I understand. He mustn't think of anything but wins this evening. But, look here; while we are on the subject, I have something on my own mind that I want to ask you. What is this wild story about some sort of wonderful nerve medicine that your husband takes before his matches? I have been hearing about it all the week. Some one told me that it was some dope that singers and actors take before big first nights. You know golf *is* very largely a matter of nerves and confidence. I've got to play myself in the National Open Championship next month. It's my first try at the big show and I know I'll be as frightened as a schoolboy. Is this stuff really worth anything? And is it harmless? I don't see any reason why I shouldn't use it myself."

"I'll send you a bottle very gladly," replied Betty, laughing. "If it does you as much good as it did Walter, you'll be the champion of the world."

"But what, in the name of Time, is in the blamed stuff?" insisted Mallock. "I don't want to fill myself up with some drug that will send me to sleep in the middle of the course."

Betty laughed again. "I don't think there's any danger. I can't tell you what was originally in the bottle because it was all dried up, so I washed it out and threw it away. What Walter got was a combination of rose-water, table salt, essence of ginger, bay rum, and imagination. Oh, yes! And I also put in six drops of horse liniment to make it stronger. I knew that if it wasn't hot and bitter, it would never work."

In his chair beside her, the champion lay back and roared. Betty waited until he had stopped and then she warned sharply:

"Now, mind you, that was merely the dose I gave Walter. But let me tell you, Mr. Mallock, that if Walter ever learns the truth about that race in college, the bottle I send *you* will be filled with white lead and arsenic!"

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Quackery and Its Psychology

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT
Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"

GULLIBILITY evidently has the distinction of antiquity, since *Populus vult decipi* is the more polite expression of the ancient Romans for what P. T. Barnum put less courteously when he said: "There's a fool born every minute." And Barnum must have known, since he took his Ph.D. in humbugology and then, having neatly lined his pockets with the product of his maxim that "people like to be humbugged," he tried to save them from less genial fakers by writing his warning, "Humbugs of the World."

Perhaps one must be bitten a few times by a bug before learning to distinguish the dangerous ones from the harmless. At any rate, even Barnum, the expert in that particular species of insects scientifically known as humbugs, has admitted that he purchased the patent of more than one perpetual-motion machine.

It is possible that we have here a real distinction between man and the lower animals. We might say, for example, that man is a quackable animal, since, as good old Doctor Brown, many years ago, observed in his "Spare Hours," "quackery and the love of being quacked are, in human nature, as weeds in our fields."

Time, evidently, has not obliterated the love of being quacked, since, after the death of the Earl of Carnarvon, fear of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "evil elemental" almost overwhelmed the British Museum with an avalanche of mummies, shrivelled hands, feet, and other relics from Egyptian tombs, sent by those who feared to keep them.

The purpose of the present writer is to reveal the weak spots of the human mind which make it such an easy prey for the infection of humbuggery. To be a little more specific, how may we explain the fact that people otherwise intelligent are constantly led astray and intellectually ravished by fresh onslaughts of occultism?

The fascination of the mysterious comes first. People do not want scientific explanations. They prefer something that tickles the palate of savage man—something that appeals to his craving for the occult. Man will always accept the interpretation of "authorities," *provided the explanation is obscure enough.* The love of the obscure is always prepared to take the offensive the moment a contest between reason and superstition begins. Since, however, modern man likes to think that he has outgrown superstitious longing for the mysterious let us begin with an example from to-day.

A hospital connected with one of our leading Eastern medical schools has a large tuning-fork which has marvellous curative properties. Now the patients to whom it is applied do not know that it is an ordinary tuning-fork. If they knew this, it would be useless. But modern civilized man has a curious superstition about the effect of magnets. So patients are told that this big tuning-fork is a "magnet," and many afflicted with hysterical paralysis of leg or arm are cured by the application of this mysterious object to the limb which the patient believes is paralyzed. And at other times the mystic power of the unknown, symbolized by the "magnet," subdues the unintentional refusal of patients to be cured.

To learn that some sick people refuse to be cured may seem strange, but this is one of the curious ways in which the human mind acts. In such cases there are really two streams of thought—the one anxious to be cured and the other engaged in keeping up the symptoms of disease because of the attention that the patient receives, or for some other reason of which the victim of his suppressed thoughts is not fully aware.

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Then, too, people want to be cured in their own way, and if their physician does not use a method of treatment in which they believe, their mind and body refuse to play the healing game. This is the reason why quacks get so many patients. There are enough of them to enable the afflicted to select the one who practises the sort of healing jugglery in which each believes. Confidence in the medicine that one is taking has great therapeutical value.

Some years ago, when belief in magical charms was much cruder, though probably not more common than to-day, a woman who was suffering from an affection of the eyes applied to a young medical student for a magical writing to charm away her trouble. The student, knowing little of medicine, but much of human nature, wrote a sentence on a piece of paper, which he folded and sealed. This charm, he said, would cure her eyes if she wore it constantly and under no conditions opened it. The result was so good that she loaned the charm to a friend, who was also cured of a similar affection. But after they were cured and the danger of violating the instructions had passed, curiosity could not be resisted. So they broke the seal to read the marvellous magical formula. And this was what they saw: "May the devil pluck out your eyes and replace them with mud."

Progress of the sciences has not noticeably weakened the attraction of the occult. "Quackery and the love of being quacked" are still as strong forces in human nature as they were when Doctor Brown wrote of them in his "Spare Hours." Knowledge and scientific attainments are frequently useless. Their acquisition has been so recent in the long history of man's evolution that he has not yet learned to use them in other lines of thought than those in which he has been taught to employ them.

An illustration is given in the "Road to Endor," by E. H. Jones. The scene is a Turkish prison-camp during the recent war, and the author of this book was entertaining his fellow prisoners by spirit communications through an ouija-board. The prisoners were all educated men, and when the war was over Jones confessed to one of his dupes that all the communications were fraudulent—that he had gotten much information from his fellow prisoners, and later had given it back to them as coming from the spirits. At other times he had made several guesses and read in their faces the correct hit. But the convert to spiritism smiled pityingly at him.

"'You call it guessing. Do you know what I think it was?'

"'No,' said I.

"'Unconscious telepathy.'

"Is there any way of converting believers?"

The imagination plays many a game with reason, and it usually wins. Let us then follow it rapidly through the wide range of mental activities over which it rules so subtly as not to betray its presence. We will find that it makes well people sick and sick people well; at least, if there is nothing much the matter with them. And it does many other remarkable things. Some illustrations will show its power and the way in which cures may be effected.

"Animal magnetism," and the craze that followed the coining of this catchy phrase, offer one of the most striking modern illustrations of the spread of an epidemic of real disease when the imagination is encouraged to run riot. Under the powerful influence of the mystical belief in animal magnetism hysterical seizures became as fashionable as the latest gowns. So large were the crowds that assembled for treatment that Mesmer arranged a trough around which the throng might sit to receive the benefits of the widely heralded magnetic fluid. And one of Mesmer's pupils magnetized an elm-tree on the village green that the crowd of patients might receive the treatment while he attended to more important matters.

So powerful was the belief in this new healing magnetic fluid of animal magnetism that anything which the healer touched, whether stones or dogs, cured believers of all diseases to which man is heir. But even in those days thoughtful men could not but recall the words of that wise old Greek who, when shown the votive offerings to Neptune of those whom the god had saved from the sea, exclaimed: "But where are the offerings of those who never returned?"

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Mesmer was not the first to use the "magnetic fluid," but he made it dangerously popular. He was wise enough to see the value of the stage-setting for the cult which later, when animal magnetism had been laid to rest with other follies, received the name of mesmerism and more recently, after removal of its superstitious decorations, has been called hypnotism.

The circular trough which Mesmer used in his cures had an additional advantage beyond the numbers who could sit around it. Powdered glass and iron filings were in the bottom, and among these mysterious substances lay bottles symmetrically arranged and connected, one with another, by wires. Other wires, fitted into the bottles, emerged from the trough and ended in handles, one of which each patient grasped. The afflicted were arranged in concentric rows, and, that the circle for the passage of the "fluid" might be complete, each patient held the hand of his neighbor, and cords passed round their bodies throughout the circle that none of the precious fluid might escape. Thus the circle was completed. But not so with the mystery and solemnity.

Not a word was spoken. And stained-glass windows cast a soft religious light over the room, while many mirrors added to the charm. Sweet music from unseen harps was wafted through the rooms, and then, anon, the gentle song of a girl floated softly down from an upper chamber. Thus was mysterious solemnity prepared for the appearance of the healer.

Mesmer entered noiselessly on the soft Turkish rugs, dressed in lilac silk and waving majestically a magic wand. Not a sound was heard except the sighing of the soft music that was wafted to them from distant chambers. After slowly and solemnly walking around the room, Mesmer set aside his wand and, laying his hands upon each patient in turn, he stroked them until they were saturated with the healing fluid of his animal magnetism. Could the stage be better set? Is it to be wondered at that many fell into hysterical convulsions and were cured?

Benjamin Franklin was a member of a committee that was appointed to investigate Mesmer's claim that animal magnetism has great curative value. And this committee reported that those who were told that they were being magnetized felt much improved even when imitation magnetizers were used. And those, again, who had no reason to think that they were being magnetized received no benefit when all of the paraphernalia were used. In other words, imagination without magnetism, animal or other kind, produced marvellous cures, while "magnetism" without imagination was useless. Mesmer's animal magnetism shows the imagination at its best, or shall we say its worst? At any rate, nothing like it had happened since the crusades. "It is impossible," one writer says, "to conceive the sensation which Mesmer's experiments created in Paris." But let us pass on to more recent events.

Some of the readers of this magazine will recall the blue-glass craze which swept through the country some years ago. Various experiments were said to have been made, all of which proved beyond question that blue glass would work miracles. Underdeveloped pigs, after they had sunned themselves beneath its beneficent rays, began to improve and to look longingly toward the market. And a calf hardly alive at birth, after a brief sojourn under blue glass, frisked about as only vigorous newly born calves can frolic.

One of the practical advantages of the blue-glass treatment was that one did not need to know one's ailment. A mule, for example, was cured of what his physician had diagnosed as chronic rheumatism, and mules certainly are not intelligent enough to know what is the matter with them.

Whatever the affection might be, rays of light after passing through blue glass were believed to search out the disease and cure it. Bald-headed men were especially happy since, after a very brief exposure to the rays of blue, heads as smooth and shiny as billiard-balls were speedily covered with a growth of beautiful hair. At least, this was commonly reported, though, like many other miraculous occurrences, sceptics could not run fast enough to catch up with the cure.

It is a rather interesting psychological fact that, aside from such realistic things as rheumatic mules and bald heads, the imagination first produces the disease

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and then cures it. The description of symptoms in the advertisements of charlatans is so vivid and interesting that the reader feels that he must have that particular disease. Then he takes the remedy and is cured.

The effect of the imagination is also observed in the early stages of hypnosis. If the operator were to go at it in a cold-blooded matter-of-fact manner he would fail. But, instead of telling his subjects that he is going to hypnotize them, he talks in a quiet, monotonous tone, telling them how easily one falls asleep when one thinks of nothing and lets the mind drift into a state of peaceful rest.

The present writer had an experience that illustrates the effect of stage-setting upon the mind. He was demonstrating the early stages of hypnotism to a small group. One was asked to stand and look intently at an electric-light switch. The writer stood behind the subject and, passing his hands slowly down his body, repeated in a monotone: "You are falling, falling, falling backward." And, in a moment, the subject was obliged to step back to keep from falling. This was repeated with several so successfully that the members of the group were fairly holding their breath, so tense was the atmosphere. Then one sceptic exclaimed: "That's a joke! Let me try it!" Hardly had she stood up and fixed her eyes on the electric switch when she collapsed, and would have fallen to the floor had she not been caught by those near by.

The imagination plays us many tricks. A performer throws a ball into the air a few times, then merely makes the gesture, and the spectators see the ball ascend and disappear in the air. This product of the imagination has received many imaginary embellishments. One of the reported feats of Hindu jugglers, for instance, after having aroused spectators to a properly expectant state, is to toss a rope into the air, let a small boy climb up, and then to watch the poor fellow fall in pieces from the clouds—legs, arms, head, and trunk. And after having been thus psychologically decimated, the lad literally gathers himself together, jumps up and runs away. The only trouble with this decorative addition to the original feat of throwing balls and other juggling paraphernalia into the air is that no one has ever been found who has seen the reported Hindu trick performed.

The imagination is always discrediting the evidence of our senses, but it makes their evidence especially unreliable if the emotions are aroused. As recently as 1907, for example, the authorities of a town in the Vosges, fearing a riot, prohibited a religious procession. A few days later, during a violent storm, hailstones of unusual size fell, and devout men maintained under oath that they recognized a sacred image on these hailstones.

Every one remembers the wide-spread rumor early in the recent war that Russian troops were passing through England on their way to the battle-front in France. The report was so circumstantial that it seemed it must be true. The reader will recall that the soldiers were described in detail. They were unusually tall and were said to be Cossacks. The imagination evidently did an exceptionally good job.

Two important psychological facts besides the work of the imagination were observed in connection with this rumor. First, people believe what they wish may happen, and, second, one likes to be personally connected with great events. And the coming of Russian troops, had they come, would have been a tremendously important event.

Probably it is because of the effect upon the imagination that the curative value of a medicine has always depended in part upon the obscurity of its name. A "Book of Counsels to Young Practitioners," published a long time ago, advised young physicians to use long and unintelligible words when speaking to their patients. Large-sounding words make the advice and medicine more impressive. And as a bit of evidence that years have not removed this curious mysticism from the human mind, a practising physician has recently said, as the result of his experience, that a patient sick with the mumps was put into a state of mind more suitable for cure when told that he was suffering from *Cynanche parotidæa* than when the more plebeian name was used. And, of course, so important a disease as the unintelligible words indicate requires a medicine with a name that

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makes a correspondingly imaginative appeal.

Large, incomprehensible words, a recent writer has said, are effective because they put the patient into a better frame of mind. He feels that he has a real disease. And physicians have quite properly made use of this therapeutic factor. A number of years ago *rectifiers of the vitals*, *vivifying drops*, *cephalic tinctures*, and *angelic specifics* were quite common. Memory cures were also in demand by business men in those bygone days as memory systems are to-day. So we read in an advertisement in an early number of Addison's *Spectator* that "Loss of memory will certainly be cured by a grateful electuary, peculiarly adapted for that end."

The psychological value of meaningless words in creating belief has not been overlooked by spiritists of to-day. "Luminous radiance," "psychic arch," "odic effluvia," "radiant aura," "brain waves," "odylic force," "switching the brain on to the universe," "ectoplasm," and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "evil elemental" and "soul stuff," certainly meet man's demand for obscurity.

Words have always had magical potency. Fighting cocks in ancient Wales were protected by Biblical verses wrapped about their legs. Charms were often magic writings which were sealed and under no conditions to be opened and read. The wisdom of this admonition is apparent when we find that one which had relieved many a sufferer of toothache when opened was found to say: "Good devil, cure her, and take her for your pains."

Among ancient people, the full benefit of a medicine-man's prescription was not obtained unless the writing of the prescription was swallowed. Even as late as the nineteenth century, Doctor John Brown of Edinburgh reports the case of a man who consulted him for a severe colic. A prescription was written and the patient was told to return the following day. At the appointed hour the man returned and joyously said that he was cured. When the doctor asked to see the prescription the patient said that he had "taken" it as directed by swallowing the paper.

All of these people, of course, had confidence in their physician and hence in his prescription. The imagination will not work without confidence. A recent writer quotes a physician as saying that his medicine never had any effect upon his mother-in-law, because she did not believe in his ability.

Why are intelligent people so frequently led astray and intellectually ravished by fresh onslaughts of occultism? This was the question that we asked above, and thus far we have found three answers —the fascination of the mysterious or the lure of the obscure, the influence of the imagination, and the effect of large-sounding, unintelligible words. Superstition, of course, is only another name for the lure of the obscure. Men fall for the occult because they are still superstitious, though they like to think that they have outgrown that stigma of primitive, savage man.

The writer, for example, knows one Congressman who invariably carries a rabbit's foot in his pocket, and he says that it has been the unseen force which has elected him through many consecutive terms. Another acquaintance—a business man—assures his friends that he wards off rheumatism by means of a horse-chestnut that he has carried since his first attack, which, incidentally, was cured by medical treatment. But that is a minor matter which he does not think of in connection with his recovery.

Why did he not ascribe his recovery to the medical treatment? The answer admits us to one of the secrets of psychology: namely, a believer forgets what conflicts with his belief. And this man has full confidence in the horse-chestnut. Darwin noticed this in himself. "During many years I have followed a golden rule," he says in his "Autobiography," "namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought comes to me which is opposed to my general results, I make a memorandum of it without fail and at once; for I have found by experience that such facts and thoughts are far more apt to escape from memory than favorable ones."

We believe what we want to believe and we forget opposing arguments if any are so inconsiderate as to come our way. But facts which conflict with our cher-

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ished beliefs rarely get so far that they must be forgotten because we do not see them. Man is mentally blind to the things that oppose views which he holds dear. Every one has a few of these mental blind spots. This fundamental fact that men believe what they want to believe is a tremendously important factor in the acceptance of the occult, and this brings us to the subject of spiritism, by the side of which, according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the reconstruction of Europe is of no importance.

If spiritism were merely an inexplicable trick the problem would be quite different, because conjurers are nightly exhibiting the most marvellous performances. Some years ago a celebrated magician entered this country from England by allowing passengers on the steamer to nail him up in a box on the deck of the boat, weight the box, and throw it into the bay. And the next night he appeared upon the platform to begin his well advertised performances. Had this magician ascribed his rescue to spirits, thousands of people would have believed him.

"I must believe the evidence of my eyes," is a common reply to sceptics, but magicians are constantly proving that we cannot believe what we see. The writer recently witnessed such a performance. The conjurer passed a card—the ace of spades—to a confederate, who handed it to the writer that he might be assured there was but one card. As soon as it was returned to the confederate he held it up and instead of being the ace of spades it was the king of diamonds. Let spirits do something more marvellous than conjurers accomplish before the mediums ask us to believe in them.

A large part of the evidence for spiritism is based upon the reports of eye-witnesses—"all men of honor." David Home some years ago was "seen" to sail out of a window in one room and float back through a window of an adjoining room. But the witnesses were believers and their minds had been prepared to see this feat by earlier performances of a less startling sort, and by predictions that something much more marvellous would happen. Further, the room was dark and consequently much of the "seeing" was hearing. The sitters heard the window raised in the adjoining room, into which Home had gone, and a few moments later he was seen on the ledge of the window through which he was assumed to have been wafted back. The two rooms, however, were connected by an open door, and curtains were hanging conveniently between this door and the window through which Home was expected to enter. An agile man by noisily opening the window in the second room could easily have coddled the expectation which his assurance had already aroused, quietly have slipped behind the curtains and stepped onto the ledge of the window through which his expectant guests were awaiting his spiritual appearance. This is the way in which a joker would have carried off the trick of levitation, but such a method is too simple for believers in the occult. To them the law of gravitation is a negligible factor.

It should be noticed that only believers ever witness these wonderful exhibitions. A sceptic may be knocked on the head by a tambourine as it flies around the darkened room—spirits always take an unfair advantage of sceptics—or he may be patted on the cheek by a prospective spirit bride, but the moment he prepares to check up on the mysterious actions the spirits refuse to play.

Now it is a curious fact that when you believe that you are going to see something you are likely to see it, however impossible the event may be. Some years ago a practical joker stood on Trafalgar Square in London, and pointed up to the model of a lion on the top of a house. "See!" exclaimed the man. "It wags its tail! There! Look! Now it wags it again!" And the expectant crowd actually saw the tail of that brazen animal move back and forth. It wagged because the tense, expectant crowd, with eyes fatigued beyond the point of clearest vision, were made to see it move by verbal motion pictures.

People readily believe what they hope may happen. Expectancy prepares the mind to see and hear that for which one is looking. We all know how expectancy works when we are awaiting a friend who is to arrive on a certain train. As we stand at the railway gate intently watching the crowd that streams through we

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start every few moments, thinking that we see our friend. But the next glance reveals our error.

Lay the foundation of belief in the occult, one writer has said, and the rest is easy, since a believer will then accept any manifestation or communication as produced by spirits. But the same statement may be made about other matters. Lay the foundation for belief in anything and the converted see only what agrees with their opinions. The blind spot then begins to obscure the vision, and experiments as well as experience are without value.

One writer who through several months manufactured spirit communications to order for a group of intelligent, educated men that he might prove to them how easily it may be done, says that the art of mediumship is to get information indirectly, and then to give it back to the sitter as the message of a spirit. But this is only a part of the story. To be sure, men do literally "give themselves away" in the questions that they ask, and the interesting psychological fact is that they do not know that they have betrayed themselves. The man whom one fools the easiest is oneself. Howard Thurston, the magician, once remarked that those who attend his performances are continually insisting that they saw him do things which he actually did not do.

If the imagination makes well men sick, if, under the spell of large-sounding phrases, it cures many who believe that they are sick, if it causes men to see things which do not happen, what may it not do in the presence of mysterious performances that are ascribed to occult forces? Imagination, the lure of the mysterious, and the subtle influence of obscure explanations, all come to the aid of spirits who seek to broadcast their communications to believers.

The imagination of expectant "sitters" also enables mediums to economize space in the equipment which they carry. One illuminated head serves for the face of one spirit as well as another. Not so many years ago, Buguet, a famous spirit photographer, was arrested and made a full confession. In the beginning of his career, his assistants, he said, played the part of departed spirits. But later, fearing lest their faces would be recognized, he made a headless doll. Various heads were then manufactured to suit the needs and expectations of the sitters. A large stock of heads was found by the police in Buguet's spirit studio. These heads had been recognized by numberless sitters as the spirits of relatives who had passed beyond, and by a few, who were more interested in the celestial activities of famous men, as the materialization of Charles Dickens and other distinguished persons.

Another medium, whose conscience would not permit him to allow successors to reap the profits which he had made, has said that not even a head or mask is necessary. This medium wrapped a handkerchief loosely around a bottle filled with water and illuminated with the phosphorus of matches. And when he slowly moved this "head" in front of his cabinet, spectators recognized their departed fathers and husbands. One man, a physician who was more interested in anatomy than in those who had passed beyond, saw the convolutions of the brain.

Celestial communications are still in good form, though in other matters spirits have become more circumspect in recent years. In the good old days they staged some highly interesting stunts. They tipped tables, wrote on sealed slates, read sealed writing, touched sitters with cold hands, played on musical instruments that were flying through the air, gave information "known only to the sitter," struck sceptics on the head, and young feminine spirits embraced old men who were known by those on this earthly plane to be rich.

It is a rather interesting coincidence that the change in the programme of mediums followed many exposures of trickery. The climax came when amateur conjurers succeeded in duplicating the performances which had for many years startled the world.

S. J. Davey, an amateur performer, who was connected with the London Society for Psychical Research, produced "spirit writing" on the inside of double slates which had been carefully cleaned by the sitter and then screwed together. Every attempt to discover his method failed. He wrote on locked slates, the key of which was in the pocket of the

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sitter; on slates tied, sealed and stamped with a monogram, and he wrote in colored pencils or ink selected by the sitter; he quoted passages from a given page and line of a book which the sitter thought he had selected at random from shelves containing upward of a thousand volumes; he made glass jars march across the table and he induced crayons to draw the figures requested by the investigator. All of these things were done in full gas-light.

In the darkness of the usual seances, raps were heard, cold hands felt, and musical instruments floated round the room, playing their tunes; a woman and a man appeared in the dim light, bowing to the spectators. In only one of these cases was his trick discovered and this discovery was an accident before the performance began. He was never caught while performing his tricks. Yet Mr. Davey was an amateur at the business. His purpose was to see what could be done by trickery and to ascertain how much the credulity of men would accept. And his success was the more astonishing because he was dealing with unbelievers. His sitters were investigators who were told to watch and detect him if they could. And they failed because of the way in which the human mind works—or doesn't work.

Of course Mr. Davey used the "tricks of the trade," which are based upon human psychology. A continuous stream of "patter," or chatter, diverted the attention of the sitter when the "medium" wished to substitute one slate for another, and the book from which the quotation was written was forced upon the sitter though neither he nor the performer laid hands upon it. The book, in fact, was not removed from the shelf. Real mediums use a simpler method. They have books especially prepared in which each page is alike with the exception of the number. So it doesn't matter between which leaves the knife blade is thrust, the passage will be found written on the slate which has been previously prepared. Of course slates are washed in the presence of the sitter before being fastened together, but that does not erase the writing, which is under a lining that looks exactly like the slate. The lining is what is washed and afterward, during an outpouring of patter which distracts the attention of the sitter, this lining is deftly removed, so that when the slates are opened the passage which had been selected "at random" and which "neither the medium nor the sitter had seen" is found written within.

Spiritists have recently secured a strategical advantage. Immediately after the war they took the offensive, and thus far they have kept it. Instead of trying to verify and prove their celestial communications, as in the past, they now present the evidence and calmly say, "Disprove it." It is as though an African explorer were to answer doubts regarding his discovery of a race of African monkeys that speak the English language by saying, "I have heard them talk, disprove it if you can."

Few, probably, doubt the sincerity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but his competence as a witness must be seriously questioned. He wanted to believe in communion with spirits when he began his investigations, and that attitude of mind disqualifies one's testimony. The will to believe makes one see the things one wishes to see.

Spirit photographs prove nothing, because they can be made to order. Indeed, one photographer has offered to make any kind of a spirit picture that Sir Arthur may request. And if all of the phenomena which are ascribed to spirits can be produced by natural means the supernormal must at any rate be held under suspicion.

We hear much to-day about the "acid test" to be applied to spiritism, but there is no acid test. Mediums have been investigated and exposed until both the acid and patience with man's credulity are well-nigh exhausted. But believers are continually bringing forth a new medium and saying, "Try your acid test on this one." Eusapia Palladino was brought from Italy and exhibited as one who through years of spirit intercourse had never been caught in trickery. And her exposure was so complete that it was almost pathetic. Yet man's quest of the supernatural is so keen that spirit broadcasting has continued with unabated vigor.

The human mind is much the same as when witchcraft and possession by the devil were believed in. The chief differ-

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ence is that the devil, ably supported by imagination and superstition, plays a different rôle in the changing ages. And there are many characters and plots in this continuous moving-picture show of human credulity. The contradictory accounts of the same seance show not only that an investigator cannot be sure that he has seen what has occurred but, in addition, he cannot be certain of what he himself has done.

The investigator's intention, for example, to use the slates which he has brought to a writing seance and not to allow them to leave his hands is foiled, in the excitement of the moment, by the skilful diversion of his attention in various ways. Even when no attempt is made to divert the attention reports are inaccurate. A striking instance has been reported by one of the investigators.

A man regarded as unusually observing once made the statement that a table was lifted from the floor when no one was within a yard of it. But later, when he conferred with others who were present, he found to his amazement that several insisted that the hands of all participants were upon the table.

Then, again, the intention to do a definite thing becomes so fixed in the mind that one is confident that the thing was done. An illustration will make this clear. A juggler was entertaining a crowd by making various small objects dance around upon the ground. One of the spectators took a quarter from his pocket with the intention of placing it apart from the others. But as he started to lay it down the juggler deftly received it in his hand and placed it with his own. During the later discussion of the trick the spectator insisted that he himself had placed his coin upon the ground at a distance from the others, but one who had watched the game assured him that he saw the conjurer receive the quarter and place it where the trick would work. Thus does our memory play us false. It is one of the jokers of the human mind. When once we have firmly decided to do a thing our memory later tells us that we have done it. And mediums, as well as conjurers, take advantage of the tricks that memory plays upon us.

But aside from trickery there are some who fool others because they fool themselves. An illustration will show the way in which one thus deceives oneself.

A young woman, as the story is related by Mr. Frank Podmore, fell in love with a young man. When she discovered no evidence of his affection her effort to preserve her self-respect caused her to believe that he would love her but for the malice of her enemies. Soon after this she began to show signs of hysteria. She became possessed by the spirit of the object of her affections, imitating his words and personality. She conversed, as she believed, with his ghost, though he was still alive, and she had visions in which she thought she saw what he was doing. Sometimes he talked with her through an "inner voice," or spoke to her aloud through her own mouth. At other times he wrote messages to her with her own hand, and the writing is said to have resembled that of the young man. This was her diseased way of getting compensation for affection unrequited.

We have found some reasons for man's "love of being quacked." In matters occult these reasons are deeply rooted in human nature. Men consult mediums to-day for much the same reasons that led the ancient Greeks and Romans to consult their soothsayers and their oracles. They want to be comforted. But they want to be comforted by assurance that their beliefs are true and that their wishes will be realized, and these assurances the spirits are always glad to give. If the medium is trying to deceive, his reward depends on satisfying those who seek consolation. And if, as in the case just given, the spirit communication is the result of emotional exaltation or terrible mental strain, it expresses the innermost longings and hopes of the afflicted.

"Seeing things" which do not exist, hearing sounds for which no cause can be found, and being touched in the darkness by soft feminine hands give men real joy. Limitation to natural laws is too commonplace. But connection with mysterious forces gives one distinction. So the lure of the obscure and imagination come to the aid of those who want to believe in the occult. And the range of the imagination is unrestricted by such trivial matters as laws of nature.

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Man's mind is a wonderfully adaptable organ. It fits whatever he finds and he finds what he is looking for. So, led on by love of the mysterious, aided by tricks of the imagination and by the fascination of meaningless words, and supported by occasional raps and utterances of those afflicted with some mental disorder which in earlier days was a sign of witches or possession by the devil, those who seek spirits will find them. And the mental blind spot conveniently hides from view whatever is opposed to that which one wishes to believe. "Quackery and the love of being quacked are, in human nature, as weeds in our fields."

Character and Situation in the Novel

BY EDITH WHARTON
Author of "The Writing of Fiction," etc.

I

DEFINITIONS, however difficult and inadequate, are the necessary "tools of criticism." To begin, therefore, one may distinguish the novel of situation from that of character and manners by saying that, in the first, the persons imagined by the author almost always spring out of a vision of the situation, and are inevitably conditioned by it, whatever the genius of their creator; whereas in the larger freer form, that of character and manners (or either of the two), the author's characters are first born, and then mysteriously proceed to work out their own destinies. Let it, at any rate, be understood that this rough distinction shall serve in the following pages to mark the difference between the two ways of presenting the subject since most subjects lend themselves to being treated from either point of view.

It is not easy to find, among great novels written in English, examples of novels of pure situation, that is, in which the situation is what the book is remembered by. Perhaps "The Scarlet Letter" might be cited as one of the few obvious examples. In "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," which one is tempted to name also, the study of character is so interwoven with the drama as to raise the story—for all its obvious shortcomings—to the level of those supreme novels which escape classification. For if one remembers Tess's tragedy, still more vividly does one remember Tess herself.

In continental literature several famous books at once present themselves in the situation group. One of the earliest, as it is the most famous, is Goethe's "Elective Affinities," where a great and terrible drama involves characters of which the creator has not managed quite to sever the marionette wires. Who indeed remembers those vague initialled creatures, whom the author himself forgot to pull out of their limbo in his eagerness to mature and polish their ingenious misfortunes?

Tolstoy's "The Kreutzer Sonata" is another book which lives only by force of situation, sustained, of course, by the profound analysis of a universal passion. No one remembers who the people in "The Kreutzer Sonata" were, or what they looked like, or what sort of a house they lived in—but the very roots of human jealousy are laid bare in the picture of the vague undifferentiated husband, a puppet who comes to life only in function of his one ferocious passion. Balzac alone, perhaps, managed to make of his novels of situation—such as "César Birotteau" or "Le Curé de Tours"—such relentless and penetrating character studies that their protagonists and the difficulties which beset them leap together to the memory whenever the tales are named. But this fusion of categories is the prerogative of the few, of those who know how to write

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all kinds of novels, and who choose, each time, the way best suited to the subject in hand.

Novels preeminently of character, in which situation, dramatically viewed, is reduced to the minimum, are far easier to find. Jane Austen has given the norm, the ideal, of this type. Of her tales it might almost be said that the reader sometimes forgets what happens to her characters in his haunting remembrance of their foibles and oddities, their little daily round of preoccupations and pleasures. They are "speaking" portraits, following one with their eyes in that uncannily lifelike way that good portraits have, rather than passionate disordered people dragging one impetuously into the tangle of their tragedy, as one is dragged by the characters of Stendhal, Thackeray and Balzac. Not that Jane Austen's characters do not follow their predestined orbit. They evolve as real people do, but so softly, noiselessly, that to follow the development of their history is as quiet a business as watching the passage of the seasons. A sense of her limitations as certain as a sense of her power must have kept her—unconsciously or not—from trying to thrust these little people into great actions, and made her choose the quiet setting which enabled her to round out her portraits as imperceptibly as the sun models a fruit. "Emma" is perhaps the most perfect example in English fiction of a novel in which character shapes events quietly but irresistibly, as a stream nibbles away its banks.

Next to "Emma" one might place, in this category, the masterpiece of a very different hand: "The Egoist" of Meredith. In this book, though by means so alien to Miss Austen's delicate procedure that one balks at the comparison, the fantastic novelist, whose antics too often make one forget his insight, discarding most of his fatiguing follies, gives a rich and deliberate study of a real human being. But he does not quite achieve Jane Austen's success. His Willoughby Patterne is typical before he is individual, while every character in "Emma" is both, and in degrees always perfectly proportioned. Still, the two books are preeminent achievements in the field of pure character-drawing, and one must turn to the greatest continental novelists—to Balzac again (as always), to Stendhal, Flaubert, Dostoievsky, Turgenev, Marcel Proust, or perhaps to the very occasional best of Trollope—to match such searching and elaborate studies.

But among the continental novelists—with few exceptions—the delineation of character is inextricably combined with the study of manners, as for instance in the novels of Tolstoy, of Balzac and of Flaubert. Turgenev, in "Dmitri Rudin," gave the somewhat rare example of a novel made almost entirely out of the portrayal of a single character; as, at the opposite extreme, Samuel Butler's "Way of all Flesh," for all its brilliant character-drawing, is essentially the portrait of a family and a social group—one of the most distinctive novels of "manners" it is possible to find.

Such preliminary suggestions, cursory as they are, may help, better than mere definitions, to keep in mind the differing types of novel in which either character or situation weighs down the scales.

II

THE novel, in the hands of English-speaking writers, has always tended, as it rose in value, to turn to pictures of character and manners, however much blent with dramatic episodes, or entangled in what used to be vaguely known as a plot. The plot, in the traditional sense of the term, consisted in some clash of events, or, less often, of character. But it was an arbitrarily imposed and rather spaciously built framework, inside of which the people concerned had room to develop their idiosyncrasies and be themselves, except in the crucial moments when they became the puppets of the plot.

The real novel of situation, a compacter and above all a more inevitable affair, did not, at least on English soil, take shape till "plot," in the old-fashioned sense of a coil of outward happenings, was giving way to the discovery that real drama is soul-drama. The novel of situation, indeed, has never really acclimatized itself in English-speaking countries; whereas in France it seems to have grown naturally from the psychological novel of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, wherein

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the conflict of characters tended from the first to simplify the drawing of *character* and to turn the protagonists into embodiments of a particular passion rather than of a particular person.

From this danger the English novelist has usually been guarded by an inexhaustible interest in personality, and a fancy for loitering by the way. The plots of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and their successors are almost detachable at will, so arbitrarily are they imposed on the novel of character which was slowly but steadily developing within their lax support, and which became, as the nineteenth century advanced, the typical form of English fiction.

The novel of situation is a different matter. The situation, instead of being imposed from the outside, is the kernel of the tale and its only reason for being. It seizes the characters in its steely grip, and jiu-jitsus them into the required attitude with a relentlessness against which only genius can prevail. In every form of novel it is noticeable that the central characters tend to be the least real. This seems to be partly explained by the fact that these characters, survivors of the old "hero" and "heroine," whose business it it was not to be real but to be sublime, are still, though often without the author's being aware of it, the standard-bearers of his convictions or the expression of his secret inclinations. They are *his* in the sense of tending to do and say what he would do, or imagines he would do, in given circumstances, and being mere projections of his own personality they lack the substance and relief of the minor characters, whom he views coolly and objectively, in all their human weakness and inconsequence. But there remains another reason, less often recognized, for the unreality of novel "heroes" and "heroines," a reason especially applicable to the leading figures in the novel of situation. It is that *the story is about them*, and forces them into the shape which its events impose, while the subordinate characters, moving at ease in the interstices of the tale, and free to go about their business in the illogical human fashion, remain real to writer and readers.

This fact, exemplified in all novels, becomes most vivid in the novel of situation, where the characters tend to turn into Laocoöns, and die in the merciless coils of their adventure. This is the extreme point of the difference between the novel of situation and of character, and the cause of the common habit of regarding them as alternative methods of fiction.

III

THE thoughtful critic who would be rid of the cheap formulas of fiction-reviewing, and reach some clearer and deeper expression of the sense and limitations of the art, is sure to resent the glib definition of the novel of situation and the novel of character (or manners) as necessarily antithetical and mutually exclusive. The thoughtful critic will be right; and the thoughtful novelist will share his view. What sense is there in such arbitrary divisions, such opposings of one manner to another, when almost all the greatest novels are there, in their versatility and their abundance, to show the glorious possibility of welding both types of fiction into a single masterpiece?

In what category, for instance, should "Anna Karenina" be placed? Undoubtedly in that of novels of character and manners. Yet if one sums up the tale in its rapidity and its vehemence, what situation did Dumas Fils ever devise for his theatre "of situation" half so poignant or so dramatic as that which Tolstoy manages to keep conspicuously afloat on the wide tossing expanse of the Russian social scene? In "Vanity Fair," again, so preeminently a novel of manners, a novel of character, with what dramatic intensity the situation between Becky, Rawdon and Lord Steyne stands out from the rich populous pages, and gathers up into itself all their diffused significance!

The answer is evident: above a certain height of creative capacity the different methods, the seemingly conflicting points of view, are merged in the artist's comprehensive vision, and the situations inherent in his subject detach themselves in strong relief from the fullest background without disturbing the general composition.

But though this is true, it is true only of the greatest novelists—those who, as Matthew Arnold said of Shakespeare, do not abide our question but are free. In

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them, vast vision is united to equivalent powers of coordination; but more often the novelist who has the creative vision lacks the capacity for coordinating and rendering his subject, or at least is unable, in the same creation, to give an equal part to the development of character and to the clash of situation. Owing to the lack of that supreme equipment which always rises above classification, most of the novelists have tended to let their work fall into one of the two categories of situation or character, thus fortifying the theory of the superficial critics that life in fiction must be presented either as conflict or as character.

The so-called novel of character, even in less than the most powerful hands, does not, of course, preclude situation in the sense of a dramatic clash. But the novelist develops his tale through a succession of episodes, all in some way illustrative of the manners or the characters out of which the situation is eventually to spring; he lingers on the way, is not afraid of by-paths, and enriches his scene with subordinate pictures, as the mediæval miniaturist encloses his chief subjects in a border of beautiful ornament and delicate vignettes; whereas the novel of situation is, by definition, one in which the problem to be worked out in a particular human conscience, or the clash between conflicting wills, is the novelist's chief if not his only theme, and everything not directly illuminative of it must be left out as irrelevant. This does not mean that in the latter type of tale—as, for instance, in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"—the episode, the touch of colour or character, is forbidden. The modern novelist of situation does not seem likely to return to the monochrome starkness of "Adolphe" or "La Princesse de Clèves." He uses every scrap of colour, every picturesque by-product of his subject which that subject yields; but he avoids adding to it a single touch, however decoratively tempting, which is not part of the design.

If the two methods are thus contrasted, the novel of character and manners may seem superior in richness, variety and play of light and shade. This does not prove that it is necessarily capable of a greater total effect than the other; yet so far the greatest novels have undoubtedly dealt with character and manners rather than with mere situation. The inference is indeed almost irresistible that the farther the novel is removed in treatment from theatrical modes of expression, the more nearly it attains its purpose as a freer art, appealing to those more subtle imaginative requirements which the stage can never completely satisfy.

When the novelist has been possessed by a situation, and sees his characters hurrying to its culmination, he must have unusual keenness of vision and sureness of hand to fix their lineaments and detain them on their way long enough for the reader to recognize them as real human beings. In the novel of pure situation it is doubtful if this has ever been done with more art than in "The Wrong Box," where Stevenson launched on his roaring torrent of farce a group of *real people*, alive and individual, who keep their reality and individuality till the end. The tears of laughter that the book provokes generally blind the reader to its subtle character-drawing; but, save for the people in "Gil Blas," and the memorable figures of Chicot and Gorenflot in the Dumas cycle headed by "La Dame de Montsoreau," it would be hard, in any tale of action, to find characters as vivid and individual as those which rollick through this glorious farce.

The tendency of the situation to take hold of the novelist's imagination, and to impose its own *tempo* on his tale, can be resisted only by richness and solidity of temperament. The writer must have a range wide enough to include, within the march of unalterable law, all the inconsequences of human desire, ambition, cruelty, weakness and sublimity. He must, above all, bear in mind at each step that his business is not to ask what the situation would be likely to make of his characters, but what his characters, being what they are, would make of the situation. This question, which is the tuning-fork of truth, never needs to be more insistently applied than in writing the dialogue which usually marks the culminating scenes in fiction. The moment the novelist finds that his characters are talking not as they naturally would, but as the situation requires, are visibly lending him a helping hand in the more rapid elucida-

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tion of his drama, the moment he hears them saying anything which the stress of their predicament would not naturally bring to their lips, his effect has been produced at the expense of reality, and he will find them turning to sawdust on his hands.

Some novelists, conscious of the danger, and not sufficiently skilled to meet it, have tried to turn it by interlarding these crucial dialogues with irrelevant small-talk, in the hope of thus producing a greater air of reality. But this is to fall again into the trap of what Balzac called "a reality in nature which is not one in art." The object of dialogue is to gather up the loose strands of passion and emotion running through the tale; and the attempt to entangle these threads in desultory chatter about the weather or the village pump proves only that the narrator has not known how to do the necessary work of selection. All the novelist's art is brought into play by such tests. His characters must talk as they would in reality, and yet everything not relevant to his tale must be eliminated. The secret of success lies in his instinct of selection.

These difficulties are not a reason for condemning the novel of situation as an inferior, or at least as a not-worth-while, form of the art. Inferior to the larger form, the novel of character and manners, it probably is, if only in the matter of scale; but certainly also worth-while, since it is the natural vehicle of certain creative minds. As long as there are novelists whose inventive faculty presents them first with the form, and only afterward with the substance, of the tales they want to tell, the novel of situation will fill a purpose. But it is precisely this type of mind which needs to be warned against the dangers of the form. When the problem comes to the novelist before he sees the characters engaged in it, he must be all the more deliberate in dealing with it, must let it lie in his mind till it brings forth of itself the kind of people who would naturally be involved in that particular plight. The novelist's permanent problem is that of making his people at once typical and individual, universal and particular; and in adopting the form of the novel of situation he perpetually runs the risk of upsetting that nice balance of attributes unless he persists in thinking of his human beings first, and of their predicament only as the outcome of what they are.

IV

THE predicament—the situation—must still be borne in mind if the novelist approaches his task in another way, and sees his tale as situation illustrating character instead of the reverse.

Even the novel of character and manners can never be without situation, that is, without some sort of climax caused by the contending forces engaged. The conflict, the shock of forces, is latent in every attempt to detach a fragment of human experience and transpose it in terms of art, that is, of completion.

The seeming alternative is to fall back on the "stream of consciousness"—which is simply the "slice-of-life" of the 'eighties renamed—but that method, as has already been pointed out, contains its own condemnation, since every attempt to employ it of necessity involves selection, and selection in the long run must eventually lead to the transposition, the "stylization," of the subject.

Let it be assumed, then, that a predicament there must be, whether worked out in one soul, or created by the shock of opposing purposes. The larger the canvas of the novel—supposing the novelist's powers to be in scale with his theme—the larger will be the scale of the predicament. In the great novel of manners in which Balzac, Thackeray and Tolstoy were pre-eminent, the conflict engages not only individuals but social groups, and the individual plight is usually the product—one of the many products—of the social conflict. There is a sense in which situation is the core of every tale, and as truly present in the quiet pages of "Eugénie Grandet" or "Le Lys dans la Vallée" as in the tense tragedy of "The Return of the Native," the epic clash of "War and Peace" or the dense social turmoil of "Vanity Fair."

But the main advantage of the novelist to whom his subject first presents itself in terms of character, either individual or social, is that he can quietly watch his people or his group going about their busi-

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ness, and let the form of his tale grow out of what they are, out of their idiosyncrasies, their humours and their prejudices, instead of fitting a situation onto them before he really knows them, either personally or collectively.

It is manifest that every method of fiction has its dangers, and that the study of character pursued to excess may tend to submerge the action necessary to illustrate that character. In the inevitable reaction against the arbitrary "plot" many novelists have gone too far in the other direction, either swamping themselves in the tedious "stream of consciousness," or else—another frequent error—giving an exaggerated importance to trivial incidents when the tale is concerned with trivial lives. There is a sense in which nothing which receives the touch of art is trivial; but to rise to this height the incident, insignificant in itself, must illustrate some general law, and turn on some deep movement of the soul. If the novelist wants to hang his drama on a button, let it at least be one of Lear's.

All things hold together in the practice of any art, and character and manners, and the climaxes springing out of them, cannot, in the art of fiction, be dealt with separately without diminution to the subject. It is a matter for the novelist's genius to combine all these ingredients in their due proportion; and then we shall have "Emma" or "The Egoist" if character is to be given the first place, "Le Père Goriot" or "Madame Bovary" if drama is to be blent with it, and "War and Peace," "Vanity Fair," "L'Education Sentimentale" if all the points of view and all the methods are to be harmonized in the achievement of a great picture wherein the individual, the group and their social background have each a perfectly apportioned share in the composition.

"Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed—"

Yes; but to cover such spaces adequately happens even to the greatest artists only once or twice in their career.

The Happy Dead

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

WHEN I'm alone, the happy dead
Brush me with soft and silver wings—
Drop smilingly on hands or head
A touch that brings

Suddenest joy, as when, half-heard,
An early leaf comes slipping down,
Hinting a brief, secretive word
Of autumn brown;

Or when the wild geese taunt my soul
Awake with clamor in the night,
Desiring urgently a goal
Folded from sight.

So come the happy dead, to bless
Still hours I hedge about for them,
Bringing me peace, or holy stress,
Joy like a gem—

Joy like the rosy red that dyes
Old door-step flowers with just the glow
That lit my childish ecstasies
Ages ago.

I wish the dear and happy dead
Might reach me through the heavy noons
When, spent with cares for cloak and bread,
The spirit swoons;

But they would smother in that haze—
They wait beyond that cloudy din.
Their feet gleam down the quiet ways
I yet shall win.

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British Labor Steps Ahead

ITS INFLUENCE ON LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES

BY EDWIN W. HULLINGER
Author of "Radicalism in the United States"

OF all social developments in the Anglo-Saxon world during the last half-century, along with the growth of our modern industrial system, the rise to power of organized labor in both England and the United States stands out with commanding importance. It is a factor that has intrinsically changed the social and economic picture in the United States, and in England labor is already becoming a political feature of steadily growing moment—despite the defeat of the Labor party at the polls last autumn. I say Anglo-Saxon world, because, although labor is moving into prominence in all civilized countries, it is in the Anglo-Saxon lands that it has reached its highest development. In France the growth of trade-unionism has been held in check to an extent by the overpowering individualism of the French worker, who has repeatedly refused in time of crisis to sacrifice for the common cause what he believed to be his own immediate personal advantage. German labor, while better organized, has also suffered from lack of moral courage. And Italian labor is momentarily eclipsed by Fascism.

From a starting-point of virtual impotence in the last century labor has risen, in America and England, to a point where it is now able to make or unmake social destiny. Labor has a human and economic strength almost equal to capital, and must hereafter be taken seriously into account in any calculation of the future. The balance of social forces has been fundamentally changed from what it was seventy years ago. He who would look into to-morrow must not neglect to study labor of to-day—its structure, methods, and, most important, the kind of men it is bringing to the fore.

Without entering into too great detail, it may also be said, in my opinion, that labor itself is now on the threshold of a new phase in its development. Its first cycle—its struggle for recognition and the fight exclusively for higher wages—is nearing its end, both aims being on a fair way toward attainment. (And in the final analysis, the raising of wages is a process which, by its nature, cannot go on indefinitely.) A new objective is beginning to take form, and this objective will be, as I see the signs, the great issue of the next century—labor's demand for a share in the actual control of industry. This demand is already prominent in England. It is less emphatic, but nevertheless audible, in America. It is a development in the evolution of the movement which is not hard to understand.

It is partly because British labor has already entered this second cycle of its development, while American labor is still hardly emerged from the first period, that the British labor movement offers a peculiarly attractive field of study to the student of American social economics. Partly, also, because on account of the language tie, British labor is coming to have an increasing influence on American labor at the moment, although in so many ways the two national movements are so different. And, passing over all these facts, there is still another feature of the British trade-union movement that compels attention—the fact that it has been able to develop from its own ranks a type of leader distinctly above the usual run of leaders in the American labor movement—a real labor statesman, whose capacities compare not unfavorably with the fine minds in "capitalist" groups in America.

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II

In attempting any study of the British labor movement, it is necessary first of all to visualize clearly the organic difference in the structure of the country as compared with our own. It is a difference which, in my opinion, has played an extremely important part in accounting both for the form which the movement has taken and for the superior type of leader at the head of the English movement.

The British labor movement came into existence in a social organism that was intrinsically different from that of the United States, a country in its formative stage, with its outlines constantly changing and its population and classes in constant shift—a land which until very recently has been conspicuous owing to the relative absence of fixed lines between the social groups. British trade-unionism was created in a country that had long since reached a definite social mould. The island's population has been firmly fixed for centuries in a "caste" system which has furnished the background for all of England's internal history since feudalism, a system to which the whole mental attitude of the nation had adapted itself. British trade-unionism had to extend itself inside class walls too solidly established in tradition to be broken down, which reached through both economic and social aspects of national life.

England was a land where cobblers' sons were cobblers, traders' sons merchants, and where nobody expected anything else. Generally speaking, each class filled a definite sphere in economic and social life, kept distinctly to itself, and had its distinct class characteristics (which extended even to physical conformity of the face and manner of speech).

Even to-day, despite the corrosive influences of twentieth-century democratic political currents, these differences constitute a real human factor in national life from which no individual can escape fundamentally. A member of one class stands out conspicuously in the midst of a group belonging to another class; and since the control of industrial affairs still rests largely with the upper classes, "lower-class" origin is something that is a decided handicap to a member of that group moving in circles where his superiors predominate. The war made a breach in the system, it is true. Fighting side by side, men came to see human virtues in men in other social groups which they may have hardly suspected before, and the economic upheaval since the armistice has broken down some barriers which had seemed so high. But even the war did not sweep the system away. And it also must be said that most of the barriers that are crumbling now are those which separated the groups in the upper half of society from each other; the human gulf between the upper half and the bottom half is still very wide!

Perhaps one reason class consciousness is so persistent is because it has so many physical "landmarks" that make it hard to overlook. The difference in speech is certainly a big factor. It is a very important reason for the fact that England still has separate school systems for the different classes. A member of the upper classes cannot afford to send his children to the free state schools to mingle with children of the Cockneys and acquire an *accent* that would be a serious social, and even economic, handicap to them all their lives. This is a practical, rock-bottom fact which no American parent, however democratic in tastes, could afford to disregard if he were in England with his family.

When modern industrialism developed in England, the caste system automatically adjusted itself around it, each class taking over and manning a distinct part of the productive organism. True, there were a few modern Dick Whittingtons—even Tsaristic Russia had her share—but, broadly speaking, the classes continued in their distinctive spheres, and the personal trials of those who tried to break over the lines were painful to any one with the susceptibilities that usually go with a more developed character. Nor was it possible, in the "tight little" isle, to escape from the shadow of one's past, as one could in America.

I have gone into this situation in such detail because if one does clearly get hold of its *human value*, there is so much in present-day English life that will be so clear.

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It makes clear, first of all, why the British "proletariat" was able to retain inside its own ranks for services in leading the labor movement the best brains it produced. History has shown, particularly that of our own country, that executive caliber is not exclusively a class affair. But in the United States, when the proletariat did bring forth such a person, he almost inevitably soon rose out of his class into another higher social group, where he found better opportunities for self-development and ceased to be a proletarian!

And still more significant, the English caste system has furnished the mould upon which the modern labor movement is based, both in its economic and political phases, and explains, in my opinion, to a great extent some of the fundamental differences between the British movement and trade-unionism in the United States.

British labor is, and always has been, dynamically a class phenomenon. It receives its impetus from the class urge, and owes its success to its clever exploitation of class consciousness, a class feeling that was already a deep reality and had only to be diverted to its use. It began with a definite recognition of the fact of class, and shaped its whole line of thought accordingly. In fact, its leaders were incapable of thinking in other terms—a fact which also will throw some light on their susceptibility to socialism, a system which bases itself upon the pillars of class consciousness, and which also puts forward *one* method by means of which the lower class could participate in the control of things. (Nor must one also overlook the fact of geographic propinquity: Karl Marx's body still lies in a cemetery in Highgate, a region of north London.)

The rank and file of labor in England has a conception of the "eternal" in class which American laborers could not have, hoping, as nearly all of them did until very recently, to become capitalists themselves some day! As *individuals* the British workmen had virtually no hope, almost no thought, one might say, of coming to share in the management. From the birth of modern trade-unionism the leaders have been convinced of the futility of trying to participate in the control of industry except through *group force* and *group action*. The struggle for wages came first, of course, because one had to live, but the other objective was always in the back of their heads.

Under these circumstances the early leap into politics was quite understandable, especially since labor had at its head men of a type that would be attracted by the broader career. And labor's success during the last decade has exceeded expectations. Labor politicians were obliged, it is true, even in their own class, to overcome a certain remnant of feudal psychology which may be best expressed in the words of a Midland village laborer, who shouted out at a recent labor rally: "What? Do you want us to turn agin the gentry what keeps us?"

This idea explains why certain portions of the population that are naturally proletarian are still outside the party. But in the long run, class instincts have usually proved stronger than feudalism, and labor is advancing steadily in political strength. Only a few years ago, it could scarcely muster several hundred thousand votes. Last fall, despite its loss of forty parliamentary seats, the party polled 5,000,000 ballots—a million more popular votes than it ever had received before.

To-day the political and industrial aspects of labor are inseparably intertwined. They are controlled virtually by the same men, and are simply two phases of the same thing. Most of the members of MacDonald's cabinet returned from their ministerial offices in Westminster to their old duties in trade-union offices, from which point they direct both political and industrial policies.

Labor's entry into politics has also furnished the British proletariat with a fresh urge to develop itself, in that it has opened the glamour of a parliamentary career to many with latent ability who otherwise would probably have remained silent. It has also been partly responsible for attracting to the folds of labor a number from the intelligentsia, who have deliberately left their own class and offered their services to labor, either for reasons of personal ambition—the Labor party offers much the quickest way to parliamentary prominence—or real altruistic devotion to the cause of the "under

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dog." Some of the finest minds in the labor movement belong to this element, which is very active and has had a distinct influence on the group. For, in addition to the services of their wits, they brought with them new methods and ideas that have left an impression that is definite, even if difficult to measure finitely.

One of the most important of these was the idea of *scientific research* as a preliminary to either industrial or political action; another was the idea of education inside the group—two features which make British labor stand out in the world labor movement of to-day.*

III

PROBABLY no phase of life seems more remote from romance than statistical research! Yet, as I have picked up again during these last months the story of the development of this phase of the labor movement, I have found a story that had a very human appeal—the story of how the idea was born, twenty years ago, in a little clique of intellectuals who, in something of the crusade spirit, broke away from their class and joined labor; how their proffer was at first scorned as a "highbrow" and "upper-class" thing; how gradually they prevailed, until to-day the little bureau they opened has the support of nearly every local union in England, and serves as a kind of intellectual attorney to trade-unionism in general, while another bureau, similarly patterned, is an integral part of the official machinery of the Labor party and the Trade-Union Congress (the British A. F. of L.)

The research idea actually originated in a club of college and literary men, called the Fabian Society, which used to meet in London to discuss social problems. The group included men who have become foremost writers of the day: George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and the two men who, strictly speaking, became the fathers of the research movement in labor, Sydney Webb and G. H. D. Cole. In 1908 these last two actually opened a small office, labor's pioneer bureau, which continues to-day as the "unofficial" bureau of the trade-union movement. Both Cole and Webb were Oxford men. Both have since become prominent as writers on economic subjects. Cole, the younger of the two, has lately branched into fiction. Two of his novels were recently published in the United States.

The early years of the venture were very difficult. Since neither Cole nor Webb was wealthy, both having to earn their living at the same time, they had to depend chiefly upon the support of the society. Many of the Fabians lent a hand when necessary, among whom Shaw was one of the most active (he still occasionally takes on a research assignment in a pinch!).

The first problem was to gain recognition from labor, a task by no means easy. They had to overcome a considerable amount of class antagonism and suspicion, traces of which I found even to-day in certain branches of labor when the "highbrows" came under discussion! They had to prove their usefulness, show labor that it paid to know definitely the ground it stood upon!

Perseverance won, however, and thanks partly to the fact that labor had at its head men of above the average vision, British trade-unionism adopted the highbrows into its midst. To-day this pioneer bureau is self-supporting, receiving regular subscriptions from nearly every local union in England. It is an integral part of the labor machinery. Very few unions think of taking any important step without first appealing to it for information. It has a regular staff of twelve persons and relies on volunteer reservists for emergencies. Cole himself recently resigned from actual charge of the bureau, to devote his time to teaching in the working men's classes. But Mrs. Cole is still second in command, and both Mr. and Mrs. Webb keep in close touch.

In the present headquarters, near the Victoria Station, Mrs. Cole told of their struggles and experiences. The room was

* In this connection, it must be noted that several branches of American labor very recently have begun to show signs of awakening to the need for regular research as well as schools for the development of union leaders. The New York Federation of Labor has made several praiseworthy experiments with schools of this kind. And in the field of research the National Union of Ladies Garment Workers, in 1923, commissioned Doctor Louis Levine, formerly of the University of Montana, to spend eighteen months in research for the purpose of compiling a history of the union as a social group since its beginning. Doctor Levine's treatise, published in book form recently, is a constructive work, and will be, it is to be hoped, only the pioneer of other similar efforts. But as a group, American organized labor has not realized the value of statistical inquiry, nor has scientific research become a feature of the movement as a whole.

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small, but stuffed with documents and books, part of the "morgue" and reference library they have built up. The service occupies one floor.

"We went from one extreme to another," she recounted. "At first the unions would pay no attention to us. Once they got the idea in their heads that we were of use, they swamped us! A crisis would arise. We would receive a frantic call for all the facts about so-and-so in twenty-four hours. They never seemed to realize that research takes time. Of course we couldn't get them all they wanted overnight, but we were able to reach into our files and bring out quantities of material already on hand on this situation, and we immediately would send out a call to our reservists. The lot of us would then plunge into a day-and-night orgy of research for a few days!"

Mrs. Cole revealed that the bureau is operated on a per-capita cost of only *thirty-five cents per year* to the labor movement! She added: "If we can do this, and in a poor country, think how much more American labor could accomplish!"

After the armistice the Labor party and the trade-union congress decided to open an "official" research bureau of its own, which would be more immediately at the disposal of the executive staff at Eccleston Square, leaving the Cole-Webb bureau to continue to look after the individual unions. Under Arthur Greenwood, M.P. (a member of MacDonald's ministry), this bureau has done some very commendable work. Several times it has taken the initiative in a political crisis, and has been able to influence to an extent opinion outside its own group. During the Irish crisis Greenwood and two colleagues went into the fighting area, interviewed hundreds of partisans at "court martials," held almost under fire, and conferred secretly with leaders of both factions while sentries watched at the windows to prevent surprise. The report which they brought back laid down in a general way the plan which finally was adopted by Lloyd George. Like the Cole bureau, it is continually following up new lines of inquiry between assignments.

During Labor's term in office the party instituted an elaborate form of committee research, the Labor members of Parliament being distributed among more than a score of committees, each charged with the duty of keeping the party posted on its particular field. This system has fallen into disrepair since the party left power, but still functions, the committees now meeting once or twice a month instead of twice a week.

In trying to measure the concrete results of this phase of labor one must be careful to bear in mind that the rôle of these bureaus is only advisory, of course. The findings are not binding, nor have the recommendations always been followed. British labor has made some exceedingly stupid blunders since the war, even if it did have the means of knowing better. But all things considered, the existence of this system has unquestionably had a marked effect on the stability of the movement, particularly on its leadership, and it has had a very salutary, sobering influence on habits of thought. One of the most eloquent testimonials of the Cole-Webb bureau's effectiveness was an incident during the great mine strike after the war. When the mine-owners and the union leaders came to meet, the former found, as one of them expressed it at the time, "men who knew quite as much about the mining business as we did ourselves!"

The presence of this factor of research behind it, has also undoubtedly contributed to an extent to labor's political prestige. It has enabled labor to step upon the scene with an air of authority that it otherwise could not have had, and capitalize the Englishman's inborn respect for figures and "facts." It certainly is one of the big reasons for the respect which labor's political adversaries have for it. And it must be remembered that the research bureaus have also served as publicity directors for the movement during the last decade and have aided greatly in helping labor to interpret itself more intelligently to the public at large. . . .

There is another intellectual phase of the labor movement which space prevents treating at length here, but which will certainly exert a growing influence in the future—the educational programme (another Fabian idea). Already night-schools have been opened in all the large industrial centres of England. The total en-

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rolment is well over 40,000. The classes deal with a wide range of subjects, from industrial history, the history of trade-unionism, to literature. The schools are supported partly by trade-union contributions, partly by *government subsidy*.

One class which I visited, in company with Mr. Cole, dealt with the development of trade-unionism. It met in the evening, in a conference-room in the University of London. The ages of the pupils ranged from twenty-one to fifty years, and all came from the "lower middle class," a group of recent proletarian origin, which had had the initiative to push themselves into positions requiring an amount of executive ability. One was a postal clerk, another a bookkeeper, another a trade-union secretary, etc. All, Cole explained, were under training to become leaders or teachers.

Thus far the main object of the night-schools has been to develop leaders, although the system is slowly extending itself downward.

This group had been together three years, and showed surprising grasp and acumen. The material Cole gave them was solid, heavy subject-matter, such as might have figured in an average university course in economics or statistics. The approach was objective.

In fact, the labor-union movement generally is becoming greatly intrigued by the idea of education. Another group, the "Plebs," who represent the very small left or radical wing in labor, have established a rival system of schools, in which Marxianism is openly taught. It is charged in labor circles that this group originally received money from Moscow. But most people believe that they are virtually self-continent at the moment, Moscow having terminated its subsidy, the story runs, when it saw that their influence was so small! J. F. Horrabin, a successful cartoonist, and one of the ruling spirits among the Plebs, insisted with all seeming sincerity that the schools were now supported only by sums from their own pockets. He added, however, that they did not wish to have help from the British Government, because they preferred to be free to teach a definite Marxian interpretation of things social and economic.

While these "left" wing schools are not so numerous or large as the official labor colleges, they constitute a factor in the British industrial situation which is not quite so reassuring as one might wish.

The general aim of the British radicals, bluntly speaking, is virtual sabotage. They have no confidence in the possibility of evolving the present system into anything of merit, and think that the "quickest way out of the mess" is to bring matters to such a bad state that the masses will rise in despair. For this reason they are fundamentally against parliamentary methods and in favor of direct industrial action.

IV

It remains, now, to project the general profile of British labor upon the canvas of American industrial conditions, a process which brings a number of interesting points into view.

We have seen the differences in the form and spirit of the British labor movement, why it is it has been able to produce a superior type of leader, and how British labor came to extend itself into the political field. We have reviewed the research phase of the movement, a feature only slightly developed in American labor, and have noted the beginnings of an important educational programme within unionism.

In a word, British labor possesses an all-round group compactness which American labor does not now possess, and internal conditions have been such that it has acted as a group in spheres which American labor has not tried to capture as a group. British labor, for this reason, has a wider orbit of social influence.

But when we come to examine closely the great bulk of labor and the physical conditions of life of the individual trade-unionists, one finds that in a material way large sections of British labor are decidedly worse off than is American labor. A recent investigation by the International Labor Bureau at Geneva brought out that the *real* wage in America is more than twice that in Great Britain. In other words, British labor has not been able to raise its standard of life to the

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level American labor has attained. I say attained, because, despite the more recent growth of a more human attitude toward things in American industry, it must be admitted, in my opinion, that it was the influence of the American Federation of Labor, expressed in strikes and repeated threats of industrial pressure, that really brought wages up and thereby raised the standard of life of the American working man to a point unequalled in any other part of the world.

British labor's backwardness in this respect is due first to the much greater poverty of the country—a factor which few Americans stop to consider—which has made fewer profits to distribute in the form of wages. A second factor is the fact that the British worker himself is a much less energetic workman than the American. He works more slowly, is inclined to take things as they come, and certainly has very little of the personal interest in the success of production which American capital and labor are trying hard now to encourage. Part of this is traceable to his lethargic nature, and part, I believe, to the relative hopelessness of his outlook on life.

In handling the human mass of labor, the British labor leaders have had difficulties to overcome which have not arisen in the brighter, more enterprising American rank and file.

In a few ways, also—due to a great extent to the doggedness of the rank and file—British labor has advanced less rapidly in its industrial conceptions than American labor. Its opposition to the introduction of machinery and labor-saving devices has been more protracted. In the mining industry, for instance, this stubbornness has held the industry back noticeably. Again, a very practical reason may be found, however: in America, with our steadily broadening resources, it was not so serious for a few men to be displaced by a machine. There were new fields to enter, where the labor-saving device would increase production. In England the field was limited. The country was already greatly overpopulated, and the resources well exploited. There might not be a new job for the men replaced by machinery! This terrible fear has also figured in the rank and file's insistence on very strict, and often very selfish, apprenticeship regulations, which have hobbled British production to the extent of drawing indignant protest from the employing and middle classes.

In conclusion, then, in a number of ways British labor is distinctly in advance of American labor, due to the circumstances enumerated before. It has adopted certain methods which American labor would do well to copy. British labor has definitely begun to attack the solution of social problems which American labor has not taken up in earnest. England is destined, I believe, to be a laboratory in which some very interesting social experiments will be made during the next few decades.

But I also believe that America will, possibly a little later, possibly as soon, undertake the working out of details in the readjustment of our social order which will be quite as constructive and important. American labor will surely play its part in this. It quite conceivably will follow a different course from British labor. Conditions in the two lands are different. But in the end it is America that offers the greatest possibilities for effective social workmanship. Ours is the new organism. American labor has better human material to work with, and is not handicapped by the overshadowing poverty of the Old World countries.

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Crime and Sentimentality

BY JAMES L. FORD
Author of "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop," "My Memories of the Early Eighties," etc.

DURING the past decade crime and such allied topics as criminals, their treatment and reform, and prison management have been more conspicuous in print than at any time within the memory of persons now living. We have only to read the discussions carried on in the press and periodical literature, and even in certain works of fiction, and to listen to the lectures of so-called eminent criminologists and to the well-meaning persons whose utterances reveal their own lack of knowledge and experience, to understand why so little of benefit to humanity has resulted from it all. Crime still flourishes as seldom before, prison discipline has relaxed, and hardened offenders are not infrequently let loose on the community by the parole board or suspended sentence imposed by a magistrate, when they should have been locked up. The truth is that the subject in every one of its many forms has been viewed sentimentally instead of through the spectacles of pure reason, and far more interest is shown in the criminals than in their victims.

Sentimentality may be described as a flabby, unwholesome attitude of mind that sees only the lesser aspects of affairs and is blind to the greater issues. Justice has no place in its philosophy, but instead a maudlin sympathy for the undeserving which takes heed of the welfare of convicts and gives no thought to those who have suffered by them. Sentimentality is rarely found under the same thatch as the power and willingness to reason. It must not be confounded with worthy sentiment from which it sometimes springs—or falls—and which it resembles as synthetic gin resembles honest liquor.

The very essence of sentimentality may be found in the act by which the historic name of Blackwell was removed from the East River island which has long sheltered so many of the city's evil-doers, paupers, and other unfortunates, and the ridiculous word "Welfare" put in its place. There is the very quintessence of sentimentalism in the recent slogan of "sunshine in every cell," signifying that evil-doers deserve the heaven-sent blessings which comparatively few New York flat-dwellers enjoy.

There is no more serious matter among the many difficult ones that now confront us, none more worthy of sane and sober consideration at the hands of those who understand it, than that of crime. To treat it sentimentally is as absurd as to treat the Steel Trust or the freight traffic from such a maudlin point of view. But when a subject is allowed to take its place among the various "problems" that now harass us, it is certain to let loose a flood of foolish counsel and undigested information from the lips of those who are the least qualified to speak.

I have read with an interest not always unmixed with amusement many of the essays written about crime and its punishment, and one of these impressed itself strongly on my mind. Like all sentimental efforts, it concerned itself sympathetically with the criminal and paid absolutely no heed to the victim. The author of this contribution suggested as a substitute for the death penalty the choice of three methods by which a man convicted of murder might expiate his crime. He should be allowed to choose between death by hanging, electrocution, or the lethal chamber; life imprisonment at hard labor, without hope of pardon, or the delivery of his body to medical authorities for experimental research, by which is meant inoculation by every variety of noxious germ. In fact, the whole tendency of the scheme is to enable the murderer to escape the worst conse-

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quences of his sin and to weaken the effect on others of his kind which a legal execution invariably produces.

In marked contrast are the sage observations which illumine the pages of a book called "Points of Friction," written by Miss Agnes Repplier, one of the few women holding a pen who look at life and literature through spectacles of cold reason. It is refreshing to read what Miss Repplier has said about the sentimental attitude that declares a criminal free from responsibility and fails to punish him. With like clearness of vision she discusses hunger strikes, the Pacifists, the I. W. W., and, to quote her own words, the efforts of "well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who flood society with appeals to 'open the prison door' and let our good-will shine as a star on political prisoners, and seem curiously indifferent as to what the liberated ones will do with their liberty."

In her customary fine satiric vein Miss Repplier says: "Stealing liberty bonds is a field full of promise for youth. Apparently nothing can shake the confidence of brokers in the messengers who disappear with one lot of bonds, only to be released on a suspended sentence, and speedily intrusted with a second batch."

We owe a great deal of the present flood of sentimentality to Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, who made a profound impression by his lectures.

The late James Connaughton, generally known as P. K., for many years principal keeper at Sing Sing, was a strict disciplinarian, but was, nevertheless, regarded with respect by all those under his rule and with affection by a considerable number. An explanation of this may be found in the simple words which he once addressed to me: "These men appreciate justice." At Christmas-time he received innumerable picture post-cards and messages of greeting from all parts of the world, sent to him by former convicts, who had not forgotten what they called "square deals" enjoyed by them at the hands of a man whose power was so great that he might have made their lives wretched. I believe that during a period of more than thirty years "P. K." never went outside the boundaries of the village of Ossining, and spent most of his time within the gray walls of the prison. Connaughton and his associate, State Detective Jackson, knew more about crime and criminals than any men it has been my fortune to meet. Neither one was ever invited to lecture, so far as my knowledge goes, and I doubt if their appearance on the platform would have drawn a corporal's guard of attendance.

The entire criminal procedure in this country, and especially in the city of New York, has become so thoroughly soaked with sentimentalism as to jeopardize life and property. The Sullivan law, which is directly responsible for many of the murders committed by robbers pursuing their nefarious work, was passed by an Irish-American politician who made a moving appeal to the sentimental classes based on the imaginary case of a young working man who shot his opponent in the course of a quarrel. Sullivan argued that if the use and even the possession of firearms were prohibited by law under heavy penalties, there would be no more shooting affrays, and the argument seemed so convincing to those who were incapable of seeing any save the lesser aspects of a case, that the bill received their outspoken commendation. Consequently the law was passed, and its result was to restrict the use of pistols to the criminal classes, several of whom were numbered among the constituents of its sponsor.

As a concrete example of the working of this law, we may take the case of a New York shopkeeper, who courageously came to the aid of a neighbor who was being robbed by a hold-up man, and promptly shot and killed the robber. Arrested on a charge of manslaughter, the valiant defender of the right was arraigned before a judge who, although he complimented him upon his gallant deed, felt obliged, under the law, to fine him one hundred dollars for having firearms in his possession, and this sum the man was compelled to pay.

When a victim of the special privileges enjoyed only by the criminal classes succeeds in bringing his assailant to what he hopes will be justice, sentimentality invades the court-room, enters the jury-box, and not infrequently occupies a seat of honor on the bench. It cries aloud for mercy to the ruffian in the dock, but

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wastes no sympathy on the maimed victim. It busies itself outside the walls of the chamber of justice among evil-doers —a class that is always ready to listen to such appeals, and to arrange promptly a ball or benefit in aid of its pal, and sell tickets by every means of persuasion short of the black-jack.

The sum thus raised is used to secure legal talent for the prisoner's defense and to suborn a few witnesses. It is not difficult in New York to hire individuals who in the face of all evidence to the contrary will cheerfully swear to any alibi suggested by the lawyer. The voice of the sob-sister is not heard now as frequently as in the days when that preposterous school of journalism termed "yellow" was making its earliest appeals to the light-minded. But in the case of an unusually brutal crime a member of that tearful Sorosis is apt to invade the courtroom and send waves of sentimental sympathy out over the land. But the burden of the defense rests on the shoulders of lawyers chosen for their ability to ballyrag witnesses and move jurymen to tears. Had the prisoner at the bar followed his nefarious calling a third of a century ago he would have taken from the proceeds of the benefit, what is known in thieves' slang as his "roll of fall money," the not inconsiderable sum needed to secure the services of those eminent legal advisers, Messrs. Howe and Hummel, whose office was in the immediate neighborhood of the Tombs. The malefactor was deemed lucky who could induce the senior member of the firm to assume personal direction of his case.

"Bill" Howe was a burly Englishman of undoubted forensic powers whose career in his native land had been such as to breed sympathy with the wrong-doers of America. He wore flashy clothes, and I dimly remember seeing him attired in a velvet coat and glaring red necktie. His partner, "Abe" Hummel, was a diminutive man of far higher calibre than the other and a much wider acquaintance beyond the limits of the criminal fraternity. He dressed soberly, was a constant attendant at theatrical first nights, and had many clients among the respectable, law-abiding classes, for his legal acumen was unusual. Even the most respectable persons are liable to require rescue from some malodorous predicament by dubious legal talent. It has been said that the partners divided their profits every night.

In accepting a retainer, Mr. Howe often showed himself willing to allow a just valuation for the watches, jewelry, and laces offered in part payment, having, as may readily be imagined, clients quite in a position to dispose of them. In selecting a jury he was careful to challenge every man who had not a weak chin. He brought to every case he tried a complete bag of tricks, all of tremendous appeal to the sentimental heart. With extraordinary skill he contrived to divert the attention of the jury from the crime to such irrelevant facts as the love entertained for his mother by the gentleman to whom he referred as his "unfortunate client," the piety of that estimable parent, and the poverty which had deprived her son of his chance of entering one of the learned professions, and perhaps gaining the universal esteem in which "you, gentlemen of the jury, are held in this community."

But not until "Bill" Howe summed up the case for the defense, by which time his lachrymal glands were in working order, did he shine with his full effulgence. With hand resting on the shoulder of an elderly woman, said by him to be his client's mother, and appropriately garbed for the rôle, he would remind his weak-chinned auditors of the blessing of maternal love, and beg them in the name of that love and of their own filial affections to set his unfortunate client free that he might be able to follow the paths of honesty and sobriety on which his heart was now set. He would deliver this homily in a voice choked with sobbing, and when he began to weep, the prisoner, his aged parent, and many of the jurors would mingle their tears with his. No orator of recent years has run the gamut of sentimental appeal as did "Bill" Howe.

It sometimes happens that justice triumphs over sentimentalism and a criminal is found guilty by a sane jury, sentenced to imprisonment by a wise and honest judge, and, despite the efforts of a lawyer almost as much of a criminal as himself, conveyed to Sing Sing. There he finds that conditions have improved

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vastly since his last visit, and that zealous philanthropists have introduced many schemes calculated to "preserve his self-respect," as the phrase goes. The striped suit, which once served as a means of identification in the event of his escape, has been replaced by clothes of coarse gray, which might be worn by any honest laborer, while instead of the close-cropped head he may have locks that might possibly adorn the brow of a stage poet or artist. Wholesome entertainment awaits him in the shape of baseball and motion-pictures, and he is permitted to enjoy the privilege, long denied to upright citizens, of attending theatrical representations on Sunday night. Even the solace afforded by liquor and the more pernicious "dope" may be his, for friendly keepers are always ready to supply those agreeable stimulants. The minimum of labor is required of him, and he receives visitors and letters to an extent unknown in English prisons. The governor of one of these last-named institutions once visited Sing Sing in the course of a tour of investigation, and was asked by the warden what British offenders would think of incarceration in the American penitentiary. "They would regard it as a holiday," was his answer.

The Sing Sing convict's occasional periods of depression are cheered by thoughts of what a complacent parole board may accomplish for his relief. And we have only to read the printed records of certain hold-up men to realize that a bright future possibly awaits them. Time and again the pedigrees taken from police headquarters reveal the fact that a convict has been paroled many times, and has renewed his nefarious activities as soon as set free.

I have been told that the claim has been made by members of this board that a large proportion of paroled prisoners have been reclaimed from their evil ways by this judicious system. This brings us to the subject of reformation, concerning which no end of preposterous arguments have been given to the world. In discussing the matter one must be careful to draw the line sharply between the habitual offender, who is in many cases a criminal by birth and upbringing, and the young bank clerk who has embezzled to make good losses on the Stock Exchange or race-track. In the majority of cases such a one leaves prison filled with an earnest determination to live honestly, and it not infrequently happens that he manages to live down his record and gain the confidence of his fellow citizens. He cannot, in justice, be called a criminal, for he knows that he has done wrong and is anxious and willing to reform. This he can do without the aid of any society of reformers, and, in fact, the work must be done by himself if it is done at all.

But in the habitual offender who serves many terms we have a very different person with whom to deal. There is such a thing as a distinct criminal caste in which crime is hereditary and runs in the blood. There have been criminal families, not all of whom are of the lower orders, and some of them have amassed millions in high finance and sent the criminal strain of blood down through the veins of their offspring.

It is an odd circumstance that one of the most famous of England's nineteenth-century criminals bore the name of Peace, while that of the most illustrious American bank burglar was Hope. The late "Jimmy" Hope was a burglar of remarkable skill and daring, and his two sons, Johnny and Harry, were brought up to follow the paternal calling. It was the elder Hope who engineered that gigantic enterprise, the Manhattan Bank robbery, in which his son Johnny acted in a minor capacity, and, if my memory serves me aright, both promising lads were concerned in the Northampton Bank robbery. Reformation for such men as these is not to be thought of.

The radical difference between a crook and an honest man lies in their respective mental attitudes. The last named believes in the rights of property, while the first looks upon other men's goods as a sportsman regards the fish in the stream and the birds in the forest, as legitimate prey for his rod or gun. It would be just as easy to convince a sportsman that it was morally wrong to fish or to shoot as to make a thief believe sincerely and act on the belief that it was wrong for him to lay hands on that which did not legally belong to him. In considering the matter I cannot help recalling the phrase which

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has come to me more than once from lips of high authority: "Once a crook, always a crook."

I do not deny that in many instances even habitual offenders against the law have given up stealing and "lived straight," as they might express it, to the end of their days. But no reform society can effect such a change, for it is always the result of volition on the part of the criminal. He may give up his evil courses because of his growing family, and paternal love is not unknown among his kind. He may feel that he has had enough of prison life and of constant hounding by the police, and in more than one instance that I can remember his savings have been sufficient to justify his retirement from active business.

But even though he should continue to live honestly until the grave closed over him, he cannot be said to have "reformed" in the true sense of the word. It may be pleasanter and more convenient for him to live out his days in the odor of honesty, and even to die, as did the late "Jimmy" Hope, with a clergyman at his bedside.

Extreme cunning is one of the characteristics of the criminal mind, and it is not infrequently accompanied by an ability to create a favorable impression on others. I once saw a man who, to my certain knowledge, had served at least three prison terms, standing in a cage in the office of a prominent Wall Street firm, surrounded by packages of bills, and performing with skill and assiduity his daily task of receiving and paying money.

That which is usually termed "reform work" is, like embroidery on textile fabrics, better suited to women than to men. In short, such is the emotional nature of the gentler sex that the prospect of redeeming a human soul from sin, or a number of human souls, has an alluring charm in eyes that can make or mar a life. Women can be organized by an experienced professional almoner into associations or leagues for the reformation of evil-doers, and it frequently happens that a woman will marry a man so worthless and undeserving of her sympathies as to regard her simply in the light of what he calls his "meal ticket." But there are no leagues or associations that give aid to those who have suffered through criminal operations, and no woman would think of marrying a man simply because he has been shot through the lung and robbed of his savings. Far more gracious in sentimental eyes is the estate of him who did the deed.

There is but one solution for what the owlish school of thought calls the "crime problem," and that solution is so simple and effective as to render the use of the word "problem" superfluous. So long as we slobber over thieves, murderers, and swindlers instead of punishing them, the periodic "crime waves" will continue to roll on, robbing us of our savings and disturbing our peace of mind. And of one thing we may be sure, the present deplorable conditions will continue so long as sentimentality is permitted to usurp the offices that rightly belong to justice and reason.

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The Minimum Standards of Australia

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "The Suicide of Russia," "The Character of Races," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AUSTRALIA is an important factor in human progress, for it is doing something new. It is helped in doing this by its attractiveness as a land of great possibilities, by its remoteness, and by the sparsity of its population. The attractiveness of the continent has drawn people thither from Europe, but the remoteness has generally tended to keep at home the timid, weak, and conservative, whereas it acts as an incentive to persons with strong physiques and with a bold, adventurous, progressive, and optimistic temperament. Hence Australia is occupied by a highly selected and competent population. The fact that this population is still relatively sparse permits practically every one to get a comfortable living. Such sparsity is a great boon, which the Australians will sadly miss when they get the denser and poorer population for which there is such a hue and cry.

During a journey to Australia in 1923, as a delegate to the Third Pan-Pacific Science Congress, I was greatly impressed by the high character of the Australians as a whole, and also by the contrast between the frontiersmen and the city people. The matter is admirably set forth by Doctor C. H. Northcott in a lucid and impartial study of "Australian Social Development" which hides its light under the paper covers of a "Columbia University Study." He makes it clear that the great bulk of the Australian population has come from two main groups, "alike in race, speech, and political tradition, differing merely in economic circumstances and in their manner of entrance into Australia. One was possessed of at least sufficient capital to pay the cost of the lengthy voyage to Australia, the other had every qualification for worthy citizenship in a new and unexplored land except sufficient passage-money. In the latter fact there is no suggestion of pauperism. Never, except by a philanthropic blunder which aroused so much indignation that its repetition was impossible, were English paupers shipped to Australia. The assisted emigrants were as free from pauperism as the average English labourer of the years following the reform of the Poor Laws."

The other group consisted of unassisted immigrants, among whom the gold-diggers hold a pre-eminent position by reason of their numbers. "The gold-diggers," so Northcott says, "were certainly above the average of their class." A study of signatures and marks affixed to marriage registers seems to indicate that the early settlers in Victoria from the United Kingdom, even though both assisted and unassisted immigrants are included, were better educated on an average than were their compatriots who remained at home. Northcott also quotes an interesting estimate of the Victorians in general, made in 1868 by an Englishman apparently well acquainted with the social and political conditions of Australia: "The mass of the people are certainly more intellectual, more ardent, better educated, and more independent, than the parallel classes of any European population. . . . The very fact of a large portion of them having voluntarily emigrated from the old country and accepted all the hazards of a new career in an unknown land, argues in them a certain moral and intellectual superiority."

Despite their general likeness, "the free settler and the assisted immigrant have contributed two distinct strains to the Australian population." The free settlers took advantage of the opportunities for settlement on the land. The as-

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sisted immigrants found employment in the cities. In each case the type of occupation depended to a considerable degree on the temperament of the immigrant. The free settlers penetrated the dense forests of the coastal rivers and planted their farms. They opened up mountain pastures, followed the explorer out into the interior along the banks of the inland rivers. "Theirs was, in every case, a life of adventure and daring. For if Nature deprived the early Australian settler of the American colonists' struggle with a savage foe and equally savage wild beasts, she faced him with a hostile environment more forbidding than any other country presents. The fight with the naked elements was the pioneers' battle. Only men of inherent courage and initiative, men in strength and breadth of outlook above the average, would have faced the long voyage and the uncertainty of life in a new land. Nature was fickle in this new country. Flood and fire and drought might come to rob the settlers of the rewards of their efforts. Hence they tended not only to become individualists, fighting each his own battle, but to assume some of the gambler's optimism, some of the hopefulness and confidence of those who take great risks, who are often thrown down, but arise again with smiling faces.

"In this psychological reaction the large number of assisted immigrants who did not become tillers of the soil were not sharers. Their position and outlook were different. Their entry into the country was facilitated by the use of government funds. They came to accept employment, though some of the farm labourers thus brought in were able to get selections [homesteads] of their own after 1861. But the majority were unfortunate in the moment of their entry and in the inadequacy of the opportunities for settlement on the land. Until 1861 men and women, introduced in this way and under such circumstances, were likely to rely upon state aid. Cheap lodgings had to be found for them on arrival, they had to be assisted with work and with transportation facilities to that part of the country where work was to be found. Further, the aggregation into cities became fixed in the social process of Australian life by the arrival of the nominated [assisted] immigrant."

One result of this division into two types of settlers is the sharp distinction between city and country and the excessive growth of the cities. Because the rural parts of Australia contain so much undeveloped wealth and because that wealth is being developed by people of such high types, Australia is able to support cities of excessive size. Moreover, as Northcott well says, "city and country are not only distinct in Australia, as in other lands, but there is less interchange between them than elsewhere. The city is not recruited mainly from an overflowing countryside. [Its industries] . . . are carried on by people who have never been stimulated by the hardship, the restricted opportunities, the individualism of country life and work. Historically the city has been built up, and many of its industries are still carried on, by the immigration of the town dwellers of the United Kingdom."

These, then, are the conditions under which the social organization of Australia has grown up. Remember that although the assisted city immigrant may not equal the unassisted rural type, he nevertheless possesses more than the average ability of his class in Great Britain. In his case, as in that of the unassisted immigrant, there has been a selection on the basis of health, temperament, and, to some extent, thrift. Thus, in its relatively huge cities, Australia possesses a group of working people who, in comparison with those of almost any other country, are unusually competent, so competent that they have established a fundamentally new system and have maintained a labor government at some time in practically every state as well as the commonwealth.

The laboring people have not done all this alone. In spite of the Labor party's claim that it is the cause of the country's prosperity, much of the so-called progressive legislation was well under way long before the Laborites came into power. This is true of the state railways, telegraphs, and telephones; of minimum wages, and wage boards. It is likewise true of the regulation of the labor of women and children, the appointment and treatment of apprentices, and many

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other things such as old-age pensions, maternity bonuses, assisted immigration, the closer settlement policy, loans to farmers, and the policy of alienating public lands on leases rather than as freehold. Although the so-called Liberal party is the conservative party of Australia, its name is not a misnomer. In comparison with the conservative party in other countries it is distinctly liberal, and it has had the wisdom to adopt many of the ideas of the Labor party, but at the same time to modify them in the interests of stability. To-day, when the Labor party happens to have been more or less in power for some years, the government is especially active in carrying forward the same general policies by means of price regulation, loans for working men's homes, public bakeries, state canning factories in irrigated fruit districts, and co-operative selling agencies for farm products.

The point of the whole thing is that, regardless of changes in parties, Australia has been constantly progressing toward a condition in which the state not only insists on, but almost guarantees, high standards of living for people of all classes. Thus Australia has evolved a social and economic system which stands out as one of the important recent contributions to human progress. The reasonableness, stability, and effectiveness of this system stand in marked contrast to the seeming unreasonableness, instability, and ineffectiveness of the system whereby the Bolsheviki have ostensibly sought the same results. In the one case we have an example of what happens when two divergent and somewhat opposed groups composed of persons of more than average ability join hands in an attempt to frame a system which shall inure to the ultimate advantage of all concerned. In the other we have a case where the most competent members of all classes, from peasant to royalty, are largely exterminated or driven away, while a small minority impose their will on a huge majority who represent the almost helpless residue after the most able leaders have been culled out.

Let us look more closely at what has happened in Australia when a laboring group of uncommon ability has made demands upon a capitalistic group of employers, landowners, capitalists, and professional men possessed of similarly uncommon ability. The fundamental ideal which has thus become established in Australia is that wages should not be based upon the old ideas of competition and of supply and demand. They should be based primarily upon the standard of living. Only after a minimum wage has been assured to every one should any available surplus be used for higher pay for the more competent workers and for profits to owners of capital. The minimum wage, as now generally defined in Australia, must in the first place be large enough so that every worker will have enough to support himself in reasonable comfort. But marriage is the normal and desirable condition of all healthy adults, and married women cannot take proper care of their children if they spend their days at work away from home. Therefore the minimum wages of men must be such that every man can support a wife and three children in accordance with the prevailing standards of living. It is assumed that a woman's personal expenses are the same as those of a man, but that her responsibilities for dependents average only half as great as those of the men. Wages are fixed accordingly. Suppose a man's personal expenses are reckoned as thirty shillings a week. The additional cost of supporting a wife might be twenty shillings, and of each child ten shillings, making eighty shillings, or four pounds per week, as the minimum wage. A woman's personal expenses would be thirty shillings, like those of a man, but as she is supposed to have only half as many dependents, on an average, her additional wages would be only twenty-five shillings instead of fifty, making her minimum wages fifty-five. It would seem only logical to pay unmarried men at the same rate as women, where equal work is done, but Australia has not yet reached that point.

This does not end the matter. The Australian ideal does not assume that people need merely food, clothing, shelter, and the opportunities of family life. It also assumes that they need recreation and leisure, and that provision for these must be made in determining wages and hours. Furthermore, the ideal has now

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reached the point where, as Northcott puts it, "it is a fundamental part of the national aspiration that Australians shall themselves be healthy citizens rearing healthy families. The building up of a nation with stamina and a reserve of physical strength adequate to the task of settling an almost unpeopled continent, with no mean supply of climatic difficulties, has been definitely accepted as a conscious ideal. On the basis of a healthy childhood in home and school, the Australian people desire to create a social order that will prevent disease from impairing their social efficiency and will give them power and strength to realize their destiny. 'All Australia in its waste places is waiting for live men, with the fire of life in them, and a power of hand and brain, to translate what is barren and unlovely into something that shall be of use to man and beautiful as his desire.'* To people the northern territory with white settlers, to wrest from the virgin fastnesses of tropical Australia its enormous wealth, to rule its heritage of tropical isles in the Pacific Ocean, to make the fertile but arid regions of Central Australia yield up their wealth, and in shop and factory to drive the humming wheels of industry, will require a strong and healthy people with no racial poisons in their blood. Such a people the Australians aspire to be."

This ideal of universal health causes motherhood to become a social function. Moreover, there is a growing conviction that "the baby is the best immigrant." For these reasons the commonwealth allows a maternity bonus to the mother of every living child, and 95 per cent of the mothers apply for the bonus.

Naturally the care for health includes not only crusades against disease, but care for children and women in industry, good provisions for housing, and the careful inspection of food. During the war this even led to the establishment of bakeries and other industries connected with the preparation of food. If the state is thus to take care of its citizens so fully, it cannot logically leave them to suffer in old age. Hence old-age pensions are now paid on a considerable scale.

*Buley, E. C., "Australian Life in Town and Country," p. 67.

Farther than this we have not space to go in explaining the social system of Australia. But let us look for a moment at the device by which the Australian Labor party has safeguarded itself against unrestricted competition. In order to keep the standards of living high, the Australians have given the government the power to decide what is a fair minimum wage and to see that no one gets less. The ideal is that the wages remain constant in buying power, or else rise in conformity with improvements in the standard of living. Hence wages are not measured in terms of money, but of what they will buy; and the number of pounds, shillings, and pence in a week's pay must vary in response to changes in the cost of living.

In order to realize this ideal the regulation of wages has been placed in the hands of wage boards with large powers and with immediate authority to order changes. Either employers or employed can appeal directly to the boards, but note an interesting limitation. No individual can appeal to the boards in his private capacity. The boards recognize only responsible corporate groups in the form of associations of employers or unions of employees.

The normal composition of a wage board is one representative of labor, one of the employers, and one of the state or the public. Whenever any question, not only of wages, but of hours and conditions of work, is brought before the board it makes a ruling which stands until amended. Such amendments are frequent, for the boards themselves have power to make them, or at least can suggest that matters needing amendment be brought to their attention. The awards are carefully adjusted not only to the general cost of living, but to the needs of special places and industries. They are higher in the city than in the country, higher in the inaccessible regions than in those easily accessible, and higher in the warm, sparsely populated north than in the cooler, pleasanter south. Moreover, they fluctuate from industry to industry, the wages being raised in industries that are unpopular and need workers, and lowered in the popular, easy industries to which the workers tend to flock.

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Wage boards are now accepted as a matter of course in practically all occupations throughout Australia. Indeed, they are so well established that one hears relatively little criticism of the general principle, although there are many bitter criticisms of details, especially among the employers. The general tenor of the criticism is: "The wage awards are too high. The working people get everything they want. They know they'll get their wages whether they work or not, and they loaf as much as they like."

A real criticism is found in the fact that the members who represent the government often have no first-hand knowledge of the business which they are called upon to regulate. There is also doubtless some truth in the further accusation that being political appointees these members are in danger of basing their decisions on political expediency and on sympathy for the under-dog. Australia is rich, active, and prosperous, and has a high tariff, so runs the argument addressed to such men. Hence it not only can stand high wages, but must have them to maintain its universal high standard of living. The result of such arguments, according to the critics, is that the political members of the boards, in whom rests the final decision, put wages as high as the most prosperous employers can stand and too high for those who are less fortunate. It is only fair to add that on the whole the Australian officials are high-minded men who according to their light are really seeking the best course for all concerned.

A more serious difficulty is that, so far as the law is concerned, the good man gets no more than the incompetent. The labor people maintain that the minimum wages are the lowest that can be paid without lowering the standard of living. Since the unions hold out for high wages for the common laborer, and since the employers maintain that higher wages will spell ruin, the skilled laborer suffers. In many trades the minimum wages of the unskilled are so nearly the same as those of the skilled that there is little incentive to acquire skill. The number of apprentices is likewise sharply limited in many trades, which again deters men from becoming skilled. Moreover, the law makes no provision whereby the industrious man gets more than the man who merely does enough work to hold his job. Thus in a business which is having hard sledding the employer may pay his best men scarcely more than his worst, because he feels that what he pays to the poorest is enough for even the best.

Another real criticism of the labor situation arises out of the fact that the state regulation of wages is subject to revision by federal arbitration courts. The courts can be appealed to by either party, but in practice it is generally the unions and rarely the employers who resort to them. The federal authorities can either raise or lower wages, but they generally raise them, or at least that was the case from 1910 to 1923. The value of the federal courts and their exceptionally high character are usually admitted. The criticism of them lies in the fact that they introduce a dual control and create uncertainty. Also they may create unfair conditions because their awards apply only to those factories which have actually been cited by the unions. Thus two factories side by side may differ in wage scales, hours, and other conditions, one depending on state laws and the other on federal arbitration awards, perhaps more onerous. A factory which has no quarrel of any kind with its employees, so the critics say, may be haled into court, and compelled to make expensive changes in its rates of pay, hours of work, or other conditions, even when both the management and the workers have no desire for a change. Again, the unions can prevent a factory from being represented by legal counsel, thus forcing the managers to appear in person. Many manufacturers complain that months of time, which ought to be given to running their factories, are taken up in appearing in court, even when they are not parties to any real dispute.

Among the working people there is little criticism of the wage boards. The general feeling seems to be: "The wages are all right. A man here does a good day's work and gets a good day's wages. He has time to enjoy life, and a little extra money to spend on his home or a good time. A workingman's a man out here in Australia, not a slave." A chauffeur said to me: "I like it out here. You get good wages. You don't have to work too hard.

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But the best thing is they treat you right. My people don't mind my talking to them, and if I want to smoke they don't say anything. If they are on the road of an afternoon and want a cup of tea, they expect me to have one too."

In most of the factories that I visited I was impressed by the clean, intelligent, competent, contented appearance and friendly attitude of the employees. To be sure, I visited only the best factories, but that is just what I do in America. Comparing factories of the same type in the two countries I am obliged to give the palm to Australia. This does not mean that I saw no signs of discontent, for I saw many. The Australian workingmen are altogether too ready to take advantage of every minor grievance to get more pay, or better conditions of work, and labor agitators seem to have much influence, especially in Queensland. Nevertheless, the Australian working people impress me as on the whole the most prosperous and contented whom I have seen in any country of Europe, Asia, or America.

The most significant fact about the wage boards seems to be the attitude of the manufacturers themselves. In spite of the criticisms mentioned above, relatively few complain of the actual rates of wages. They admit that wages were formerly too low. Moreover, practically all pay some of their people more than the official awards of the boards, and something like half pay such wages to a considerable percentage. Most of them recognize that their employees are of high quality, and that the general prosperity of the country permits high wages and a high degree of comfort. The things that really make trouble are details such as the present division of control between the federal and state governments. The saner employers recognize that these are the inevitable troubles incident to healthy growth. Such men support the Australian ideal of a high standard of living. They almost universally approve of the boards' system of variations in wages to fit the conditions of the respective industries, to make up for the differences in the cost of living from place to place, and to compensate for fluctuations in prices from year to year.

The kind of comfort experienced in the "Never-Never," or far frontier.

I was surprised to find how almost universally the Australians who really know anything about it approve of the general principle of official wage boards whose function is to determine the minimum wages which will support the high Australian standard of living. I was likewise surprised to find how soon a little careful

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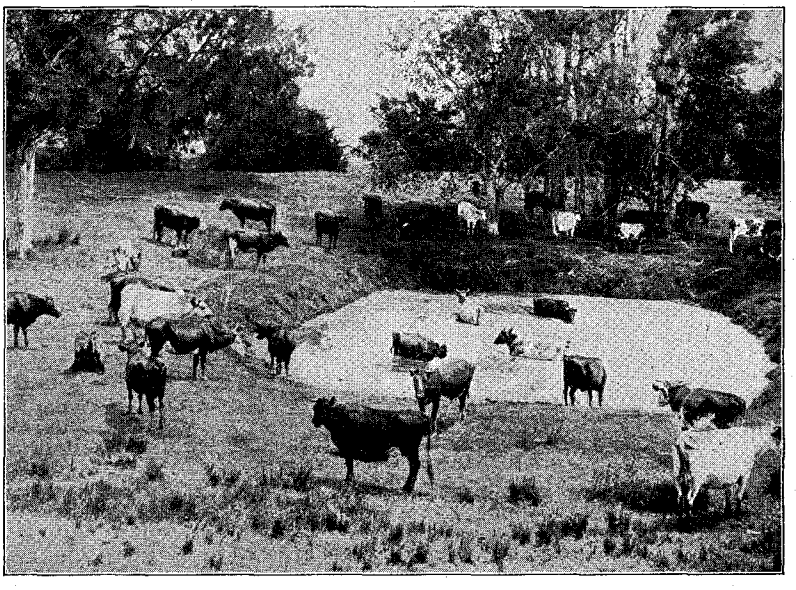
analysis showed that the great torrent of criticism is directed toward details of administration, or toward other principles, and not toward the principle of minimum wages. That principle seems now to be as firmly established in Australia as is the principle of representative government. I believe that the two principles are of equal importance. We hear incessant criticism of the way our representative government is administered, but only a few extremists advocate its abolition and the adoption of a bolshevistic, socialistic, monarchic, or feudal system. In the same way many Australians may say that different types of men ought to serve on the wage boards, and that individual decisions are unfair, but very few would seriously advocate a return to the old system. When the great principle of universal minimum wages prevails in America and elsewhere, as I trust it will, the distribution of wealth will almost certainly be more equable than now, as is the case in Australia. If that happens, we shall owe much to Australia for leading the way.

The main trouble with Australian social organization to-day seems to be that having accepted the great principle of minimum wages, it has not adopted the obvious and inevitable corollary of that principle. Here is the corollary: If the standard of living is high, the standard of production must also be high. Much must be produced if much is to be enjoyed. Hence, if it is right and wise to say that a man's wages must never have less than a certain purchasing power, it is equally right to say that a minimum amount of work shall be required of each worker. But this the Australians do not yet realize. It is not at all uncommon to hear working people praise Australia because they do not have to work very hard. In many places I was astonished at the leisurely way in which the factory people were at work. They do, indeed, accomplish a good deal, for they are competent, but much of the time they give the impression of not doing their best. One reason for this is that they are relatively sure of their jobs, for almost no one really needs to be unemployed in Australia. In the rural districts, except during severe droughts, there is almost always a great demand for "station hands," while everywhere housemaids are sought eagerly. Another reason for relatively poor work is that in many industries, as we have seen, the wages of skilled and unskilled men are nearly alike. Since even the unskilled can live in comparative comfort, why bother to become skilled? Such an attitude is especially marked in factories which adhere closely to the wages fixed by the boards. The worst condition is among



Water-hole, cattle, and typical Australian vegetation of eucalypts.

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High-grade rams in New South Wales, illustrating the greatest single source of Australian wealth.

the unskilled men. They know that it is not easy to fill their places. They cannot be discharged without notice; and in many cases the unions can force a factory to work part time with all its men rather than full time with only the better ones. For all these reasons the tendency is to work no harder than is barely necessary. Neither the unions, the men themselves, nor the Australians as a whole have learned that high standards of wages and of living cannot exist permanently unless high standards of work are also enforced.

This leads to another important consideration. Suppose that we accept the principle of minimum wages below which no worker shall fall, and accept also its corollary of minimum standards of work below which no one shall fall. What about the people who are not competent to maintain even the minimum standard of work? Shall the state give them doles of charity? All history proves that that is demoralizing. By far the most satisfactory way is to get rid of such people. But how can that be done? Education will get rid of some, for it will make them more competent. Health campaigns will get rid of others, and the careful fitting of the worker to his task is also effective. But when all this has been done, there still remains a certain percentage of people who are inherently incapable of meeting the minimum requirements of work, and of maintaining the minimum standard of living, even when paid the corresponding wage. If all the rest is the function of the state, is it not likewise its function to get rid of such people?

In following out this line of reasoning I am merely trying to see the logical connection between the various elements which enter into the Australian labor problem. As I see it, the basic assumption, right or wrong, is this: The state is bound to insure that its people do not fall below a certain standard of living. Therefore it must set minimum standards of wages below which no one shall be allowed to drop. But minimum wages will ultimately prove a farce unless they are balanced by minimum requirements of work to which every one must rise. Already Australia would probably have suffered severely in this respect if it were not for the newness and natural wealth of the country, and the great returns realized from labor on the land and on the stock-stations. When these returns diminish—as they inevitably must in a few decades—the standard of wages, and hence of living, must fall, unless a minimum standard

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of work is also required. This in turn means minimum requirements in the way of education and health. But these last cannot be met unless there is also a minimum standard of inherited ability. Standards of living, of wages, of work, of education, of health, and of inborn capacity, that is the sequence. Or perhaps we had better put these in the reverse order: high capacity due to a good inheritance, good health due to a strong inheritance and favorable sanitary and medical systems; good education due not only to a fine school system, but to good health and good inheritance; good work because of good education as well as good health and good inheritance; high wages because of good work and all its antecedents; and a high standard of living as the result of all the others. Whether these conditions are placed in one order or the other, their logical and indissoluble connection is the same. It is natural to approach the problem from the standpoint of the standard of living because that is the thing of immediate interest to every one. Yet logically the true order is inborn capacity, health, education, work, wages, and standards of living. No matter how high the other conditions might be, a country would revert to utter savagery if the innate capacity of all its people should suddenly be reduced to that of morons, or of the stupidest, most half-witted people whom you know. There would never be anything but savagery so long as no people were born with more than the moron's intellectual capacity. Suppose, on the other hand, that the people of a country lost all their material advantages, their stores of knowledge from the past, their education, and even their wealth, but were all endowed with a remarkable inheritance of physical strength and moral and mental ability like those of the world's greatest leaders. They would at once begin a steady advance along the toilsome path toward a new civilization, higher perhaps than any which the world has yet seen.

Let us return now to the point whence we started, namely, the way in which physical environment has influenced the selection of immigrants and their selection has in turn borne fruit in a few social systems. As I see it, one of the most far-reaching facts in respect to Australia is that because the laboring classes have been subjected to a relatively high selection, they have raised their own standards of living, and have made themselves respected and powerful as in almost no other country. Yet their case is not unique, for the same thing is found in New Zealand and, to a certain extent, in California.

The position of women has been in many respects analogous to that of the laboring classes. That is, women have been deprived of what we now regard as their rights, and have been exploited by man as truly as have the laboring classes. In "The Character of Races" I have discussed many examples in which rigid selection through migration, hardship, and disease has weeded out all the women except those most strongly imbued with the pioneer qualities which exist abundantly in Australia and especially among the women of Queensland. Where a community has started life again after such a migration, and where its women, even more than its men, have been remarkable for their physical vigor, their thrift and common sense, and their spirit of initiative and optimism, the position of woman has almost invariably shown a marked improvement. The Hakkas of China, the only Chinese among whom the custom of foot-binding never prevailed, are an example. The same is probably true of ancient Athens, although there the facts are not so well known. It is certainly true among the Parsees, who migrated from Persia to India under the stress of religious enthusiasm. The Norse who settled Iceland are another example, for their famous sagas show that after the hard migration from Norway the Icelandic women occupied a position of respect and authority probably nowhere paralleled at that time. In the same way when the early settlers, especially the Puritans, came to America it was the women among whom there was the greatest natural selection. It was likewise the women who experienced the greatest change in social status, the greatest increase in freedom. In few respects is the contrast between England and colonial America more pronounced than in the position of women as to the choice of husbands, the education of children, and general participation in the affairs of the community. In Australia, likewise, the

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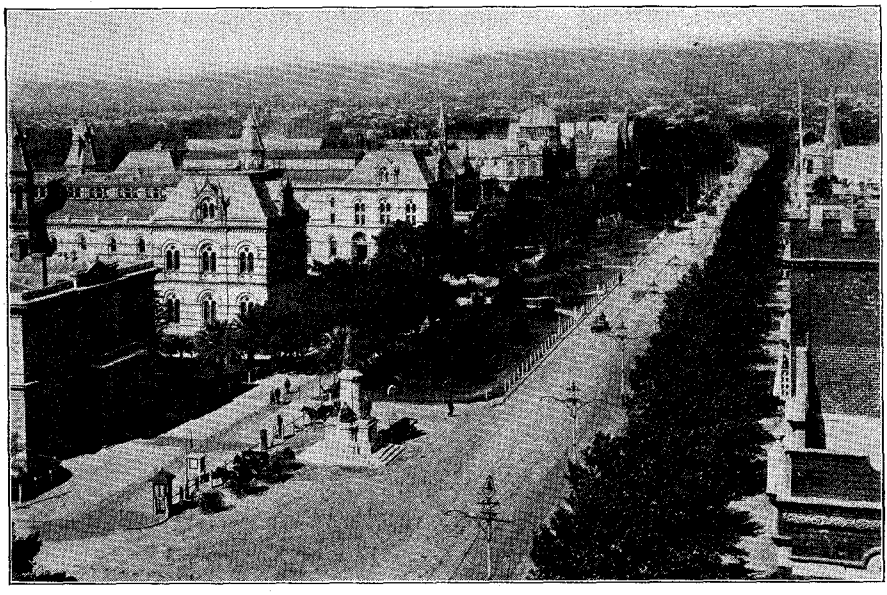
same contrast prevails, for the women of Australia have a freedom much greater than that of their sisters in England.

The experience of women in respect to migration, selection, and social rights and privileges appears to be typical of that of any group of people which is somehow set off by itself. If the members of that group are selected because of strong traits, the group is almost sure to better its position in comparison with similar but unselected groups. Thus Australia's social experiments and the improvement in the condition of her laboring classes are the normal result of the physical conditions which demanded that the laborers who went to Australia have better bodies, more energy, and a higher spirit of initiative than did those who stayed at home, or even those who went to America. The basic fact, I believe, is not so much the new social system which raises the level of the people, but the high innate level of the people which frames a new social system, and thereby raises the people still higher.

I cannot end this article without mentioning the constant feeling of delight which I experienced in the Australians whom I met. Of course, when I started for the Pan-Pacific Science Congress I knew that Australians were essentially like Anglo-Saxon Americans. The thing that struck me, however, was the great number of high-grade, thoughtful, earnest men and women whom I met wherever I went, from Townsville to Melbourne. Of course there are plenty of the same sort of people in the United States and England. Yet it seems to me that, on the whole, the educated Australians display an earnestness, an openness of mind, and a readiness to accept the logic of facts and act accordingly such as one finds almost nowhere else. Perhaps what I mean was typified one day when we took lunch by the roadside on our way to Broken Hill. Our party, of about twenty, included Australians, British, Japanese, Dutch, and Americans. As I looked around after all had been served, I noticed that part were standing and part sitting on the ground. Then I observed a curious fact. Those who were standing were all Australians or Americans. Those who were sitting all belonged to the other countries. That seems to be typical. The Australians are standing at attention, eagerly looking for the next step whatever it may be. They do this partly, perhaps, because they live in a new country, but chiefly because the type of person who stands up and looks for something to do is the type which normally gravitates to Australia.



Adelaide, a sample of Australia's magnificent cities.

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The Garment of Praise

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

WHEN Ethan and Sarah Craig drove back to North Dorset after leaving their only son in the cemetery at Dorset Village, they did not talk. There was perhaps less occasion for conversation than on many another silent journey homeward, from church, or the Saturday trip to the village, or the monthly meeting of the Grange. Sarah could not have spoken if she would. She was inwardly trembling too acutely, with relief that things were over, that she must no longer endure Alvida Cummings's nervous flittings in and out of the front room, her officiousness as their nearest neighbor; that, if she could but get through the evening in her chair on one side of the table and the night in their room with its sloping ceiling, she might get up at four and wash. She was grateful for the size of the wash—the extra sheets and quilts. As for Ethan, he had nothing to say, and much to think about. There were the questions of how much Luke Crosby would charge to help two days at haying, and whether funeral expenses, too, had gone up. But these were not fit subjects for conversation. In fact, there is not much to talk about after two people have lived on the outskirts of North Dorset, Maine, together, for thirty years.

At Witham's Corner they took the back road, Ethan turning to give a curt nod of appreciative farewell to their few main-road neighbors who had driven behind them in the procession. It was hot on the back road. All the heat of a mid-July afternoon seemed concentrated there—on the few rock-cut, uneven acres that bordered it, on the dusty, up-hill progress of the road itself. The air shimmered with heat, as though some mighty furnace were sending blasts of it into the atmosphere. The dry, keen scent of newly cut hay weighted it with smell; red elderberries, drooping over a stone wall, intensified it with color; locusts in shrill monotony lent sound to it.

Into the brilliant southwest sky yellow-tinged clouds began to intrude themselves and to foretell thunder in their tumultuous outlines. There was a momentary gleam in Sarah Craig's eyes as she sighted them. Then her anxious, intense gaze never left them, except for an occasional fleeting and surreptitious glance from behind the thick folds of Alvida Cummings's veil at Ethan's gray, set face. Once, years ago, she remembered, when she was a child and alone in the house, she had prayed that an impending storm might be averted, and then, with more of wondering incredulity than of faith triumphant, had watched the threatening clouds pass over and move toward other places where there were, perchance, other praying children. She did not pray now—she had, indeed, small reason to expect any interposition of providence in her behalf—but she continued to gaze westward with the strange sense that her suffering in some inexplicable way must, by its own pent-up strength, effect what she wished.

For to-night she wanted a storm. Those northward tumbling clouds, could she but control their course, might make tolerable her evening and her night. They promised subjects for conversation, momentary rents in that stifling three days' silence, during which Ethan had sat, clean-shaven, in his best clothes, by the kitchen window, during which she had surrendered to her neighbors the work she longed for. One could talk about a storm. One could say:

"I'd better close the up-stairs windows. It's coming from the north."

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

Into the brilliant southwest sky yellow-tinged clouds began to intrude themselves.—Page 422.

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Or, when a flash and a crash came together:

"Don't you think you'd better see if the barn's all right?"

And, finally, as the rumbling became more distant though the lightning still played in the air:

"They're getting it over in Petersport now, I guess."

To say those things and others like them would be as the momentary loosening of chains about those who are bound. Yet a storm promised more. It would spend itself in reckless abandon, racing low through the orchard grass, hurtling the dripping lilac-bushes against the back windows, beating to the ground the weeds in the yard. It would gather grim, gray forces upon the spruce ridge above the house, and sweep with a crash of arms through the valley. Within, the lightning would cut the darkness of the small rooms and the thunder would ruthlessly tear away the silence. To Sarah Craig, shackled by the restraint of years on the outskirts of North Dorset, and during these last days fast bound by a repression compared to which grief was easily endurable, such freedom, amounting in its wildest moods to profligacy, offered a kind of vicarious relief.

The storm came swiftly on. She watched the sun disappear behind a towering thunderhead, incredulous as she had been as a child. But a jagged streak of lightning, slitting the purple sky above the spruce ridge, assured her as they left the road for their own lane, driving past Alvida Cummings's horse hitched to the fence, past her extra chairs piled on the front porch, past the orchard, the beehives, the wood pile, the pump, to the side door. Here, as she stepped from the carriage, trying not to see Alvida's proffered hand, she felt the first blessed loosening of the chains that bound her.

"There's a storm coming, Ethan. You'd better get the horse put up quick's you can, and the milkin' done."

"The milkin's done. I had Luke Crosby stay an' do it." Miss Cummings spoke as master of ceremonies. Ethan mumbled his thanks as he drove to the barn.

Sarah Craig followed her neighbor up the walk, and across the sagging, vine-hung porch to the house. A white kitten, contentedly lapping milk from a pink saucer in the corner, came forward with its tail erect, its round eyes expectant. Jarvis Craig had liked to pet it as he waited on the porch steps for supper after work. It would have brushed against Sarah now and followed her inside had not Alvida's ready foot unceremoniously turned it back toward the milk.

A girl in a pink dress stood by the kitchen table hulling wild strawberries. Her fingers were stained, and there were some red spots on her cheeks where she had pushed back some refractory locks of hair. She did not look up as the two entered, and Sarah Craig was puzzled at the sudden sense of comfort she felt in her being there. She was Martha Sutter, Miss Cummings's girl. She did not belong in North Dorset. Jarvis Craig had felt sorry for her. One night upon his return from carrying Alvida Cummings's two quarts of milk over the ridge, he had said in an outburst of feeling that surprised his mother that no girl ought to have to live over there.

Alvida came from the bedroom where she had taken Sarah's things, folding her black veil in brown paper as she came. A sudden rumble shook the back windows. Sarah stood in the kitchen doorway, watching Martha Sutter's quick hands. They were delicate hands with tiny blue veins in them. She was wondering absently how soon they would become hard like her own.

"I think we'll have to go now, so's to get home before the storm." Alvida's voice was crisp and decisive. "The table's set for your supper and the kettle's on. You'd better drink some tea. It'll steady you. I'll take two o' the chairs, and Ethan can bring the rest as he gets to it. Come, Martha."

The girl at the table did not look up, and Sarah Craig, watching her, saw that her hands were trembling.

"I'm not going," she said. "I'm staying with Mrs. Craig till the storm's over." And then, as if to fortify herself against Alvida Cummings's amazement: "I have Sunday afternoons off after five. It's six now."

Sarah Craig moved forward. Fate was kinder to her than she had been led to expect.

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"Let her stay," she said. "I'd like her to."

Alvida, with her hand on the door-knob, turned to the girl. She could not thus easily relinquish dictatorship.

"You're let off Sundays for prayer-meetin'," she said. "You've always gone with me till Luke Crosby broke in. I thought he was drivin' you to the village to-night same's he's been doin' for months back. Well," as the girl did not answer, "well, ain't he?"

"He can't. He's going away."

Miss Cummings's perennial hunger for news drew her toward the table.

"Goin' away? Where's he goin'?"

"'Way off. Canada maybe, now their haying's done. I don't know where."

"When'd he tell you?"

"When he brought in the milk, only I'd known it before."

Sarah Craig was hulling strawberries now. In some inexplicable way she knew that Martha Sutter needed her help. A louder clap of thunder crashed through the still, sultry air. Alvida Cummings opened the side door.

"So you'd known it before? But you don't know where he's goin'?"

Her expectant determination was drawing an unwilling answer. Sarah Craig saw how unrelaxed was the body of the girl pressed against the table. She knew how it felt to be bound like that.

"I told you I didn't!" Defiance had rushed into the tone.

The silence grew tense. Alvida Cummings broke it.

"Well, there's one thing more I want to say. *You—ought—to—know!*"

Her small brown eyes tried in vain to raise Martha Sutter's. Failing, she went out.

Left mercifully alone, the two by the table finished the strawberries. Sarah Craig, as the significance of her neighbor's words slowly came to her, kept glancing at the girl, at the convulsive twitching of her shoulders inside the pink dress. When the last berry was in the yellow bowl, she examined them critically, moving the bowl in a revolving fashion upon the table. She must do something. Martha picked away some bits of the hulls which had fastened themselves to her stained fingers. The storm burst in a flash of blue lightning and a sudden blast of rain.

"It was nice of you to pick these for us," said Sarah Craig. "Where'd you find them, late like this?"

"On the ridge just above the house here. There's a glen where late ones grow."

She drew her breath in sharply. When she let it go, she came with it, falling on her knees beside the table, her arms outstretched upon it, her whole body shaken with a paroxysm of sobbing. Sarah Craig watched her, half-rising from her chair. Alarmed though she was at such display of feeling in her kitchen, which had never known such abandon, she would have given anything to have let herself go like that. But a long succession of years held her back. Still, as with the storm, now fully upon them, she was experiencing through Martha Sutter's sobbing a momentary relaxation and rest.

Ethan's step as he came from the barn through the carriage-house to the shed aroused Martha Sutter. Before he had reached the kitchen, pausing as he had done for years to gather up a few sticks of wood, she had washed and dried her face at the sink. Sarah Craig watched her gratefully as she took his hat and helped him off with his coat. Twenty years before she might have done it as easily.

They got supper together as the storm crashed overhead—cut the bread and cake, portioned the strawberries, got doughnuts from the cellarway, made the tea. Ethan watched the barn from the back window. Sarah's occasional comments upon the force of the wind or an unusually vivid flash broke a silence less cruel than she had feared. Martha Sutter did her part. She asked Ethan if he thought the hay would be spoiled, and contributed the information that Jason Webber had lost a calf that morning. Sarah did not tell Ethan that Luke Crosby had gone—perhaps to Canada.

The storm continued throughout their supper. The dining-room was at the back of the house, its two windows facing the western spruce ridge. Lightning so continuous as to seem a shimmering yet unbroken glare threw the dark spruces and pines into blue relief. Martha Sutter, from her chair opposite the windows, saw

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them bend toward the earth in one gust of wind and then in another toss imprecating arms toward heaven. Once she started from her chair, stifling a cry, as a red ball of fire seemed to cleave a great gray boulder below the trees.

"That struck somewhere on the ridge," said Ethan as the simultaneous thunder shook the house. "A tree, most likely."

With a quick glance at Sarah he passed his cup for more tea. She had loosened a yarn in the tea-cozy and was ravelling it absently.

Suddenly Martha Sutter seized her plate, knife, and spoon and moved to the other side of the table with her back to the window. It was Jarvis Craig's place that she had taken, but the grief of his father and mother in its dull, aching monotony was not pierced by any sudden or more poignant anguish.

In the evening, after the dishes were washed, they sat in the sitting-room, Ethan at his side of the table, Sarah at hers, Martha Sutter in a chair by the stove. Ethan glanced once at the weekly paper, still folded, in the middle of the table. He did not touch it. That would have suggested his longing to think of other things. Martha Sutter held the white kitten which had whimpered to be let in. It was forlorn and wet. Once it cried out piteously. Sarah Craig started in her chair, and Martha Sutter flushed. She had not known she had been holding it so closely.

The rumbling of the thunder became more distant, though the lightning still played in the air.

"They're getting it over in Petersport now, I guess," said Sarah Craig.

The days that followed seemed to Sarah Craig in their dreary level the advent of nothingness. She was like one on a high, limitless desert, hot and windswept, the unchanging sky over her. She was choked with sand and thirst, weary from lifting her heavy feet. An impassable distance shut the past from her. There was nothing ahead but sand, and hot, unyielding sky.

She remembered that one of her neighbors, on that day a fortnight since when they had brought Jarvis home from beneath the load of hay, had prophesied a swift coming of pain to her—pain which should cut sharply through this steady, dull torment, superseding this heavy, monotonous ache with knifelike thrusts of anguish. But the prophecy had not been fulfilled, though as July gave way to August with its noonday droning of insects, she found herself still looking and longing for it. It would not only concentrate the protracted agony which she had endured so long, but it would, perhaps, by its very sharpness tear from her the garments in which she seemed so swathed and bound and set her spirit free.

Even before Jarvis's death she had wanted that. Evenings when the three of them had watched the moon make vine-shadows on the porch; nights when she and Ethan had listened to the whip-poor-wills at their very window; mist-hung mornings when she had put up the bars for Jarvis and watched him following the cows down the lane. What was this thing, she asked herself for the hundredth time, that so early began to lace itself about them all, that held so closely all the people whom she knew? It hovered over the North Dorset farmers and their wives like a mocking fiend as they drove to the village on Saturdays, enjoining silence upon them or forcing them to an occasional, strained remark; it reigned triumphant over their supper-tables and their evenings; it added torture to torment when grief came to them.

Was it engendered and nourished by the rocky acres of North Dorset, the long, silent winters, the six months' fight each year against the land? Was youth its enemy, that it sought to shackle it? It had early seized and bound her and Ethan, slowly, to be sure, but irrevocably, turning their speech into silence, transforming their early confidence in each other into a taciturn and necessary dependence, substituting for happiness a kind of inevitable content. In pathetic helplessness she had watched Jarvis fall an early prey to it, had seen him draw within himself while still a little boy, had recognized his restless suffering as he grew older, and yet had been unable to help him.

Pain, such as she longed for, must, at least for the moment, loosen or break those cruel bonds, must give to her as it

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

She would have given anything to have let herself go like that.—Page 425.

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had given to Martha Sutter on that Sunday evening freedom to fall by the table and sob, freedom to do for Ethan unnecessary, tender things when he had come for supper after another day's fight, single-handed, against the land. Waiting for that merciful hour, she could but substitute the material for the spiritual, make the pies he liked best, carry a jug of cold molasses drink to the garden or hay field, place a pillow in his chair on the porch.

Not infrequently, as the August fogs lessened and the evenings grew clear and cool, Martha Sutter came from Miss Alvida Cummings's to sit on the porch with them. Once Sarah, washing the dish-towels at the sink by the back window, was startled to see her poised in her pink dress on a boulder half-way up the spruce ridge, looking like some gigantic flower sprung into sudden bloom. She would have mentioned it as Martha came on the porch a few minutes later, but something in the girl's face made her hesitate.

To Sarah Craig there was something approaching peace in those evenings, silent as they were. Ethan smoked in his corner, gazing defiantly now and then at the dim outlines of his cornstalks or at his sparse rows of potatoes. Sarah in her chair by the door commented now and again upon some neighborhood happening, contributed by Martha, who sat on the doorstep, the white kitten in her arms. At nine, while the insects droned in the air and the spikes of larkspur by the porch were like still, thin threads of blue smoke in the gathering darkness, Martha Sutter put down the white kitten and went back, through the pasture lane and over the spruce ridge, to Alvida Cummings's.

It was on a Tuesday in late September following one of these evenings that Sarah Craig, coming down-stairs at five to begin the ironing, found Martha Sutter already at work in her kitchen. She was ironing a shirt of Ethan's, and she did not look up as Sarah passed her to put her lamp on its shelf above the sink. In the corner by the stove were a battered straw suit-case and some bundles. As Sarah turned slowly from the sink, the girl, still busy with the shirt, began to speak in a hard, dry voice.

"Alvida Cummings won't let me stay with her any longer. She sent me away last night. I stayed on your porch. She wouldn't have kept me this long only I lied to her and she couldn't get any one else. I can go to the canning-factory at Petersport. They need girls and they don't care who they get." She laughed nervously. "But I'd rather stay here. I'll work for my board, and I've got fifty dollars saved, so I won't be any cost to you when—when I'm sick. And you're tired out. You need some help."

Sarah Craig took her apron from a hook on the cellar door and put it on. Then she sat down and began fingering it. She was surprised at the ease with which she made up her mind.

"You can stay here," she said. "I'm alone lots. I'll be glad of company. When—?" She hesitated. It was hard to frame the question.

Martha Sutter hung the shirt upon the rack and reached for another. A flush colored her neck and face.

"I don't know exactly. In January, I guess. What'll Mr. Craig say? Folks 'll talk, and I can't have you and him suffer."

"Suffer!" said Sarah Craig. She kept absently repeating the word under her breath as she went toward the back stairs. Once in the darkness there she sat down in the middle of the stairway. There had suddenly come to her consciousness something of the magnitude of what she had promised Martha Sutter.

She would be harboring a girl who, in North Dorset parlance, had "gone wrong." Such a situation was frowned upon by the countryside, and her harborage might well be interpreted as her countenance of such behavior. But the girl could not be bad, Sarah Craig argued with herself. She had picked strawberries for them on the afternoon of Jarvis's funeral, had staid with them that evening, had sat with them in summer twilights, and more than all else had brought with her from some strange source an assurance of hidden powers which, one day freed, would bring security and peace. These were not the accompaniments of sin.

They would be less lonely with her there. It would be easier to talk at meals and in the evenings. If they talked of Jarvis, who, Sarah remembered, had been sorry for her—if she could induce the girl to prick her with questions about him—

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that pain might come which was some day to set her free.

Lastly—Sarah Craig clutched her knees in the darkness—lastly, there was to be a child, an unwelcome child in place of the one she had dreamed of for years past. If its father did not come back to do the right thing by Martha Sutter, its mother must work. It might be then that the child would stay with them during those early years before chains were forged for it, might save others though it could not save itself. It might be—the floor in the hall above creaked under Ethan's heavy tread, and she went up the stairs to meet him on the landing. Necessity lent her courage—necessity, the darkness of the narrow hall, and the knowledge that Ethan, like Jarvis, had always hated Alvida Cummings.

The fall was long and quiet with days that began in gold and ended in blue haze. Even North Dorset, its uncompromising fields and rocky, angular pastures, became under the autumn sun a land that would have tempted the spies of Israel. For the first time in twenty years Sarah Craig felt herself distantly related to the full-bosomed contentment of October. Although no swift pain had as yet come to set her free, she was gratefully aware of a new sense of peace as she sat with Martha Sutter sewing on the porch on still, amber afternoons. It more than compensated for the curiosity and disapproval which she intuitively felt when she met her North Dorset neighbors.

Strangely enough, Martha Sutter, too, seemed at peace. Not since that Sunday evening in July had Sarah Craig seen her give way. If she sobbed by herself in her room at night or during the hours in which she climbed to the spruce ridge, she gave no sign. Nor was her peace negative. To Sarah Craig, incomprehensible as it seemed, she was like one who, having discovered something of inestimable value, has locked it away forever.

Then the short, mellow, sunlit days ceased as abruptly as one extinguishes the light of a candle in a dusky room. North Dorset again became a bleak land, a prey to November winds and low, gray clouds. Late autumn was always its hour of triumph, Sarah Craig thought. Then, secure in its colorless fields, its stark, bare pastures, and the surety of a long winter close at hand, it could mock those who, allured by its October mood, had been tempted to dream of plenty and content.

Martha Sutter, gazing from the window one November morning, as they prepared the vegetables for dinner, at the first snowflakes powdering the spruces on the ridge, spoke suddenly to Sarah Craig. "North Dorset's a cruel place, isn't it?"

Sarah Craig dropped the potato from which she had been removing the scabs with a knife. At that moment she heard herself speaking, herself thirty years ago standing at that kitchen table and looking out upon those bare hills. Those words were her own which she had never uttered.

Martha Sutter did not wait for an answer. "They're all cruel—places like this. West Stetson was where I came from, and Morgan's Bay and the Falls. I know about all of them. They hold you in close so's you can't get away."

Had Sarah Craig known of Greek drama, she might have heard in Martha Sutter's words a chorus, accompanying and interpreting her own tragedy. The idea of her girlhood ghost persisted. She did not speak.

"They hold you in close," repeated the girl. There was no anger in her voice. It was dry and even as though she were but giving tangible form to thoughts she had long held. "They tie you all up like as if there were ropes about you, and then they make you want things just like other people. When you can't stand it any more and break the things they tie you with"—her words came slowly—"when you do that, they call it wrong."

Sarah Craig felt a sense of wonder that the clock upon the mantel above the sink kept on ticking.

"I've thought it all out these last months, and I don't think it's wrong—leastways not in North Dorset." She let her hands play in the pan of brown, dirt-filled water. "You can't stay tied up that way forever. You've got to have some way out. If you don't, after a time you just die, inside."

"Yes," said Sarah Craig. A sudden bitterness had discovered her voice for her. "Yes, I died twenty years ago!"

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"People do," continued the girl. She was rubbing the paring-knife across her fingers to free them from dirt and water. "Or else they find some way out. Take Carrie Knowles. She went to work in a store over in Stetson. There's things happening there. There's young people, and parties, and a picture-show every night. She wouldn't live here any more for all of North Dorset. She said so last time she was home.

"Take those Stover boys. They went up around Boston somewhere in a machine-shop. You don't see them coming back to North Dorset.

"Take—well, take Alvida Cummings. She ain't tied up like most folks. She goes to prayer-meeting at the village, and makes long prayers, and tries to convert people. That's her way out."

Sarah Craig's kitchen had never witnessed such heresy, though she herself seemed now no stranger to it.

"Take"—Martha Sutter hesitated, but only for a moment—"take me," she said.

Again she hesitated, but, the gates once opened, the flood was too strong for her. Sarah Craig, too, was helplessly borne along by it.

"I'm twenty. I've lived with Alvida Cummings six years, and I've wanted things all along. What have I had? Work all day in her kitchen, and nowhere to go except to meeting with her Sundays or winters to the Grange. Last spring for three months I got something I wanted for the first time in all my life. I found out that some one—that some one loved me."

It was strange that in the close, hot air of her kitchen, now so tense and pregnant, the fragrance of lilacs came to Sarah Craig, that her yellow, painted floor gave place to the grass of a blossoming orchard, that the sound of her tea-kettle became the even hum of bees.

"I found out other things, too," said Martha Sutter. She had put her hand again into the water and was circling it about the pan. "That's what I couldn't understand at first—that discovering lovely things could have any place with doing wrong. I found out that even North Dorset was beautiful. I found out that it wasn't work to pick berries when there were clouds and a wind. I found out"—she gave a deprecatory little laugh—"you'll think I'm crazy, but I found out one day that there was something else to the bread I'd baked for Alvida Cummings besides its just smelling nice."

Sarah Craig was putting a blue flower on a breakfast-table set for two.

"He found out things, too. He told me once that even taking the cows to pasture was—was—different. He said——"

Something inside Sarah Craig was giving way. With the instinct of years she strove to hold it back. For an instant she was angry with Martha Sutter for making her like this.

"If he said those things, why hasn't he—done right by you?" She spoke tensely, her voice rising with each word.

Martha Sutter did not answer until she had carried the pan to the sink, emptied it, and filled it with clear water by quick jerks of the pump. She brought it to the table and began to rinse the vegetables.

"He wanted to. We were going to be married after haying. Then he had to—to go away."

"Ain't he comin' back?" She had caught herself again.

"He can't—just now."

Sarah Craig looked out of the window. The snow had given place to a fine rain. A wraith of white mist like an uneasy spirit hovered over the spruce ridge. A sudden wave of pity swept over her for Martha Sutter—that she and her child must pay so dearly for her way out. North Dorset knew so well how to take revenge.

"Do you still—" Try as she would, she could not frame the word. "Do you still—set store by him, Martha, after all?"

The girl's eyes followed the mist as it wavered among the dark treetops and was torn into shreds that floated away down the valley.

"Yes," she said. "That's why since I came here, I haven't minded. Over there I got all tied up again so that I did mind. I thought of all kinds of things. One night coming down here I thought I'd throw myself off that big boulder on the ridge. But I knew all the time I wouldn't. Here it's different. Here I'm"—she studied Sarah Craig's bent face for a moment—"I'm glad!"

Once freed, her words followed each other swiftly, almost fiercely.

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. . . She was gratefully aware of a new sense of peace as she sat with Martha Sutter sewing on the porch on still, amber afternoons.—Page 429.

"I'm not saying it wasn't wrong, but I'm glad North Dorset can't ever hold me in like that again! I'm glad I've learned there are lovely things—even in this place! I'm glad——"

She paused suddenly as Ethan's step sounded on the porch. As he came in, bringing with him the chill November air, she smiled and asked if more snow were coming. Sarah Craig bent over the oven, putting in the potatoes. Ethan went through the kitchen to the sitting-room. When he was out of sight of the women, he called back to Martha Sutter:

"I met Alvida Cummings on the lower

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road, Martha. She said to tell you that Luke Crosby got back last night."

"Did he?" asked Martha Sutter.

She went into the shed suddenly. Sarah Craig, rising from the oven, saw her through a crack in the door, her face buried in an old coat of Jarvis's that hung there by the wood pile.

Martha Sutter's child, a boy, was born on a bitter night in early February. She lived long enough to say that he looked like his father and that he must go away from North Dorset when he grew up. Then she died. She had had her way out, and North Dorset, for once baffled, must wait a few years before wreaking its certain and cruel revenge.

But that morning as she lay in Jarvis Craig's room, waiting for the doctor from Dorset Village to break through the drifts, she had talked with his father and mother in the intervals between her suffering. They had sat on either side of her bed and listened, until Ethan stumblingly had moved his chair beside Sarah's. That was when she had raised her hands suddenly above her head. When she dropped them, he took one in his own and held it awkwardly.

Now Martha Sutter lay dead in the room which should have been her own. Fate had been kinder to her than she, perhaps, deserved. On her face in the dim light of the lamp on the table was the still, hopeful peace of October afternoons. Outside in the white moonlight rose the spruce ridge, its glen, where late strawberries grew, snow-filled and silent, its dark trees austere among their own long shadows.

Sarah Craig sat in her kitchen by her stove, a white bundle on her lap. For hours she had been as one in a dream who tries unavailingly to knit up into a coherent whole a myriad of illusions, realities, contradictions. Since morning, when she had learned that the child who was coming was her son's, she had felt herself lifted from one wave of emotion only to be instantly submerged by a conflicting one. Jarvis, to whom alone they had looked for safety from themselves, whose death had been to them as the closing of a great door, had, after all, not left them comfortless; yet this child had, in the eyes of North Dorset, been conceived in sin. Martha Sutter's words, heard in that pain-fraught room, had struck shackles from their hands and their feet; yet her son must some day pay for their regained freedom. Their meaningless days on the North Dorset uplands would be henceforth fraught with meaning; yet those bare uplands must leave their mark upon the son of Jarvis Craig and Martha Sutter. Could the salvation of one be rightly born in the sin of another? Were the fruits of the spirit ever made manifest in the works of the flesh?

But with the passing of Martha Sutter's soul out of the window, beyond the spruce ridge, far beyond the confines of North Dorset, a peace had descended upon Sarah Craig. It enveloped her like a loose and shimmering garment in which her mind and body were at rest. It dissolved her futile questions and answers, age-old queries that had baffled all men at all times, and silenced the voices that might have driven joy from her. To-morrow, next month, next year, she and Ethan might weigh those questions and listen to those voices. To-night they moved together in wide, light spaces, far from North Dorset.

The child on her lap stirred. She felt the warmth of its tiny body against her own. From somewhere, far back in almost forgotten years, words came to her:

He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. . . .

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

The words rang in her ears like the far-off pealing of great bells. She closed her eyes, and held the child close, repeating them:

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

The child cried out sharply. She opened her eyes, to see Ethan bending over them. They did not speak. After all, there should be no need of talking when two people have lived on the outskirts of North Dorset, Maine, together, for thirty years.

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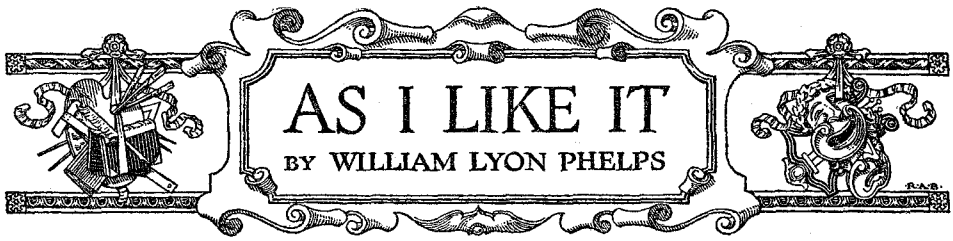

ON the title-page of his last novel, "The Brothers Karamazov," Dostoevski placed a text from the Gospel of St. John: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The law of sacrifice is as efficient in literature as in religion and morality; if it is true that human character cannot develop except by frustration and pain, and that the sacrifice of the few makes for the welfare of the many, it is equally true that poetry and music, which give elevation to millions, have often come from the grief and anguish of creative artists. But we can go even further. If it is expedient that one man should die for the people, it is true that some young men of great promise have accomplished more by dying than they could have done by a long and fruitful career. The death of young Nathan Hale has been and will be more productive of character than had he lived long and successfully; two brilliant young Cambridge undergraduates, Edward King and Arthur Hallam, accomplished more for literature by dying than they could have done by years of service.

Arthur Henry Hallam and Alfred Tennyson were undergraduates at Cambridge, and belonged to the same secret society. They were, in every sense of the word, intellectual kinsmen, and their bond of friendship was stronger than the average family tie. Hallam had a powerful and original mind, and if there had been votes then as there are to-day in American colleges, he would have been elected by his classmates as "the man most likely to succeed." During the summer vacation of 1833 he died.

Tennyson lived to be eighty-three; the death of Hallam was the most severe loss he ever sustained. I used to think that the way Tennyson spoke of his friend in the poem was the naturally exaggerated language of grief; that he overestimated Hallam's ability and character, Hallam having died too young to leave any important "remains." I used to think so until, somewhere in the nineties of the last century, I read an article contributed to *The Youth's Companion* by Gladstone, in which he wrote that Hallam was *the most remarkable man he had ever known.* No superlative of Tennyson can surpass such a tribute.

When we remember that Gladstone was over eighty, that he had met practically everybody in Europe and nearly everybody in America who had achieved prominence, and that, looking back over his amazing career and passing in review statesmen, military heroes, poets, novelists, scientists, and philosophers, he put young Hallam first, we can form some idea of the impression this college youth made on his contemporaries.

There is a curious and interesting literary and chronological parallel between "In Memoriam" and Milton's "Lycidas." Almost exactly two hundred years before Hallam's death, Edward King, Milton's undergraduate friend at Cambridge, was drowned during the summer vacation. In American colleges to-day, if a student dies during vacation, his classmates meet at the opening of the term, appoint a committee, and resolutions expressing regret are published in the college paper and forwarded to the family. But in the seventeenth century there were no college dailies; if a student died, those of his friends who imagined themselves capable of writing poetry wrote poems in his honor, the "efforts" were collected in a pamphlet, and a few copies printed. So when Edward King was lost, some Cambridge men, among them John Milton, issued a little booklet, containing their memorial verses. This is an extremely rare volume to-day, and as I was looking over the original in the Yale Library, I was impressed anew by the fact that, no matter what the occasion, Milton

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always did his best. It gives one a strange sensation to read through that collection of poetical tributes, where effort is so much more perceptible than talent, and come to the immortal strains of "Lycidas." Milton did not know that he was writing one of the great poems of all time; it was his duty to contribute something to the memory of his dead friend, and he did his best.

However important existence may be to an individual, the world gains more by one great work of art than by the active life of even the exceptional man.

Some years ago there was an amusing and yet instructive article in an English magazine, which took the form of a dialogue in the Elysian Fields between King and Hallam. One congratulated the other upon the fact that, although neither had lived long enough to accomplish anything, they were both saved from oblivion by having for an intimate friend an immortal poet; and incidentally, remarked the speaker, I think I am even more fortunate than you. This was stoutly denied; and a long debate took place.

Yet it is vain to compare these masterpieces. "Lycidas" is vertical, "In Memoriam" horizontal. "Lycidas" attains a height of poetry unreachable by Tennyson; but "In Memoriam" is far more extensive in its appeal. Nearly every house in the world containing cultivated English-speaking people contains also a copy of "In Memoriam"; it has comforted and stimulated millions. "Lycidas" rises above the earth, and dwells in thinner air. "In Memoriam" is in the atmosphere of humanity. "Lycidas" makes an irresistible appeal to the poet and the critic; "In Memoriam" makes an irresistible appeal to the average man. What is the cause of its instant and lasting popularity?

Tennyson's father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and his mother pious. At an early age Alfred was afflicted with scepticism, like so many college undergraduates everywhere, and while still at Cambridge he wrote a poem with the defensive title, "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind," which deals with the torture of doubt. Later he became ashamed of the diction of this piece, and suppressed it; after nearly fifty years, it was found by a religious periodical, which announced that in its next issue would appear an early and forgotten poem on religion by the great Laureate. Tennyson wrote to the paper, threatening legal prosecution if the poem appeared; so they did not print it—or did, I've forgotten which.

This rather crude poem shows how early in his career Tennyson was absorbed by the current problems of religion and theology. A few years later he wrote "The Two Voices," in which, unlike the earlier poem, faith triumphs over scepticism. Then in 1850 appeared "In Memoriam."

It is curious that the death of one who is nearest and dearest should increase rather than diminish the survivor's faith in God; but it is so. An enormous number of people enter the Christian Church by the way of thorns. The death of Hallam was a shattering blow to Tennyson; but after he emerged from the lethargy of grief, he began an examination of the grounds for Christian faith. His general attitude is stated in the Prologue, which was written after the main part of the poem had been finished. This prologue is not only interesting because of its ideas, but because Tennyson so happily combined the classical Invocation to the Muse with the Christian habit of prefacing every great undertaking with prayer. Artistic creation has always been assumed to be on a higher level than industrious construction. Poets and musicians seem inspired, while mechanical laborers must depend upon themselves. When a classical poet set out to write an epic, he began by invoking the Muse, feeling that he must look for divine inspiration.

Now when Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," he wished to write a Christian poem on a pagan model; he combined the classical form of invocation with the Christian habit of prayer—he accomplished this by appealing first to the *heavenly* Muse, and then to the Holy Spirit.

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe, . . .
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire. . . .
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest."

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It would have been ridiculous for Tennyson to have begun "In Memoriam" with an invocation to the Muse; it would have given to his poem an intolerable air of artificiality. So, taking the framework merely of the classical invocation, we see him at the beginning of his great undertaking kneeling in prayer to the Son of God.

Adverse critics have said that there is not enough of personal grief in the poem; that it is epical rather than lyrical. These critics misunderstand its purpose and scope. Tennyson is not weeping at the grave of his friend; he is erecting a mausoleum over his remains. There is a difference between attending a funeral and visiting the tomb of Napoleon. When we enter the tomb of Napoleon, we do not burst into tears because Bonaparte is dead. We are rather in a state of awe and wonder at the sublimity of the funereal architecture, we wander hither and thither, admiring details. So in opening "In Memoriam," it is not so much the bitterness of loss that affects us as the beauty of the poetical architecture. We read through a century of cantos, where every one will find something appealing.

One of the chief functions of a great poet is to reflect as in a mirror the thought of his time. Certainly in "In Memoriam" we find more accuracy in reflection than originality of thought. As in a mirror, we see the ideas of 1850; as by an echo, we hear the voices of that epoch.

It was a confused, stormy, and revolutionary time, a war of Titans. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer represented the advance of science; John Stuart Mill the principle of utilitarianism as distinguished from religious altruism; Carlyle was a reincarnation of Elijah plus a sense of humor; Dickens and Thackeray revealed with satire nearly every phase of English social life; Kingsley and Newman debated Protestantism and Catholicism. Many hoped, and many feared, that Christianity would not survive the century.

Out of the noise of argument came a clear singing voice—the voice of Tennyson, who harmonized these discords into a masterpiece.

From the death of Edward King sprang a poem that rises like an austere peak on the sky-line of literature; from the ashes of Arthur Hallam came an epic that made universal grief articulate.

Among the new books, I have read with sustained interest "William Graham Sumner," by Harris E. Starr. Of course I have, because I was a pupil and later a colleague of Sumner. It is not easy to predict just what effect this biography will have on those who never knew the man; but Allan Nevins, in the New York *World*, wrote a column review that was impressive to me, not merely because of its excellence, but because it seemed to prove that Mr. Starr had succeeded in his undertaking. The personality of Sumner stood out in rugged beauty, and Mr. Nevins saw him as he really was.

Force, force to the uttermost—such was the effect produced by this famous teacher on his pupils, and on all who heard him, and on all who read his books. The time was out of joint, and he revelled in the fact that he was born to set it right. Curiously enough, with his fierce dogmatism, hatred of sentimentality, and aggressive attitude, he never to his students seemed conceited. No one is quicker to smell conceit than an undergraduate; perhaps because to no one is conceit more offensive. No, it was almost the opposite of conceit; it was the complete absorption of the man in his subject, his innate conviction of the importance of what he was teaching, and his ruthless delight in battle. For although he loved to discover, reveal, and explain the truth, there was one thing he loved much more—to fight error. "Billy was in great form this morning!"

He was the arch-foe of romanticism and sentimentalism; and I, who am incurable, found his teaching an excellent antiseptic.

Immediately after finishing the Life of Sumner, I began reading "Newman as a Man of Letters," by Doctor Joseph J. Reilly. Both Sumner and Newman studied theology at Oxford. From that point their careers were like the two arms of a hyperbola, travelling off into space. The farther they travelled, the farther apart they became. The possibilities of divergence of view could hardly be better illustrated. Both had a high-grade in-

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tellect, both loved the truth, both tried honestly to follow it, both were skilled in dialectic and debate, both finally lived in mental states so far apart that if they had dwelt in different planets they could not have had less in common. What is truth?

Perhaps they know now. One is reminded of Rossetti's sonnet on Shelley, who finds the truth only beyond this life. "Was the Truth *thy* Truth, Shelley?—Hush! All-Hail, Past doubt, thou gav'st it."

Doctor Reilly's book on Newman has been much needed. It is not controversial, it is not propaganda; it is an attempt to interpret Newman as a literary artist, and frankly to induce this present generation to read his best prose with enjoyment. The author's enthusiasm for his hero and his sympathy with his attitude make him well qualified. The best criticism is born of sympathy and enthusiasm.

It is interesting to reflect that although Newman spent his energies in persuasive prose, in the endeavor to make others see the truth as he saw it, and that both from the literary and from the theological points of view he had more success than he could have expected—one short poem that he wrote in his youth will outlast the rest of his work. I think if a secret and universal ballot were taken, "Lead, kindly Light!" would be voted the best of all hymns.

It resembles the Lord's Prayer in its universal quality, for without any reference to creed or dogma, it voices human aspiration.

As just before a total eclipse, observers can sometimes see the black shadow approaching along the earth, so any reader of M. Paléologue's "An Ambassador's Memoirs" can plainly feel the coming shadow of the Russian Revolution. He was French ambassador to Russia during the war; and the second volume of his memoirs (now available in English) is like a prologue to the swelling act. This volume covers the period from June 3, 1915, to August 18, 1916—the comments in his diary show that shrewd insight and sense of fact so frequently characteristic of Frenchmen. I have read many books on this period; but I seem in this diary to breathe the air of Petrograd, to feel the crisis coming. If——

Other recent books: "The Earth Speaks to Bryan," by Henry Fairfield Osborn, is a short and clear outline of some phases of evolution by a scientist who believes in religion. "Seducers in Ecuador," by V. Sackville-West, is not so bad as its title, for there was only one of them, anyway, and he didn't exist. "The Rational Hind," by Ben Ames Williams, is an admirable story of Maine farmers; I hope the author will send a complimentary copy to Eden Phillpotts, who is sure to like the book. Two mystery-thrillers that I will guarantee to clutch the reader's mind are "The Locked Book," by F. L. Packard, and "Thus Far," by J. C. Snaith; while to those who still like gramercy romances let me recommend "Knight at Arms," by H. C. Bailey. This is the story of a hero so brave and able that in comparison with him D'Artagnan seems sluggish and crude. Why, in one place he— But let me not spoil the thing by giving it away.

Just as I was feeling at peace with all the world, and free from national prejudices, I happened to read in *The Living Age* an article taken from (of all periodicals) the Manchester *Guardian Weekly* (now if it had been *The Morning Post* or *The Saturday Review*) called "Dignity and Impudence," by A. R. This Englishman compares Englishmen quite favorably with Americans and with Frenchmen; the English are democratic, yes, but not impudent and pushful like Americans; they have not the appalling bad manners of Americans; they would rather die than be like Americans. On the other hand, while the English have a certain innate and noble dignity, they are not slaves to the caste system like the French people. The English aristocrats do not have to think of their dignity, as the French must do. The English have that combination of aristocracy and democracy which neither the French nor the Americans can understand, but which makes every Englishman an example to the human race. (St. Luke 13: 11.)

Well, after all, it is only an individual relieving his mind; and it comforts me to

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think how much more angry John Galsworthy must have been when he read that article than any American can possibly be.

Furthermore, if American pride is ruffled by A. R., let us remember that Dean Inge published in an English newspaper his opinion that Americans were in most respects far in advance of the English. So the matter remains as it was, is, and ever will be; there are many excellent people born in England, France, America, and other countries. I have always believed, for example, that every one who loves music has something good in him; which is also true of every one who does not.

Clement F. Robinson, of Portland, Maine, is admitted to the Faerie Queene Club, having read the poem when an undergraduate at Bowdoin over twenty years ago. He found it profitable reading, as he won the prize in a contest for which this task seemed a prerequisite. It is interesting that Bowdoin College in the first twenty-five years of its existence made more important contributions to American literature than Yale accomplished in two hundred and twenty-five.

Miss Marie Bowen, of Cambridge, Mass., enters the club, having received her first impulse to read the poem from an appendix in Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." And Miss M. E. Blatchford, a citizen of the same city, is admitted not only to this but to the Samuel Richardson Club.

Frank A. Manny, of Boxford, Mass., read the poem through when an undergraduate at the University of Michigan, because he wanted to, only a portion being required. Another valuable new member is William Morton Halpin, of London, Ontario.

Here is an advertisement that must be true. "The Sons of the Sheik" is called "The Book that is Sweeping the Country." I have not seen it, but I am sure that if I looked inside I should find the sweepings.

With reference to the speed of sailing-ships, Mr. Charles E. Cartwright, of New York, author of "The Tale of Our Merchant Ships," a book recently reviewed in these pages, writes:

I don't know whether you have happened to run across "The Maritime History of Massachusetts" by Samuel Eliot Morison, published in 1921. Professor Morison, formerly of Harvard, now or recently Rhodes Professor of American History at Oxford, has this to say of the comparative speeds of the old clippers and the modern racing yachts:

"Eight knots an hour is considered good speed for an America's Cup race of thirty miles. The *Red Jacket* logged an average of 14.7 for six consecutive days in the Western Ocean; the *Lightning* did 15.5 for ten days, covering 3722 miles, and averaged 11 for an entire passage from Australia to England. A speed of 12.5 knots on a broad reach in smooth waters, by the *Resolute* or *Shamrock*, excites the yachting reporters. The *Lightning* logged 18.2 for twenty-four hours in 1857, etc." It is likely, I think, that the speeds credited to the yachts are greater, rather than less, than would be the case with the chip-log readings of the old ships.

Mr. Albert de Roode, of New York, sends me the following interesting information on toothpicks:

In your section in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE I have noted your comments on toothpicks. In the New York *Law Journal* for June 22, 1925, there is a legal pronouncement on this subject.

In New York State before a certificate of incorporation of a membership corporation is accepted it must have the approval of a judge of our State Supreme Court. This approval has been held to be in the nature of a finding that the objects and purposes of the proposed corporation are in accord with public policy.

It appears that in Brooklyn recently application was made for the incorporation of a membership organization to be known as Toothpick Boys, Inc. The application was submitted for approval to Mr. Justice Russell Benedict. Judge Benedict apparently disapproved of the purposes of this organization and in a memorandum printed in *The Law Journal* of the date above specified as follows:

"In re Toothpick Boys, Inc. The name sought to be assumed by this association is a misnomer, because it is not in accord with the particular objects sought to be attained by incorporating, which are stated to be 'to improve the minds and bodies of the members by the open discussion of topics of the day, by athletic exercises,' etc. If the athletic exercises referred to are mainly in the application of toothpicks, it is manifest that the continued practice of the toothpick habit would not improve either the minds or bodies of the members and would seriously interfere with an open discussion of the topics of the day. Application refused."

I thought you would feel fortified in your campaign by this expression of judicial opinion.

Curiously enough, two letters written on the same day, the first by Frank A. Manny, of Boxford, Mass., the second by S. Barclay, of New York, contribute to the discussion of "Xmas."

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I. A reference to Xmas for Christmas recalls the distress of one of my Dutch students in Michigan over this custom. His protest was new to me. "They have no business to use X to represent Christ! X stands for an unknown quantity and there is nothing of the unknown quantity about Christ!"

II. At least thirty years ago Ambrose Bierce . . . asked in his daily column in the San Francisco *Examiner:* "Is it because Christ is an unknown quantity that Christians write Xmas?"

Mr. W. S. Davenport, formerly instructor in chemistry at Boston "Tech," writes: "The best cat story I have read is by Charles Warner, which you probably have read. [I had read "Calvin" and admired it.] . . . The best American novel I have found is 'Ruggles of Red Gap.' [It is excellent; but why has "The Boss of Little Arcady," by the same distinguished author, enjoyed so little popularity?] . . . How about horn-rim spectacles . . . and ice-cream cones for the Ignoble Prize?"

Ah, but what would the circus and ball-games be without the ice-cream cone? I went to the circus last June to see if I could recapture my lost youth, and I discovered that I had never lost it.

The first pair of horn-rim spectacles I saw on a young nose appeared on that of Alfred Hamill, of Chicago, an undergraduate in my classes in 1905. He was a good student, and did not need them to impress the teacher; but his example was speedily and almost universally followed, first by boys and then by girls. Fashions are queer, and their significance changes. Such spectacles in the nineteenth century were the sign of an old "greasy grind," and in the twentieth the sign of the opposite; even as long hair, which used to connote bookwormishness (*cf.* the expression "long-haired grind"), became for a few years toward the close of the nineteenth century the hall-mark of a football-player. At about the same period high-water trousers, formerly the infallible sign of the rustic, were worn by macaronies.

A gentleman writing from the Cosmos Club, Washington, and signing himself "A Princeton Phi Beta Kappa Man," nominates these essays for the Ignoble Prize, saying he does not like "a self-advertising punster." Neither do I; but in order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize the thing must be a generally acknowledged classic, which is not yet true of my works. Let me assure my brother in Phi Beta Kappa that he is in good company. I used to subscribe many years ago to a press-clipping bureau, until I found in *Life* the following dialogue: "Papa, what is a press-clipping bureau?" "My son, you pay five dollars, and receive one hundred insults." It occurred to me that I could obtain them cheaper.

Speaking of Princeton, I meant to have called attention last year to what seems to me a splendid example of intercollegiate chivalry and courtesy. The New York Princeton Club founded a scholarship *at Yale*, which is given annually to a Yale undergraduate. For many years Princeton has had the respect, admiration, and affection of Yale students, and this generous gift should make such sentiments permanent.

I am sorry to see Roman numerals attacked, as they make dignified chapter headings. One of the many crusades to which I have devoted my life is the elision of the *period*. I have nearly outlived it, though it used to be all but universal, except on clock faces. They used to write "King Henry VIII. died in 1547," breaking the sentence with a superfluous punctuation point. Now they don't. By the way, books print IV and clocks IIII.

An excellent quip was made by H. I. Phillips, the merry columnist of the New York *Sun;* commenting on Michael Arlen's complaint that in America he could not get his boots blacked, H. I. P. correctly surmised that he had no difficulty in getting them licked.

I wish the heroines of novels would stop wailing, even though it is always in the past tense. From Edith Wharton to the limit, it is "Why did you go? she wailed."

The conception of beauty not only changes from age to age, witness eighteenth-century and Victorian architecture, but from individual to individual. To me there are few uglier blots on a landscape than oil wells; but if I owned one, it might look beautiful. During the war

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there was an immense munition factory that ran all night. On a neighboring street, those who owned no stock in it were kept awake, and suffered in health; whereas the others were never disturbed.

Why should statements of no importance, and emanating from persons of no authority, be advertised in newspapers? Any one may obtain free space merely by predicting the date of the end of the world. And the shorter the interval, the longer the space.

I wonder if it is really harder nowadays to acquire a permanent literary reputation than it used to be. Daniel Webster remarked there was always plenty of room at the top; to which some one replied that there were so many blockheads at the bottom, the road was choked. Does the fact that every one now writes books make immortality easier or more difficult? Take, for example, the case of the seventeenth-century poet, Sir John Suckling. Only two or three of his lyrics survive, yet he is unquestionably an immortal poet. I wonder why. It would seem that in beauty, wit, grace, and finesse, there were some of our living poets who write as well as Suckling at his best. Yet they are doomed to oblivion. It is harder for a minor poet to gain immortality than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Why should all these clever fellows be forgotten, and Suckling (for example) remain?

Or is it indeed that in saying "The devil take her!" Suckling put a common attitude in an unimprovable phrase? I hope that three hundred years from now students of English literature will be familiar with Joyce Kilmer's poem on Trees; will they? This poem will certainly outlast many now flourishing maples; how about the sequoias?

If I had to name to-day the most civilized country in the world, I should name Sweden. Not only because of the way Sweden manages national and municipal affairs, and education, and hygiene; not only because she has not had a war for one hundred years, but because she amputated Norway without blood. Is there any other country that could have shown such statesmanship, such wisdom, such understanding, such conciliation? Good sense was displayed both by Sweden and Norway. That magnificent old lion, Björnstjerne Björnson, who had fought for Norwegian independence for so many years, sent to his government during the final negotiations this telegram: "Tell me what I can do to help." He received the answer: "Hold your tongue." The cause of civilization is sometimes served not by violence, but by serenity.

Sweden set the world an example of the peaceful adjustment of something that even most conciliatory statesmen think is beyond the possibility of arbitration—national honor. She gained honor by concession.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

APPRECIATION of an artist's work obviously does not require that one should meet him face to face. Nevertheless, it is sometimes a help toward understanding. In my own experience I have felt this to be the case with regard to the art of George Bellows. I knew him over a period of years, well enough to learn something of his nature, and the more I saw of him the more I perceived the inevitability of his work as the fruit of a way of thinking and feeling. What he did sprang instinctively from first-hand dealings with life. I have never known a man more direct in his contacts, more spontaneously or artlessly a realist, more whole-heartedly sincere. It was his wont to take the shortest route to a given point. In talk about the old masters, whose works in the European galleries he had never seen and with whose history, I gathered, he had not much concerned himself, he evinced no great perspective, but at the same time he knew his way about and there was something refreshing about the wholesome unconventionality of his judgments. He had seen much over here, and with a delightfully candid vision he had philosophized what he had seen. He used to puzzle me by his absorption in the mysteries of Jay Hambidge's "dynamic symmetry" until I saw that they were not mysteries to him but practical aids to the painting of a picture. I had thought it odd that an artist of his stripe should get enmeshed in recondite theory, but he took the thing in his stride like any of the instruction he had received in the time of his pupilage. For him it was one more path to the truth, and he searched after that, I think, more ardently than after anything else.

The Americanism which is one of his outstanding traits has sometimes been identified with his choice of subjects and with the circumstances of his training. As a matter of fact it had deeper roots. It was something implicit in the whole man. Born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1882, his blood came down to him through an ancestry reaching back to 1632, when Colonel Benjamin Bellows came to this country and founded the town of Bellows Falls in Vermont. His father was an architect, who sent him in due course to Ohio State University. He is said to have shown some precocity in draftsmanship, but I have never heard of his giving at that time any other signs of artistic predestination. "You know," he once confided to me, "I used to play baseball," meaning that he had been regularly allied with the sport, and despite his father's professional rôle and its influence, I always think of him as of having lived his youth pretty close to the natural, utterly unsophisticated interests of the ordinary human being. When I knew him he was a tall, strongly built, strapping fellow, good-natured, a perfect sportsman, altogether manly and endearing. He must have been like that always, a genuine type if ever there was one.

In 1903, when he was twenty-one, he came to New York, to study under Kenneth Hayes Miller, Robert Henri, H. G. Maratta, and Jay Hambidge. It was Henri, I imagine, who did more than any of the others to bring out his talent. An "Early Nude" of his, dating from 1906, one of the first of the canvases to proclaim the advent of a capable painter in him, is clearly the product of Henri's admonition. His progress was very rapid. Within three or four years of his arrival in New York he was an artist with whom it was necessary to reckon. His success with the public was reasonably prompt. Before he was thirty, paintings by him had found their way into more than one museum, and when he died, early in January, 1925, he was represented in art institutions all over the country. The memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan this fall comes with unprecedented celerity, which brings me back to his Americanism.

♣ ♣ ♣

CONSIDER certain of his predecessors in that series of commemorative affairs at our greatest museum which have

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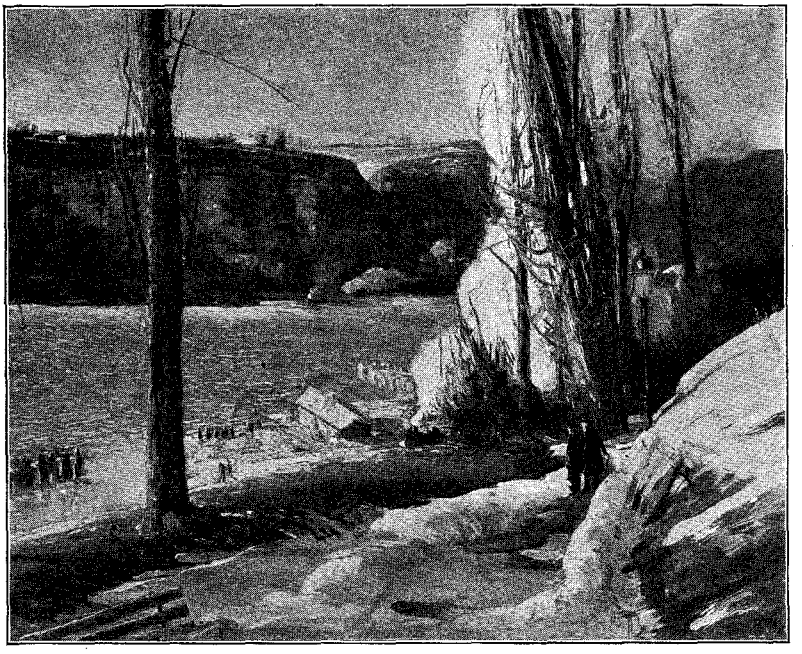
taken on a kind of canonical significance. A Whistler or a Chase makes you think of all manner of æsthetic refinements, of subtle experiment, of painting saturated in more or less Europeanized culture. But there are others in the list who tell a very different story, men like Thomas A. Eakins, Winslow Homer, and Alden Weir. would have been an intensely American picture because it would have had all the American traits of breadth, simplicity, sincerity, and blunt truth which Bellows drew from the soil. If one of his prize-ring pictures were to stray into the Salon, a Frenchman might sense in it dimly the influence of Manet, but he wouldn't have



The Palisades.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1909 (?).

These recall you to what is most American in our native art—its fresh, unspoiled character, its invincible raciness. With the differences that individuality imposes Bellows is of their line. To glance again at that matter of his subjects, I do not believe that he painted New York wharf rats any more than Winslow Homer painted Maine fishermen because he thought there was anything talismanic about them. He did not say to himself: "Go to, I shall paint this because it is American." He had no *arrière pensée* about it at all, but painted what he saw because it was there and because it roused the gusto in him. It would have been just the same if by some accident of fate he had gone abroad and had painted there. A study by him of an Arab chief or an Italian peasant the least doubt about the nationality of the painter. That would be manifest in the very grain and texture of the picture, in its complete freedom from that factitious veneer which we sometimes take over from a foreign source.

It is this central gift in Bellows, this harmony which he established between his art and the world in which he lived, that seals the fitness of the exhibition at the Metropolitan, organized within only a few months of his death. It comes in response to a wide-spread public sentiment. People feel that Bellows was one of themselves. He not only painted the things they know but into the fibre of his work put something with which they sympathize, something which they can understand, something keyed to the rhythm of

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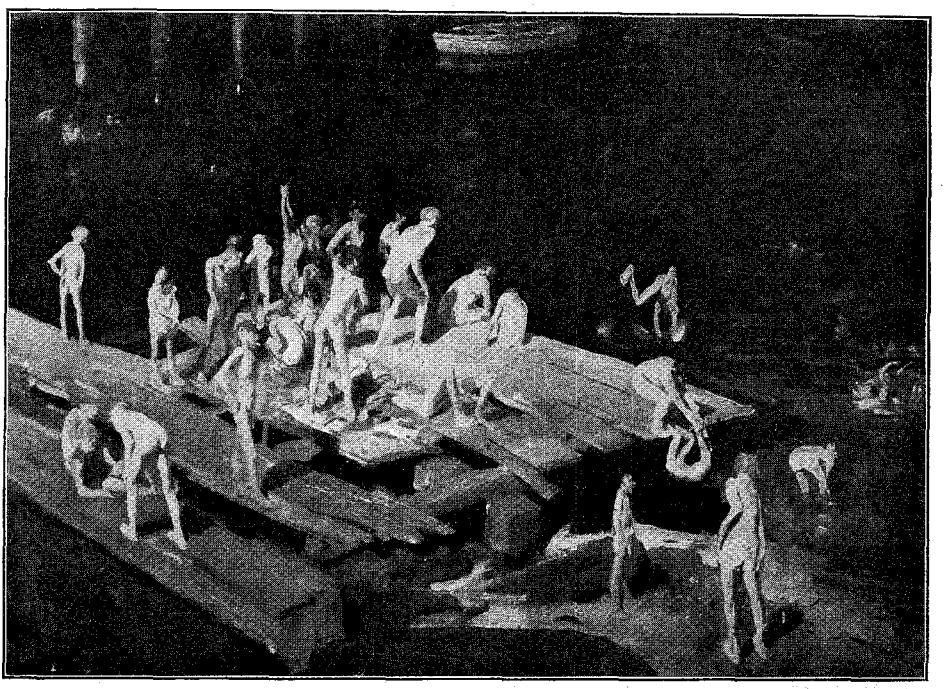

Forty-two Kids.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1907.

A Day in June.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1913.

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American life. And he did this with a brilliantly powerful technique. That is, of course, the other indispensable ratification of the show. If subject, as subject, were alone to be considered, then the wharf rats and pugilists and polo-players of George Bellows might be no nearer canonization than the bootblacks and newsboys of the late J. G. Brown.

Spring—Gramercy Park.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1929.

WHAT constitutes the achievement of Bellows is his fusion of subject and treatment, his matching of truth with technique in a remarkable balance. He did this, too, in greater variety than is, I think, generally realized. Besides the polo-players, pugilists, and wharf rats I have just cited he painted nudes, landscapes, and portraits, made a notable historical picture, deviated once into religious art, and in his later years was dipping more and more into imaginative composition. Indiscriminate admirers lamented his untimely death as cutting him off at the zenith of his powers. I hold a higher opinion of him than that. The real tragedy resided in the cessation of a progress that might have carried him immeasurably further. Bellows was only forty-two when he died. His ripest years were before him and his latest works show that his path was about ready to take an even more exciting turn. It is doing him an injustice to assume that he had shown all the stuff that was in him. Especially as it was his marked characteristic to be always moving and striving, always set upon another adventure. The most exhilarating thing about him, to me, was that he did not stand still but was forever attacking new problems with joyous zest. From the beginning I saw everything that he publicly exhibited in New York. He didn't by any means invariably strike twelve. I remember things of his that appeared to me to be flat failures. But I never saw a dull, standardized picture from his hand.

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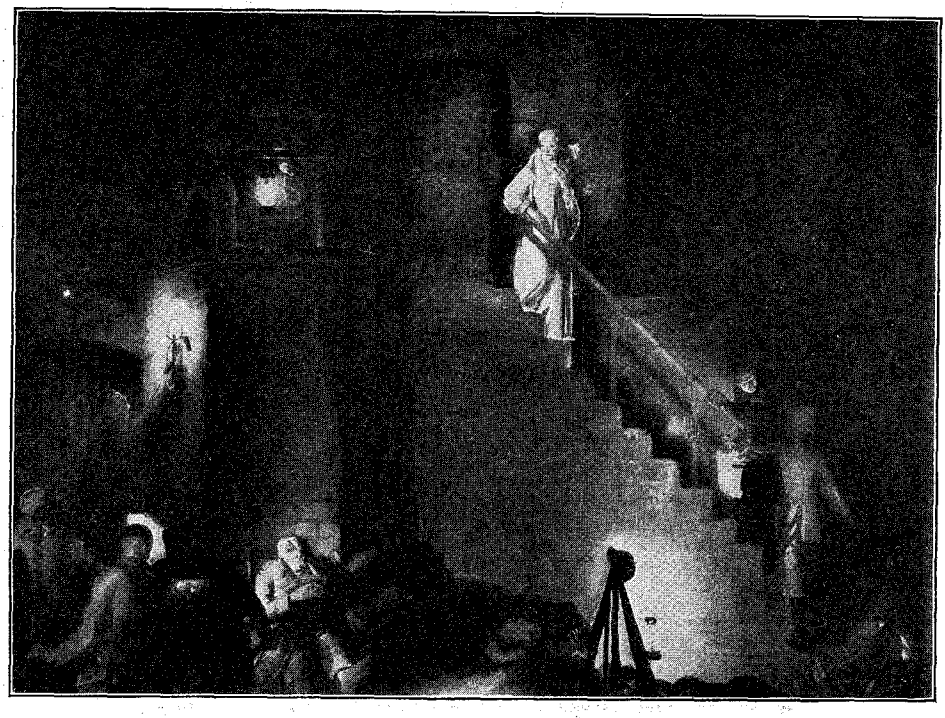

Edith Cavell.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1918.

I never saw anything of his that hadn't some forceful truth in it.

That is what lifts the "Early Nude" out of the ruck of academic student's work, that, and a certain fluent directness in the technique. Where, in our modern categories, does his technique belong? There is always danger in speculation as to an artist's spiritual ancestry, and in the case of an untravelled man like Bellows it is particularly difficult to link him with any school or influence. I remember little of his likes and dislikes, though they sometimes cropped out in our conversation. One memory that does survive is of his indifference to the picture involving a lot of machinery in its fabrication and his more than indifference to academic rule-of-thumb. Immersed as he was in Hambidge's mathematics, he none the less remained a man loyal to the raw phenomena of the visible world, keeping his eye ruthlessly on the object. If he had any artistic forefather it was Manet, a Manet seen for himself here and there and in a measure filtered down to him through Robert Henri's example. I mention this because, indeed, no artist exists in a vacuum, immune from all external pressure. There is a continuity in art from which no man entirely escapes and there is a tie, of a sort, between Bellows and the Manet tradition. But it does not touch the integrity of that Americanism to which I am always referring. If he has the tradition it is only as a method which he somehow fills out and energizes by his own personality. His art is pure Bellows when he comes to paint, as early as 1907, the fascinating "Forty-Two Kids," with its tangle of nude boyish forms moving in and about the water. He did some of the best, most unforgettable things of his career in the period of that picture, including the "Up the Hudson," which passed into the Metropolitan in 1908.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT IS an interesting point that for the painter of the "Early Nude," for the student of Henri seemingly dedicated to the handling of form, he so soon developed

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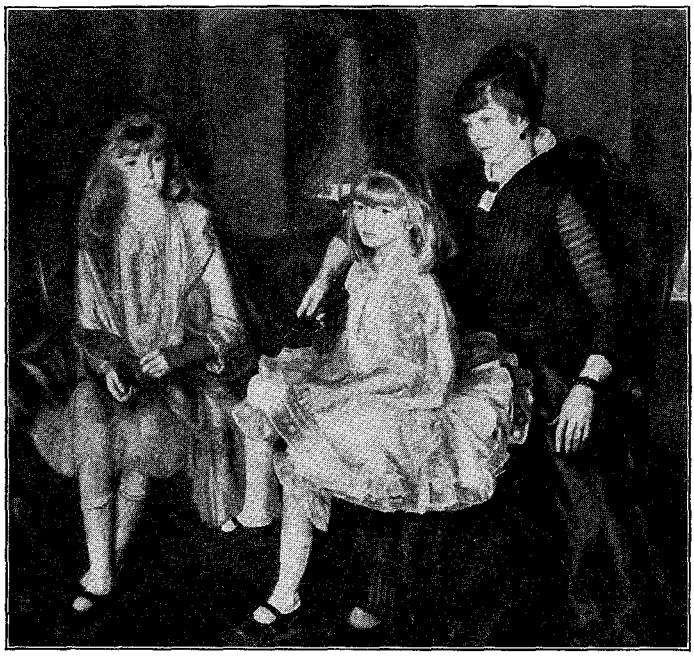
a formidable grasp upon landscape. I say "formidable" advisedly, for in those open-air scenes of his, done in his later twenties, there is a force akin to that of a physical blow. His impressions along the river-front are solid, four-square things. I do not know how he actually made them, whether he sat down to them out-of-doors or worked them over in the studio, but they have the air of subjects grasped and painted at a stroke. They have extraordinary truth, extraordinary character. He painted much on the Hudson and on the East River, sometimes embracing bridges, docks, and the types frequenting the latter in his vision, and occasionally he touched life in the humbler streets between, as in the memorable "Cliff-Dwellers" of 1913, with its frowsy tenements and the teeming hordes at their base. He made himself in some sort a laureate of the city. Since he did not poetize his themes I am tempted to say that he gave us painted prose, but that antithesis is only fair when you qualify it with the statement that his was an art raising facts to a higher power. There was a personal quality in his forthright transcripts of the truth that submerged its merely commonplace elements. In time it gave a deeper, more complex tone to his landscapes. There must have been some tender emotional places in his cosmos. We didn't by any means always see eye to eye and I think he was amiably bewildered by my incurable predilection for "charm," as though it were one of those things which critics talk about while artists leave them to take care of themselves. Perhaps he was the more diverted because he knew that I didn't very often find it in his own work. But if I ever found it there it was in his landscapes. In the several studies that he made of a ship's ribs set up upon the shore, he had a positively impressive way of massing hill and sky behind the embryo craft. Then there come back to my mind two or three scenes, "A Wet Night," "Spring—Gramercy Park," and "A Day in June," in which the "natural magic," the sense of trees and of mysterious light, evoked a feeling that some one almost romantic had passed that way. Yes, he could have had charm



Emma and Her Children.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1923.

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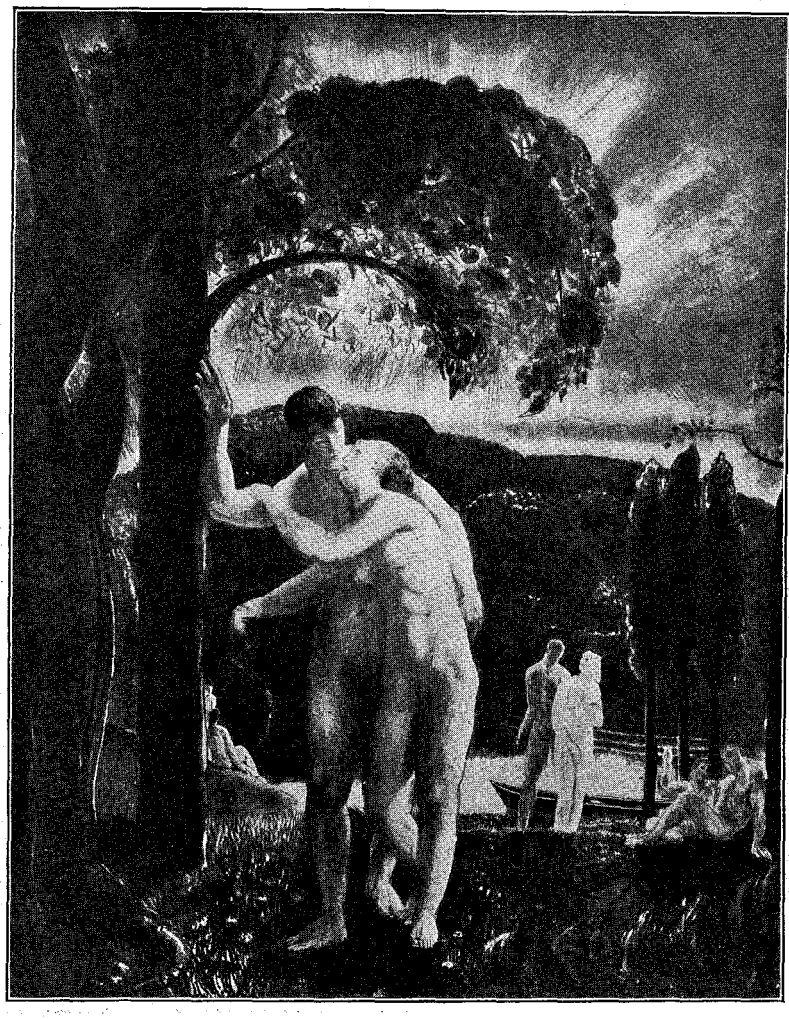
if he had cared persistently to cultivate it. It gets into a painting, to be sure, involuntarily, under the unconscious play of an artist's temperament. But in Bellows, I think, it was just a casual last-minute gift of the fairies and he rarely gave it its chance. Perhaps he could not have done anything of the kind without dislocating his whole scheme of things.



Amour.
From the lithograph by George Bellows, 1923.

Dalliance with charm might have cooled his passion for actuality, for the vivid, inspiring bursts of human energy. He loved best to paint the figures of a sentient, moving world, the plunging men and horses of the polo pictures he made around 1910, the gorgeous but still very twentieth century picturesqueness of "The Circus," done in 1912, or the ugly violence of his three or four prize-ring subjects. Life as he was inclined to depict it was crude, tangible, and essentially episodical. He took it on the whole as he found it. He was a picture-maker rather than an illustrator, as he showed when he made some compositions for Donn Byrne's "The Wind Bloweth," and for Wells's book, "Men like Gods," two or three years before he died. But he had the ideal illus-

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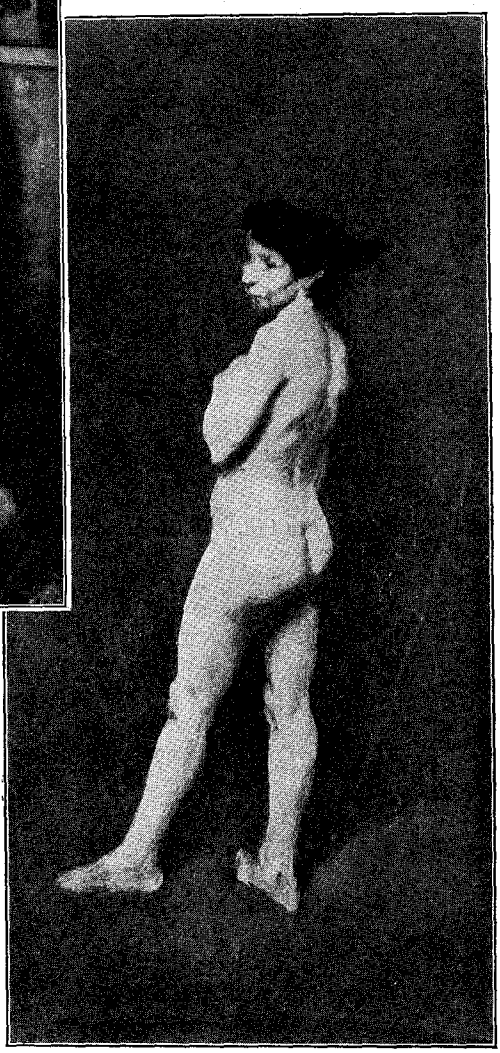
Lady Jean.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1924.

trator's faculty of observation and a good deal of the illustrator's instinct for the telling action.

Of design in the high inventive sense he gave no sign for a long time. It did not concern him when he was moving up and down his American world, on the lookout for the arresting "slice of life." But it drew his imagination after a while, and it holds in a firm unity the drama of his "Edith Cavell." By that time, 1918, Hambidge or no Hambidge, he had gained in structural composition, and it is with that really noble and beautiful picture in mind that I most poignantly regret his early taking-off. It is enkindling to think of what the painter of the "Edith Cavell" might have done with high-erected themes if the gods had only been kind. He wouldn't have passed lightly from triumph to triumph. "The Crucifixion," painted in 1923, is a lamentably stagey affair, mechanically built up, and as melodramatic in sentiment as it is artificial in attitudes and gestures. The "Two Women," belonging to the



An Early Nude.
From the painting by George Bellows, 1906.

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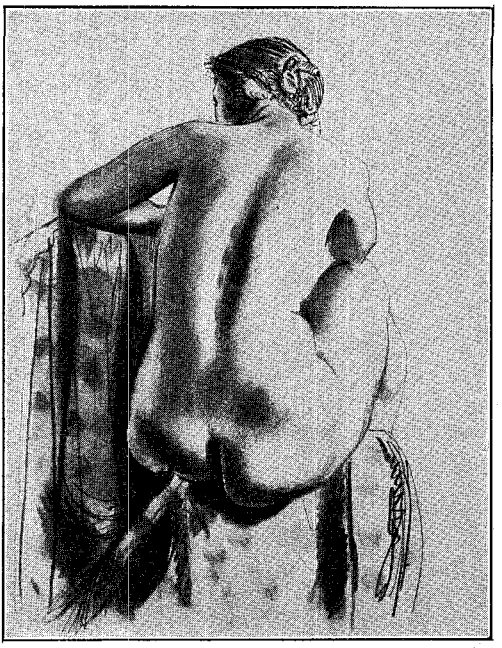
following year and on exhibition at the time of his death, was hardly more persuasive. The juxtaposition of a draped with an undraped figure, so familiar among the painters of the Renaissance, was accomplished in it merely as an arrangement of facts; it was not transmogrified by art, and it lacked, if I may wickedly repeat the word, charm. Bellows was never a colorist, and, without sensuous glamour, the picture failed to come off. There was a want, too, of the dashing *maestria* which he so often employed. Main strength seemed to have taken the place of slashing technique. But design, nevertheless, was steadily growing in him. It counted with increasing effect in his portraits, notably in the "Emma and Her Children," of 1923, and in the captivating "Lady Jean." In these things, in the Wells illustrations I mentioned just now, and especially in his remarkable lithographs, there are striking intimations of what must have proved a great expansion. He was coming more and more to grips with ideas, and I firmly believe that with maturing powers he would have dealt with them in the grand style. The years would have brought him other things, too, in all probability—a more sensitive quality in painted surface, a richer and at the same time a lighter gamut of color with subtler tones, and a finer, more gracious sense of beauty. Some of the late and masterly lithographs point to a refining tendency in his treatment of form. But in what sure possession of what splendid attributes he stood when the brush fell from his hand! As the drawings, the pictures, and the lithographs show, he could draw superbly. His touch as a painter was swift and certain, carrying a decisively individualized accent. His technical equipment made the firmest foundation for that which he had chiefly to give to the world, the eloquence of truth. His work has enduring reality, and it is American to the core. No man of his time has a stronger claim upon remembrance in the annals of American art.



Back of Nude.
From the drawing by George Bellows, 1924.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section

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BEETHOVEN.

From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

—See "The Field of Art," page 553.

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